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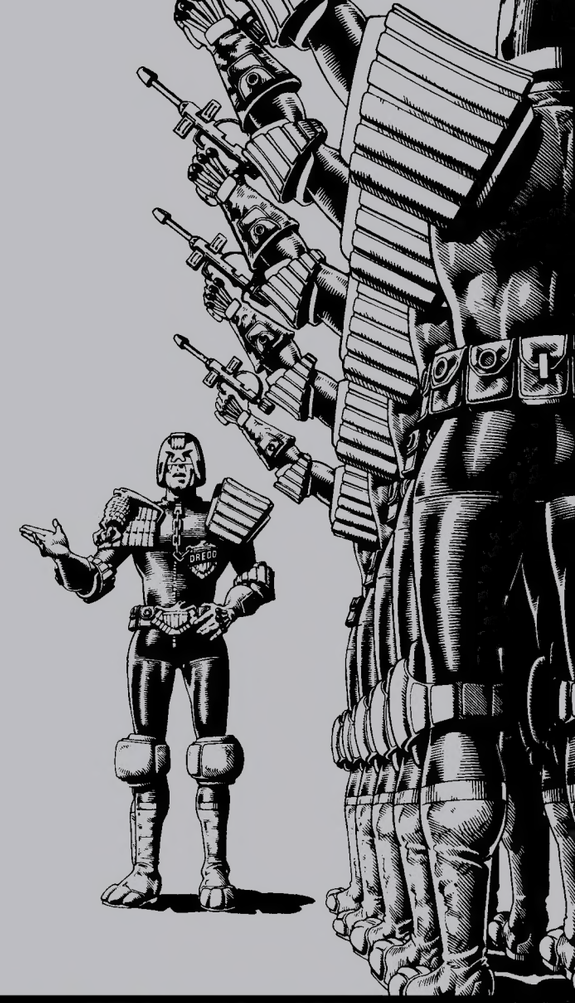
JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 09

2000AD PROGS 424 - 473
YEAR: 2107 - 2108



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Alan Grant
Art by
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JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 09

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA

JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 09

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2355 HOURS. THE MOON IS FULL. THE AIR CRISP AND CLEAR.

A PERFECT NIGHT.

CAREFULLY HE COVERS THE TELLTALE MARKINGS ON HIS POWER BOARD.

BRAAP

THEN HE LAUNCHES HIMSELF -

THE WIND WHIPS AGAINST HIM. THE BOARD SEEMS ALIVE BENEATH HIS FEET.

ONCE MORE THE SKIES BELONG TO THE MIDNIGHT SURFER.

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING T FRAME

JUDGE DREDD MIDNIGHT SURFER

A FEW LATE NIGHT **BAT GLIDERS** CIRCLE ON THE THERMALS THAT RISE BETWEEN THE CITY'S GIANT HOUSING BLOCKS.

AN OCCASIONAL **HOVERBUS** GLIDES BY LIKE SOME GREAT OCEAN LINER OF OLD.

OTHERWISE, HE IS ALONE. A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT SKIES, AT ONE WITH HIS BOARD.

HE DIGS HIS HEEL HARD INTO THE **THROTTLE PAD** –

– AND GOES INTO A SERIES OF BREATHTAKING LOOPS AND SPIRALS –

– A WARM-UP ROUTINE FAR BEYOND THE SCOPE OF ANY BUT THE MOST GIFTED POWER BOARDER.

SATISFIED, HE TILTS HIS BOARD DOWN TOWARDS THE STREETS.

WATCHING BAY 4114! WE HAVE AN ILLEGAL **SKY SURFER**, HEADING EAST THROUGH **BRINSLEY INTERSECT!**

CLEAR

THE BOY ON THE BOARD WELL KNOWS **LOW LEVEL** SURFING IS ILLEGAL. BUT THE LAW IS THE LAST THING ON HIS MIND NOW. THERE IS ONLY TONIGHT'S RUN.

HIS EYES NEVER LEAVE THE ROUTE AHEAD. HIS CONCENTRATION IS TOTAL.

DOWN **WARNOCK** AND **STEGMAN**, TWISTING AMONG THE NARROW ALLEYS OF **THE PRECINCT**, WEAVING THROUGH THE LATE NIGHT CROWDS ON **OKAY BOULEVARD** —

CRAZY SKYHOG!

ALL-NITE BURGERY

MUNCEBURGERS, RATBURGERS, CHUNKIES

GET 'EM WHILE THEY'RE LUKE!

UNTIL AHEAD OF HIM LOOMS **THE TUNNEL**.

DREDD HERE! I SEE YOUR SURFER! NOW FLYING SOUTH, SECTOR 42!

DROKK! HE'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR MANFRED FOX TUNNEL!

EMERGENCY SQUADS TO FOX! THERE'S GONNA BE A PILE-UP IN THERE!

THERE'S NO TURNING BACK NOW. ONE MISTAKE AND HE'S DEAD.

HOLY ANNA!

STAY IN LANE

HE'S GOOD, HE KNOWS IT. TONIGHT HE'LL FIND OUT JUST HOW GOOD -

THAT ROADLINER -

WHAT'S THAT CRAZY GUY DOIN' ?

GONNA GO FOR IT !

DREDD! CANCEL THE EMERGENCY SQUADS! HE'S OUT!

NOW HEADING SOUTH ON LUSARDI!

MZM CTV

DREDD

NEVER SEEN SURFING LIKE THAT BEFORE. CREEP'S EITHER A MANIAC OR A GENIUS – OR BOTH.

HE RETURNS STEALTHILY, HUGGING THE SHADOWS, ALIGHTING AT HIS WINDOW ONLY WHEN SATISFIED HE IS UNOBSERVED.

HE IS ELATED. THE NIGHT'S RUN HAS GONE EVEN BETTER THAN HE COULD HAVE HOPED. HE HAS TAKEN **MANFRED FOX** – AND LIVED.

WHAT'S MORE, HE'S DONE IT IN STYLE.

SOON – PERHAPS TOMORROW, PERHAPS NEXT WEEK – MEGA-CITY ONE WILL BE HOST TO **SUPERSURF 7**, THE ILLEGAL **WORLD POWER BOARD CHAMPIONSHIP**.

MARLON SHAKESPEARE – ALIAS **CHOPPER** – KNOWS NOW THAT HE IS READY.

CHOPPER

NEXT PROG: **SPY IN THE SKY!**

0600 HOURS. JUSTICE DEPT CRIME BRIEF –

VID I.D. RUNNER

NEXT ITEM, SUSPECT ALERT –

YOGI YAKAMOTO, RESIDENT FUJI TERRITORIES. CURRENT ILLEGAL WORLD POWER BOARD CHAMPION.

DAK GOODVIBES, RESIDENT MEGA-CITY TWO.

NATILDA STANK, RESIDENT OZ.

KLAUS REICH, RESIDENT RUHR CONURB...

...AND NUMEROUS OTHERS ASSOCIATED WITH THE WORLD OF ILLEGAL SKY SURFING. CHECK BIKE COMPUTERS FOR PHOTO DATA.

ALL BELIEVED TO HAVE ENTERED MEGA-CITY ONE ILLEGALLY, ALL NOW IN HIDING – CONFIRMING THE RUMOUR THAT OUR CITY IS THE VENUE FOR THE NEXT WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP – SUPERSURF 7.

SCRIPT T.B GROVER
ART CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING T FRAME

YOU ALL KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS. BE ON SPECIAL ALERT FOR THE AFOREMENTIONED SUSPECTS. WE'VE GOT TO STAMP ON SUPERSURF BEFORE IT GETS OFF THE GROUND.

JUDGE DREDD

MIDNIGHT SURFER

HE ARRIVED AT TOMMY MCARDLE BLOCK **JUVE REHAB** AT 0900. AS USUAL, MR NIGGLI PUT HIM IN CHARGE.

IN THE CENTRE OF YOUR BOARD IS THE **THROTTLE PAD.**

THE HARDER YOU PRESS, THE FASTER YOU GO.

TAKE YOUR FOOT OFF AND YOUR BOARD AUTOMATICALLY RETURNS TO **HOVER.**

IT LOOKS EASY WHEN YOU DO IT, CHOPPER.

PRACTICE, DENNIS, THAT'S ALL. C'MON - EVERYBODY IN THE AIR! TRY IT!

HOW'D YOU GET ON LAST NIGHT, CHOPPER?

TRIFF! I **SHOT** THE **FOX!**

MANFRED FOX TUNNEL - YOU MADE IT THROUGH? LIKE, WOW!

RECKON I'M READY FOR THE **SUPERSURF** NOW, FLIP. I CAN WIN IT - I KNOW I CAN!

YOU BET! WHEN IS IT?

TOMORROW - NEXT DAY... WON'T KNOW TILL I GET THE CALL.

WHENEVER IT IS, THE **MIDNIGHT SURFER** WILL BE THERE!

HERE ON THE **JUVE REHAB PROGRAMME** WE TRY TO HELP OUR **YPs** READJUST TO LIFE ON THE OUTSIDE, **JUDGE DREDD.**

THEIR FUTURE IS, OF COURSE, BLEAK. WE TEACH THEM AN INTEREST - SOMETHING THAT WILL HELP THEM COME TO TERMS WITH THE LONG EMPTY YEARS AHEAD AND... WELL, LET'S BE FRANK - THE UTTER **POINTLESSNESS** OF THEIR EXISTENCE.

AND YET 91% OF THEM STILL END UP AS **OPs.**

WE CAN'T WIN THEM ALL.

YP - *YOUNG PERP.*

OP - *OLD PERP.*

NOW TAKE YOUNG **CHOPPER** - MARLON SHAKESPEARE. A PERFECT EXAMPLE. HE'S SO EXPERT ON THAT BOARD, HE TEACHES THE OTHER JUVES NOW. YET WHEN HE CAME HERE HE WAS A DIEHARD **SCRAWLER**.

I KNOW. I ARRESTED HIM.⁂

⁂ SEE PROGS 206-7.

WHEN YOU **LOOP** MAKE SURE YOU GET UP ENOUGH SPEED, SO THE CENTRIFUGAL FORCE **HOLDS** YOU TO THE BOARD!

IF YOU DON'T, IT'S **WIPE-OUT!**

AND ALWAYS -**ALWAYS** - MAKE SURE YOUR **BILLYCORD** IS ANKLED TIGHT, OTHERWISE YOU'RE TALKIN' **TERMINAL** WIPE-OUT!

HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON HERE, MARLON? SETTING A GOOD EXAMPLE, I SEE.

YES, SIR. I TRY TO, SIR.

YOU'RE GOOD ON THAT BOARD - VERY GOOD. WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS **MIDNIGHT SURFER** WE'RE AFTER?

ME, SIR? NO, SIR! I'M KEEPING MY NOSE CLEAN NOW, SIR.

I CAME HERE TO ISSUE YOU JUVES WITH A WARNING. **LOW LEVEL** SKY SURFING IS NOT ONLY DANGEROUS TO YOU AND TO OTHERS, IT IS **AGAINST THE LAW.**

CHOPPER

ANY OF YOU CAUGHT AT IT WILL BE SUBJECT TO THE HARSHEST PENALTIES. I HOPE THAT'S UNDERSTOOD.

RECKON HE'S ONTO YOU, CHOPPER ?

NAH. IF HE WAS I'D BE DECORATIN' THE INSIDE OF A **CUBE** BY NOW !

DIDN'T NEED A LIE DETECTOR TO TELL ME HE WAS LYING. WE'VE FOUND OUR MIDNIGHT SURFER - OR I'M A MUNCE PUDDING !

DREDD TO CONTROL ! I WANT 24-HOUR SURVEILLANCE, SUSPECT **MARLON SHAKESPEARE,** TOMMY McARDLE BLOCK.

WITH A LITTLE LUCK, HE COULD BE OUR **LINK** WITH **SUPERSURF 7.**

ROCKY'S

JUVE REHAB ENDS AT 1200 HOURS. THE REST OF THAT DAY AND PART OF THE NEXT HE SPENDS IN HIS BEDROOM IN THE SHAKESPEARE APARTMENT, WAXING HIS BOARD... AND WAITING...

WHAT'S HE DOING NOW ?

TAPING OVER HIS NAME ON THE BOARD. DOESN'T WANT US TO FIND OUT WHO HE IS.

BIT LATE FOR THAT.

BRRRING GGGGG

MARLON! CAN YOU GET THAT? I'M BUSY WASHING UP!

CHOPPER ?

YEAH.

LOCATION 6 - TWO HOURS. BE THERE.

CLIC!

DAMN! LOCATION'S IN **CODE** !

HAVE TO RELY ON THE CAMERAS.

HE'S COMING OUT NOW !

SPY IN THE SKY CAMERAS, PICK UP SUSPECT MARLON SHAKESPEARE !

18 25 A 01

MI 52 A 03

HE TURNS SOUTH, KEEPING HIGH TO AVOID TROUBLE WITH THE LAW. TODAY OF ALL DAYS HE MUST AVOID IT - AT LEAST, UNTIL THE RACE.

WHEN HIS AIRSPEED IS SUFFICIENT, HE SLAMS THE BOARD INTO HIS WARM-UP ROUTINE, PREPARING FOR THE CONTEST THAT IS TO COME –
– AND THEN HE SEES IT, ITS SHADOW REFLECTED ON THE DULL GLASSEEN OF THE PEART BUILDING...
HECK! SPY IN THE SKY CAMERAS!
THEY'RE ONTO ME!
NEXT PROG: SUPERSURF OR BUST!

MARLON SHAKESPEARE – ALIAS CHOPPER – ALIAS THE MIDNIGHT SURFER – IS ON HIS WAY TO TAKE PART IN SUPERSURF 7, THE ILLEGAL WORLD POWER BOARD CHAMPIONSHIP. BUT CHOPPER IS NOT ALONE –

SPY IN THE SKY CAMERAS! THEY'RE ONTO ME!

BY RIGHTS I OUGHTA PULL OUT TO PROTECT THE OTHER SURFERS... BUT I'VE WORKED TOO HARD AND TOO LONG FOR THIS. NO WAY I'M GIVING UP NOW...

IT'S SUPERSURF OR BUST!

IN SURVEILLANCE CONTROL, JUDGES WATCH –

HE'S SPOTTED THE CAMERAS! HE'S RUNNING!

HE'S HEADING FOR MEGA-CENTRAL STATION!

MEGA CENTRAL STATION

RED ACCESS ONLY

MAKE WAY FOR THE MIDNIGHT SURFER!

JUDGE DREDD MIDNIGHT SURFER

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING T FRAME

HE'S TAKEN THE **PED** ACCESS! CAMERAS **ONE. TWO. THREE** FOLLOWING!

THREE OF THEM STILL ON MY TAIL -

GOT TO SHAKE THEM OFF -

CRACK!

RIOT DOORS
OFFICIAL USE ONLY
PENALTY
2 YEARS

WARNING

WARNING!

RIOT DOORS CLOSING!

STOP

SHFFFFFFFF

STAND CLEAR! RIOT DOORS CLOSING! WARNING!

STOP

KLUNK!

SPANG!

KRUMP!

ONE STILL WITH ME, SPUG IT!

THOPPER

TO SUBWAY

H-HEY!

FIRE POINT McQUEEN

SHFFFF

STICK **THIS** IN YOUR LENSES, JUDGES!

ESHHH!

WE'VE LOST VISUAL!

CONTROL - GIVE ME MORE CAMERAS! I WANT EVERY EXIT COVERED!

HE KNOWS THEY'LL BE WAITING, WHEREVER HE COMES OUT. THOSE DAMNED CAMERAS!

TO SUB-SUBWAY

BUT THERE'S ONE EXIT THEY **WON'T** EXPECT HIM TO USE.

NOBODY IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD TRY IT!

HEY! CRAZY JUVE! YOU'LL GET YOURSELF KILLED!

CANCELLED

DOWNLINE STAY CLEAR

20

IN THE DIMNESS OF THE SUBWAY TUNNEL HE RAMS HIS HEEL HARD INTO THE THROTTLE PAD AND STREAMLINES HIS BODY.

JUST TWO KAYS TO THE FIRST DOWNSIDE HALT — AND **PRAY** A **ZOOM** DOESN'T COME!

TERMINUS

BLAST!

ZOOM

ACLAKKACLAKK

IT DOES NOT OCCUR TO HIM TO TRY TO TURN AND OUTRUN THE RUSHING BEHEMOTH. THE ADRENALIN IS SURGING THROUGH HIM.

THE CHALLENGE HAS BEEN MADE -

-AND ACCEPTED!

ZOOOOOMMM

ABOVE AND BELOW, DEATH BUT AN INCH AWAY.

TO KEEP HIS NERVE -

-TO HOLD HIS BOARD ON LINE AGAINST THE BUFFETTING WIND THAT EVERY MOMENT THREATENS TO DASH HIM TO ETERNITY -

-THIS, SURELY, IS THE SUPREME TEST.

I DID IT!

HUH?

HEY! WHERE'S YOUR TICKET?

AT MEGA-CENTRAL –

DREDD HERE! WITNESSES REPORT OUR SURFER WENT DOWN INTO THE TUBES.

SO EITHER HE'S **MADE** IT – OR HE'S SPLATTERED ALL OVER THE DOWNLINE.

EITHER WAY, WE'VE LOST HIM.

HE MAKES HIS WAY TO THE RENDEZVOUS VIA THE BACK ALLEYS, KEEPING OUT OF SIGHT OF ANY PROWLING H-WAGONS.

CHOPPER.

THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T COMING.

*THEY ARE ALL THERE – **YAKAMOTO**, REIGNING WORLD CHAMPION; **STANK**, THE FLYING OZZER; **GOODVIBES**, FIRST EVER TITLE HOLDER, FRESH FROM **FIVE** IN A MEGA-CITY TWO CUBE...*

*...**KLAUS REICH, CRAZY KWEZI, JOHNNY CUBA** – THE **CREAM** OF WORLD POWER BOARDING.*

THIS IS HIS DAY. NOTHING CAN STOP HIM.

*HE IS GOING TO **WIN** SUPERSURF 7.*

ONCE THEIR NAMES WOULD HAVE LEFT CHOPPER IN AWE. NOT NOW. AFTER THE FEAT HE HAS JUST ACCOMPLISHED HE KNOWS, SUDDENLY, THAT HE IS BETTER THAN THEM ALL.

NEXT PROG: *"THEY'RE TAKING MANFRED FOX – **BACKWARDS!**"*

DIVING OUT OF THE SKY AT 200 KAYS PER HOUR – 57 OF THE BRAVEST FOOLS ON EARTH – THE CREAM OF WORLD **POWER BOARDING!**

SUPERSURF 7 IS GO! GO! GO!

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING T FRAME

JUDGE DREDD

MIDNIGHT SURFER

SURF'S UP!

THEY MEET IN AN ABANDONED STOREBLOCK, 57 ALL TOLD...

ATTENTION, EVERYBODY! I WANT TO RUN OVER THE ROUTE ONE LAST TIME!

ARPN

THEY'RE ALL THERE:

GOODVIBES.

STANK, THE OZZER.

JOHNNY CUBA.

YAKAMOTO, WINNER OF SUPERSURF 6.

THEIR FACES INTENT AS THEY MEMORISE EVERY LAST DETAIL.

...AND DON'T EVEN THINK OF RUNNING **THE FALLS** AT LESS THAN 120. IF YOU PULL OUT, LOOP BACK AND TAKE THEM AGAIN.

THEN IT'S A STRAIGHT RUN TO **PHOENIX SCRAP.** REMEMBER, YOU'VE ONLY GOT **3 SECONDS** TO CLEAR THOSE **CRUSHERS** - OR SURF'S OUT FOR **YOU**, BABE.

BY THE TIME YOU GET TO PHOENIX, THE JUDGES WILL BE CLOSING IN ON YOU. THEY'LL BE TRYING TO BRING YOU DOWN ANY WAY THEY CAN.

SO IT'S **SPLIT-UP** TIME. CHOOSE YOUR OWN ROUTE TO THE FINAL SECTION - **MANFRED FOX TUNNEL.**

YOU'LL BE TAKING THE TUNNEL **AGAINST** THE FLOW -

SHOOT THE FOX BACKWARDS! WHO THOUGHT THAT ONE UP?

NO ENTRY

IT'S A TOUGH ROUTE - THROUGH THE TOUGHEST CITY ON EARTH. BUT YOU WOULDN'T BE HERE IF YOU DIDN'T RELISH A CHALLENGE.

MANY OF YOU WILL NOT SURVIVE. BUT THAT IS ALWAYS THE CASE. TO ALL OF YOU I SAY, GOOD LUCK - AND GOOD SURFING.

MARLON SHAKESPEARE REFLECTS ON THE ORDEAL AHEAD -

THE **JUDGES** KNOW WHO HE IS. IF HE SURVIVES **SUPERSURF 7**, ARREST IS CERTAIN.

TROUBLE WITH THE LAW IS NOTHING NEW TO HIM. THEY'D LOCKED HIM AWAY, TRIED TO BEAT HIM DOWN, BREAK HIS SPIRIT - TURN HIM INTO A **NOBODY** LIKE EVERYONE ELSE IN THIS SOUL-CRUSHING CITY.

BUT THEY COULDN'T BREAK CHOPPER - AND NOW THIS IS HIS DAY.

TODAY HE WILL **BE** SOMEBODY - AND THE WHOLE **WORLD** WILL KNOW HIS NAME.

THE **MIDNIGHT SURFER** IS DEAD -

- LONG LIVE **CHOPPER!**

THEY LINE UP ALONG THE HOVERPORT, KICK-STARTING THEIR ENGINES INTO LIFE, ANXIOUS TO BE OFF.

SO YOU **CHOPPER**, EH? THEY SAY YOU GOOD - GOOD ENOUGH MAYBE TAKE MY TITLE.

I'M GOING TO DO MY BEST.

WELL, GOOD LUCK ALL SAME.

YOU TOO, YOGI.

THERE IS NO RANCOUR IN THE WORLD OF SKY SURFING. ONLY GOOD, HONEST RIVALRY.

FIVE SECONDS !

FOUR !

THREE !

TWO !

ONE !

PAARP!

SURF'S UP !

WATCHING BAY 3820 ! WE GOT **FIFTY-PLUS SKYHOGS** HEADING FOR STREET LEVEL !

THE SUPERSURF IS UNDER WAY !

*DOWN **TONGUE** AND **WHEELER**, HANG LEFT INTO **KLEENEX**, THE PACK STRETCHING OUT AS THE LEADERS SET A BLISTERING PACE.*

YIKES !

*LOOP **THREE** ROUND THE **CROSSPEDS** ON **BALCON**.*

SHFFFFF

CHOPPER TUCKS HIMSELF IN BEHIND THE FRONT THREE, CONTENT TO BIDE HIS TIME, WATCHING IN CASE SOMEONE MAKES A SUDDEN BREAK.

YOGI

CUBA

BONES

CHOPPER

THEN IT'S 90 SHARP UP THE WALL OF DEATH —

NEBLOCK

NOT GONNA MAKE —

SPLAAT!

WIPE OUT!

THERE THE OKEYDOKEY MAN!

LET'S SHOOT THAT "O"!

THEY'RE OKEYDOKEY FOLKS

SHEFF

SHEFF

SHEFF

CRASH!

CARUSO'S GONE!

AAAGH!

THWAK

CHEMICOP

KRUMP!

DROKK! WHAT A MESS!

DREDD TO CONTROL! MED SQUADS – MEAT-WAGONS TO KRANSKI! WE'VE GOT A MULTI-VEHICLE PILE-UP!

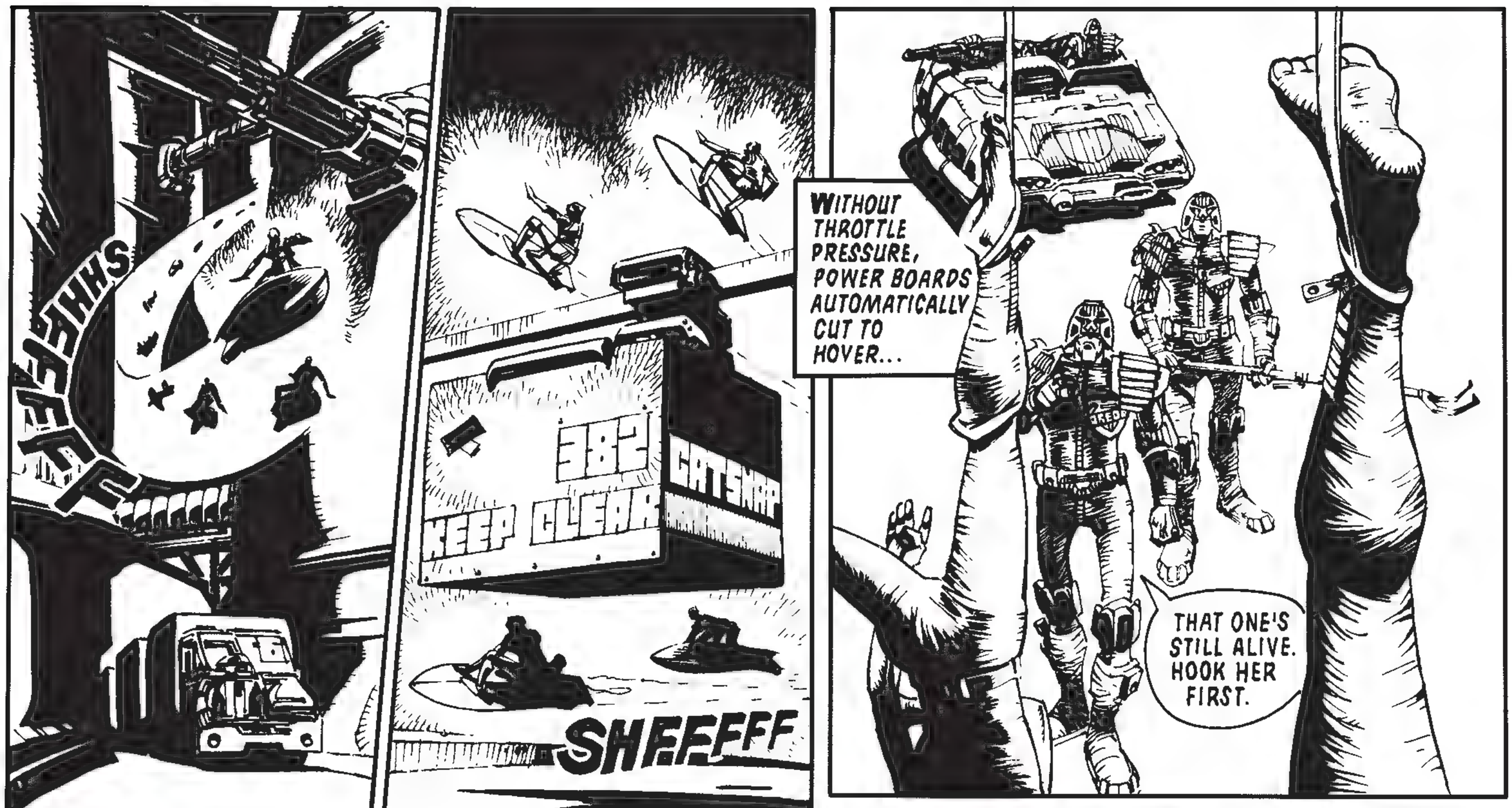
IT'S ONLY THE FIRST! THE WHOLE CITY WILL BE RUNNING RED UNLESS WE CAN STOP THIS NOW!

BRING 'EM DOWN!

SHOOT TO KILL!

NEXT PROG: THE THUMPA THUMPA SPLAT SPLAT MACHINE!

ON THE STREETS OF MEGA-CITY ONE SUPERSURF 7 - THE ILLEGAL WORLD POWER BOARD CHAMPIONSHIP - IS GO!
THE WHOLE CITY WILL BE RUNNING RED UNLESS WE BRING 'EM DOWN NOW!
SHOOT TO KILL!
SCRUB THE "O"!
DETOUR!
SHFFFFF
SHFFFFF
DREDD HERE! SUPERSURF NOW HEADING NORTH THROUGH OKEYDOKEY 'DUST ZONE! ALL UNITS BE ON ALERT!
I WANT THOSE SKYHOGS GROUNDED!
JUDGE DREDD
MIDNIGHT SURFER


SHEEEFFF
WITHOUT THROTTLE PRESSURE, POWER BOARDS AUTOMATICALLY CUT TO HOVER...
THAT ONE'S STILL ALIVE. HOOK HER FIRST.

THE SUPERSURF ROUTE, CREEP - TALK!
OH YEAH?
I DON'T RAT ON FELLOW SKYHOGS, CHINFACE!

WASHINGTON - BREAK OUT THE TRUTH DRUG!
COMIN' UP!

...AND WE'VE JUST HEARD THAT SUPERSURF 7 - THE WORLD POWER BOARD CHAMPIONSHIP - IS TAKING PLACE IN THIS VERY SECTOR!
SO LEAVE YOUR VID SETS NOW! GO TO YOUR WINDOWS! YOU MIGHT JUST BE LUCKY ENOUGH TO SEE THEM!
3V NEWS

LOOK! HERE THEY COME!

IT'S CHOPPER! HE'S IN THE LEAD!

GO, CHOPPER, GO!

THEY'D SHOT THE "O", STRAIGHT-LANED DOWN **DOKEY**, THEN CUT THROUGH **HARPER** AND **TWIX**, THE LEAD SHIFTING FROM **YAKAMOTO** TO **CUBA** TO **CHOPPER** – NONE YET WILLING TO MAKE HIS BREAK.

NOW IT'S SHARP BANK DOWN FOR THE RUN-IN TO **THE FALLS** –

CHOPPER RAMS HIS KNEE HARD INTO THE THROTTLE PAD. **110-120-130** – THE SPEED MUST BE JUST RIGHT –

SHEFFF

CHIFFFF!

ONE DOWN – NINE TO GO!

CHIFF!

CHIFF!

CHIFF!

fountain of tooth

ERECTED BY THE YOOTHA JOYCE MEM TRUST

BEHIND THEM, THE FOLLOWING GROUP - REICH, GOODVIBES, TIJUANA PINO, KWEZI -

I'M WIPED!

BLASSH!

DAK GOODVIBES, FIRST EVER SUPERSURF CHAMPION, WILL RACE NO MORE.

BAILEY HERE! I SEE THE LEADERS - NOW OVER PHOENIX SCRAP!

PHOENIX SCRAP, ONE OF THE CITY'S VEHICLE DUMPS -

THE **PNEUMATIC CRUSHERS** PROCESS ONE VEHICLE EVERY TEN SECONDS –

THUMPA-THUMPA-THUMPA-THUMPA-CRUNCH

THREE SECONDS TILL THE CRUSHERS **CLOSE** AGAIN –

SSSSS

CLUNK!

YAKAMOTO MOVES FIRST – AND THE OTHERS MUST FOLLOW. TO LET HIM THROUGH ALONE WOULD GIVE HIM AN ADVANTAGE THEY MIGHT NEVER CLAW BACK –

GO FOR IT!

SSSS

THEY'RE GONNA CLOSE! **PULL OUT, JOHNNY!**

NO WAY!

SSS SSSS SS

I CAN MAKE EET!

SSSKANG!

JOHNNY...!

BUT THERE IS NO TIME FOR MOURNING. DEATH IS TO BE EXPECTED IN SUPERSURF 7 – AND THE FOLLOWING GROUP HAVE ALREADY CAUGHT UP.

COMING THROUGH!

SO LONG, JOHNNY!

FROM HERE ON IT'S INDIVIDUAL ROUTES – AND THE WORLD CHAMPION'S GOT A GOOD TEN SECONDS ON HIM NOW.

KEEP OUT

CHOPPER KNOWS HE MUST SURF AS HE HAS NEVER SURFED BEFORE.

BUT MEANWHILE –

...AND...AFTER PHOENIX IT'S THE BIG ONE... LAST LEG THROUGH MANFRED FOX...

THAT'S IT! THE TUNNEL!

ALL UNITS CONVERGE ON MANFRED FOX TUNNEL!

NEXT PROG: THE K.Y. SURFER!

JUDGES REPORT A NUMBER OF SERIOUS TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS ALONG THE ROUTE OF **SUPERSURF 7**, THE ILLEGAL **WORLD POWER BOARD CHAMPIONSHIP**. LATEST DEATH TOLL NOW STANDS AT **95**.

RUMOUR IS THAT THE RACE WILL REACH ITS CLIMAX AT **MANFRED FOX TUNNEL**. WE HAVE BEEN ORDERED BY JUSTICE DEPT TO STRONGLY ADVISE CITIZENS TO **STAY AWAY**.

2nd TENNESS

PETE'S Cookies

BUT OF COURSE IF YOU **DO** GO DOWN THERE, THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO TO STOP YOU. IT'S A FREE CITY – AND ANYWAY, YOU DON'T GET A CHANCE TO SEE THE **SUPERSURF** EVERY DAY!

AT PHOENIX SCRAP JUSTICE DEPT HAVE CUT OFF THE MAIN PACK –

YOUR PATH IS BLOCKED! THERE'S NO WAY THROUGH! GROUND YOUR BOARDS AND SURRENDER!

PHOENIX SCRAP

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

NEVER!

SCRUB THE CRUSHERS –

WE GO STRAIGHT FOR THE FOX!

JUDGE DREDD

MIDNIGHT SURFER

STORY T.B. GROVER
ART CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING T. FRAME

UP AHEAD, **CHOPPER'S** MOVING FAST. BODY LOW, FULL WEIGHT PRESSING HARD INTO THE THROTTLE PAD —

THE LEAD IS GONE. **YAKAMOTO'S** TEN SECONDS AHEAD AND HE'S GOT TO PULL IT BACK.

DOWN HYDE AND TSETSE AT BREAKNECK SPEED —

TOUCHING **130** AS HE CAREERS INTO **ROACH** —

-140 - 170 - 190 - 200.

SHEEEE

SHEEEE

THEN **HIGH-G DECELERATION** AS HE BANKS FOR **HARPER'S** —

SHFFFFFFFFF

LOAD BAY

H-HEY!

WATCH OUT FOR ROBO-LOADERS!

NEW

DOWN HABERDASHERY, RIGHT AT **ELECTRICAL**, HITTING THE **TON** AS HE WHISTLES THROUGH **HOMEWARE** —

OUT THROUGH THE REAR EXIT -

-AND THERE, FAR BELOW, THE **FINAL HURDLE** -

FOX TUNNEL!

160 - 200 - 220

AS HE SWEEPS INTO HIS APPROACH -

WHAT **KEPT** YOU, YOGI?

CHOPPER!

THEY'D SAID **CHOPPER** WAS GOOD – GOOD ENOUGH TO STEAL HIS TITLE. NOW **WORLD CHAMPION YOGI YAKAMOTO** KNOWS IT IS TRUE.

CHOPPER'S IN THE LEAD!

SHEEEEEE

GO, CHOPPER!

CHOPPER?

HE'S A **HERO**, MUM! HE USED TO BE **KING SCRAWLER** –

JOE BEAN

NOW HE'S THE BEST **SKY SURFER** IN THE WORLD!

ABOVE THE TUNNEL EXIT –

THIS IS **FLACK** ON **TUNNEL VIEW!** **LEADERS COMIN' THROUGH ALREADY!**

SHOOT TO KILL!

FLACK

THEY CAN AFFORD NO AVOIDING ACTION. THEIR CONCENTRATION IS FIXED ON THE TUNNEL.

TO RUN FOX **AGAINST THE FLOW** IS AN ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TASK –

64

SPEED ICE

– BUT THESE ARE THE TWO BEST SURFERS IN THE WORLD . . .

64

ABOVE, JUDGES ARE ARRIVING IN NUMBERS –

TWO OF THEM GOT IN, DREDD!

THERE'S GOING TO BE **CARNAGE** IN THERE!

HERE COMES THE SECOND BATCH!

DON'T HIT THE BOARDS OR YOU'LL BRING 'EM DOWN ON THE TRAFFIC!

KWEZI, REICH AND **PINO** DIE THE WAY THEY'D HAVE WANTED – **KISSING SKY.**

BEHIND THEM THE SURVIVORS OF THE MAIN PACK FALTER –

HELL! DON'T LOOK LIKE THERE'S NO WAY THROUGH!

SURRENDER OR **DIE!** GROUND YOUR BOARDS IMMEDIATELY!

THEY AIN'T STOPPIN' ME! **MANFRED FOX** OR **BUST!**

FADE

OKAY, OKAY!

HOLD YOUR FIRE! WE'RE COMIN' DOWN!

THEY MAKE **HALFWAY**, CHOPPER TWISTING HIS BOARD THROUGH THE TORRENT OF METAL, AS IF IT WERE WELDED TO HIS FEET.

TAXI

AND, GRADUALLY, HIS LEAD GROWS.

THEN -

CRAKK!

UUHH!

CRUNCHH!

AAAH!

YOGI!

Willi's

PARP! PARRP!

SHFFFFFF

I CAN'T LEAVE HIM!

DO-GOOD'S GOODFOOD

TWO-LANER !

YOGI !

PA PP ! PA PP !

SHFFFFFF

NOT BE CRAZY, CHOPPER ! YOU NEVER MAKE IT !

BUTTON IT ! I'M NOT LEAVIN' A SURFER BEHIND !

HIS MEMORY OF THOSE LAST FEW HUNDRED METRES WILL ALWAYS BE HAZY —

— THE BLUR OF SPEEDING METAL, THE TERRIFIED FACES, THE SCREECH OF RUBBER AND ANGRY BLARE OF HORNS —

— AND THE BOARD BENEATH HIS FEET RESPONDING TO HIS EVERY TOUCH.

THEN, SUDDENLY, HE IS OUT !

CHOPPER !

IT'S CHOPPER !

JUST HEARD, DREDD — THEY MADE IT THROUGH ! SEEMS THE **SHAKESPEARE** JUVE CAME OUT **CARRYING** YAKAMOTO !

IS THAT SURFING OR IS THAT SURFING !

SURFING IT MAY BE, FLACK — **ILLEGAL** IT **DEFINITELY** IS.

I DYING, CHOPPER. JUST... WANT SAY ONE THING...

YOU THE **BEST**, BOY. NOBODY **EVER** DO WHAT YOU DO. YOU... **KING SURFER**...

MARLON SHAKESPEARE-

THE NAME'S **CHOPPER**...

WORLD CHAMPION!

SHAKESPEARE - CHOPPER - YOU'RE JUST PLAIN **CREEP** TO ME!

MOVE!

HE KNOWS THEY'LL CUBE HIM AWAY FOR TEN YEARS - MAYBE TWENTY. LET THEM. THEY'LL NEVER BREAK CHOPPER.

CHOPPER!

CHOPPER!

THEY'D TRIED TO CRUSH HIM BEFORE, BUT HE'D SHOWN THEM. HE'D BEATEN THEM AGAIN.

*NOW HE WAS **SOMEBODY** - AND THE WHOLE **WORLD** WOULD KNOW HIS NAME!*

CHOPPER!

CHOPPER!

CHOPPER!

CHOPPER!

CHOPPER!

CHOPPER!

CHOPPER!

CHOPP

CHOPPER!

CHOPPER!

CHOPPER!

CHOPPER!

CHOPPER!

CHOPPER!

CHOPPER!

CHOPPER!

CHOPPER!

CHOPPER!

CHOPPER!

CHOPPER!

CHOPPER!

CHOPPER!

CHOPPER!

CHOPPER!

CHOPPER!

THE END.

JUDGE DREDD

ONE SCREAM BEYOND YOUR DARKEST NIGHTMARE! THE EVIL ONE STALKS THE MEGA-CITY!

NOSFERATU: WRITE HIS NAME IN BLOOD!

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T FRAME

JUDGES FOUND THE FIRST VICTIM ON A SECTOR 78 BOMBSITE —

NEVER SEEN A CORPSE LIKE THIS, DREDD...

IT'S JUST A SACK OF SKIN AND BONES — LIKE HIS WHOLE INSIDES HAVE BEEN MELTED!

GOT ANY I.D.?

YEAH, ONE STIG MABON. LAST SEEN EN ROUTE TO AN ALL-NIGHT CHUB-UP IN SECTOR 77.

WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THIS ONE INTO THE LABS. WE'VE GOT NO IDEA WHAT CAUSED IT.

I'LL FOLLOW ON.

IN FORENSIC —

WELL, DOC?

TO PUT IT SIMPLY, DREDD, HE'S BEEN EATEN.

NOTE THESE PUNCTURE MARKS. THE VICTIM HAS BEEN INJECTED WITH A POWERFUL PROTOZYME WHICH LIQUEFIED HIS INNARDS. THE RESULTING, ER... SOUP WAS SUBSEQUENTLY SUCKED OUT THROUGH THE SAME WOUNDS.

LIKE A SPIDER...

RECKON IT COULD BE ONE — A MUTATION?

IT'S THE ONLY EXPLANATION I CAN THINK OF.

IF SO, IT'S A BIG 'UN.

I'LL GET PEST CONTROL ONTO IT.

HE ARRIVED ON THE MONTHLY SHUTTLE FROM CALLISTO, FEELING OUT OF PLACE, APPREHENSIVE — AN **ALIEN** IN A STRANGE LAND...

AMBRANEKTRA

YET THE KNOWLEDGE HE HAD GLEANED FROM THE HUMAN — AND HIS OWN NATIVE CUNNING — HAD BROUGHT HIM THIS FAR. **RAGNOS** WILLING, THEY WOULD NOT DETECT HIM NOW...

YOU'VE BEEN OFF PLANET A LONG TIME, CITIZEN **HURD**. WHAT BRINGS YOU BACK?

HOMESICK, I GUESS.

HE'LL BE A LOT SICKER BY THE TIME HE'S BEEN HERE A COUPLE OF DAYS!

NEXT!

WRIGHT

HE FOUND LODGINGS IN A SECTOR 77 ROOMING HOUSE —

YES, I HAVE A SINGLE UNIT JUST VACATED. MY TERMS ARE MONTHLY, IN ADVANCE.

ROOMS

THIS WAY.

YOU'LL DO YOUR OWN LAUNDRY AND CLEANING. NO COOKING IN YOUR ROOM, NO PARTIES, NO LOUD NOISES AFTER 10 P.M.

ALONE AT LAST...

SAFE TO CAST OFF THIS REPUGNANT HUMAN FORM —

—TO REVEAL HIS **TRUE** SELF ONCE MORE —

NOSFERATU — THE EVIL ONE!

HE HAD **FASTED** LONG ON THE VOYAGE, AFRAID TO SUP LEST HE SHOULD GIVE HIMSELF AWAY. NOW HUNGER **BURNED** IN HIM.

HE MUST FEED AGAIN SOON —

TONIGHT, WHEN THE **MYRIAD EYES** OF **RAGNOS** SHONE DOWN UPON HIM, TO CAST THEIR BLESSING ON HIS WORK...

ENTICING HIS **PREY** PROVED DIFFICULT. THERE WAS MUCH HE DID NOT YET KNOW ABOUT THE WAYS OF HUMANS —

COME UP TO MY ROOM, PLEASE.

GET LOST, WEIRDO!

BUT LIKE ALL HIS RACE, HE LEARNED QUICKLY —

OW!

YOU ARE HURT.

YEAH! TONIGHT OF ALL NIGHTS! I WAS TRYING TO GET TO THE BIG **CHUB-UP** OVER ON DOBERMAN.

COME UP TO MY ROOM. I WILL TEND YOUR INJURY. I AM A DOCTOR.

YEAH? GREAT!

NO VISITORS IN YOUR ROOM AFTER 10 P.M.,

HE WILL BE... **LONG GONE** BY THEN.

DON'T GET MANY HUMAN DOCS IN THE **MEG** THESE DAYS, DOC. AIN'T MUCH CALL FOR THEM. GUESS THAT'S WHY YOU GOT SUCH A CRUMMY ROOM, HUH?

OH CREMOLA –

HE INJECTED LONG AND DEEP, FEELING THE DIGESTIVE FLUIDS BEGINNING TO ACT.

MRS DILLEY! I DO NOT WISH TO BE DISTURBED FOR ANY REASON!

HE REMAINED LOCKED IN THAT ROOM FOR THREE DAYS...

BENT OVER THE CARCASE, GRADUALLY LIQUIDISING IT...

...UNTIL THE BODY OF **STIG MABON** WAS NO MORE THAN A DRIED-OUT HUSK.

WHEN HE WAS THROUGH HE FOLDED THE BODY INTO A SUITCASE AND CARRIED IT TO WASTEGROUND FAR FROM HIS LAIR.

THEN HE THANKED **RAGNOS** FOR GUIDING HIM TO THIS NEW WORLD, WHERE THE FOOD WAS PLENTIFUL - AND THE DARK DEEDS OF **NOSFERATU** WERE NOT KNOWN...

...NOT YET.

NEXT PROG:
BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR!

JUDGE DREDD

HE FOUND HIS SECOND VICTIM IN A VAG SHED ON WEST HAYNES, AND LURED HIM BACK TO HIS ROOM WITH THE PROMISE OF A MEAL.

HE TOOK LONGER OVER THIS ONE. HIS HUNGER SATED NOW, ALTERNATELY FEEDING AND RESTING...

...RESTING AND FEEDING...

OH! MR HURD! YOU'VE BEEN LOCKED IN HERE SO LONG AND I WONDERED IF...

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T FRAME
...ANYTHING
HAD HAPPENED...
NOSFERATU

SHE DID NOT SCREAM, HER VOICE WAS PARALYSED BY FEAR. IT WAS OFTEN THE WAY WITH HIS VICTIMS.

I TOLD YOU NEVER TO DISTURB ME, MRS DILLEY.

YOU MUST PAY THE PRICE!

SHE WOULD BE MISSED, SO HE DID NOT KILL HER – MERELY INJECTED ENOUGH VENOM TO **MELT** HER **WILL**.

YOU WILL SPEAK OF THIS TO NO-ONE. YOU WILL DO EXACTLY AS I TELL YOU. YOU ARE **MY** CREATURE NOW, MRS DILLEY.

YES...**NOSFERATU.**

IN **HUMAN** FORM HE CARRIED THE HUSK OF HIS SECOND VICTIM OUT TO THE WASTEGROUND –

BUT AS HE GAVE THANKS TO HIS GOD, THE SKIES OPENED AND THE MYRIAD EYES OF RAGNOS WERE BLOTTED FROM HIS VIEW.

IT WAS A BAD OMEN.

0600 HOURS, NEXT MORNING –

CONTROL TO DREDD! YOU GOT A SENIOR JUDGE CALL, SECTOR 78 SPIDER CASE. THEY'VE FOUND ANOTHER BODY.

ON MY WAY.

WOOOW OOOO WO

HE'S A LOCAL VAG, JIGGY THE SLANT. SAME CONDITION AS THE FIRST VICTIM – SUCKED DRY.

GOT SOMETHING HERE THOUGH.

WEATHER CONTROL BROKE DOWN LAST NIGHT, PRETTY HEAVY SHOWER HERE. WHOEVER DUMPED THE HUSK LEFT THESE.

FOOTPRINTS.

SO IF IT WAS A SPIDER, IT WAS WEARING BOOTS.

AT SECTOR HOUSE 78 –

ONLY THING I CAN THINK OF IS SOME CREEP'S KEEPING A SPIDER AS A PET. ONE OF THOSE BIG CURSED EARTH BRUTES.

THE CITIZENS ARE CRAZY ENOUGH. HAVE TO BE A BIG APARTMENT THOUGH.

SO IT'S A RICH CREEP.

I DON'T BUY IT. RICH CREEP, POOR CREEP, THEY'D KNOW THE BEST PLACE TO DITCH THE BODIES WOULD BE IN THE GARBAGE GRINDER. NO, I FIGURE THIS HAS GOT TO BE AN OUTSIDER. SOMEONE – OR SOMETHING – WHO DOESN'T KNOW CITY WAYS.

HOW ABOUT THIS FROM THE COMPUTER?

SPECIES – NOSFERATU. PLANET – GARLOKK, EIGHTH WORLD OF CALLISTO.

AN INTELLIGENT, PREDATORY RACE WHO FEED BY INJECTING DIGESTIVE PROTOZYMES WHICH LIQUIDISE THE INNARDS OF THEIR PREY.

FEARED AND REVILED BY THE PLANET'S DOMINANT SPECIES, THE GARRS, THEY'VE BEEN HUNTED ALMOST TO EXTINCTION.

AND YOU RECKON WE'VE GOT ONE HERE ?

MAKES A LOT MORE SENSE THAN A SPIDER IN BOOTS.

BUT HOW COULD IT HAVE GOT IN ? I MEAN, THE **IMMY** JUDGES MIGHT BE A BIT LAX, BUT THEY KNOW WHERE TO DRAW THE LINE.

NOSFERATU IS A **SHAPE CHANGER.** THAT'S HOW THEY'VE SURVIVED THIS LONG ON **GARLOKK.** OUR BOY COULD HAVE ARRIVED IN **HUMAN** FORM.

LET'S SEE - THE SIX-MONTHLY SHUTTLE FROM CALLISTO CAME IN EIGHT DAYS AGO. THAT TIES IN - THREE DAYS BEFORE WE FOUND THE FIRST BODY.

SO WHAT DO WE DO ?

CHECK EVERY PASSENGER AND CREWMAN ON THAT SHUTTLE.

BUT NOSFERATU COULD HAVE CHANGED IDENTITIES A **HUNDRED** TIMES SINCE HE GOT HERE.

WE'VE GOT TO START SOMEWHERE. LET'S GET BUSY.

ALL OVER THE CITY JUDGES WERE PULLED OFF ROUTINE PATROL TO ASSIST IN THE SEARCH -

UP AGAINST THE WALL, CITIZENS !

FLIGHT CREW

CREW OF THE **AMBRANEKTRA** - FRONT AND FORWARD !

MAYALL HERE. CITIZEN DE RILEY CHECKS ON THE LIE DETECTOR. SHE'S CLEAN.

OKAY, GO TO LODGING HOUSE AT 1114 LAUREL CANYON, INTERVIEW CITIZEN **DUDWAD HURD**, PASSENGER ON THE AMBRANEKTRA.

ROOMS

YES?

CITIZEN **DUDWAD HURD** – WHERE IS HE?

ROOM 4. BUT YOU MUSTN'T GO UP THERE.

I'LL BE THE JUDGE OF THAT!

LOCKED.

PLEASE. HE DOESN'T LIKE TO BE DISTURBED!

CRASH!

THEN HE'LL BE DISAPPOINTED!

MAYALL

YOU DUDWAD HURD?

THAT IS RIGHT, JUDGE.

MAYALL

YEAH? THEN HOW COME BIRDIE SAYS YOU'RE LYIN', PAL?

RAGNOS CURSE YOU, HUMAN!

DROKK!

MAYALL HERE, LAUREL CANYON ADDRESS! I'VE FOUND HIM!

GET OFF ME, WOMAN! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH -

SHE BELONGS TO NOSFERATU - AS YOU, TOO, WILL DO!

NEXT PROG:
A JUDGE POSSESSED!

JUDGE DREDD IN NOSFERATU

NOSFERATU — THE EVIL ONE — WAS LOOSE IN MEGA-CITY ONE... AND JUDGE MAYALL PAID WITH HIS LIFE !

I HAVE INJECTED ENOUGH VENOM ONLY TO MAKE YOU MINE. I AM YOUR MASTER NOW !

YES... NOSFERATU.

THAT'S THE LODGING HOUSE !

DREDD TO CONTROL ! NOW RESPONDING TO MAYALL'S SIGHTING OF THE ALIEN !

SCREEEEEE-

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME

DREDD

JUDGES! TOO MANY, NOSFERATU - YOU WILL NEVER ESCAPE!

MONSTER! MONSTER! IT-IT'S GOT THE JUDGE! IT'S **TAKEN HIM OVER!**

DREDD! YOU OTHERS! GO AWAY FROM HERE! **NOSFERATU** MUST NOT BE HARMED!

DON'T BE STUPID, MAYALL! GET OUT OF THE WAY!

I WARNED YOU!

BLAM!

TAKE HIM!

NO!

YES!

CUFF HIM AND CALL IN A MED-TEAM, TIPPET.

I'M GOING IN!

FREEZE!

EMPTY! 'CEPT FOR HER!

THE LANDLADY...

GRUD! OF COURSE! NOSFERATU'S A SHAPE CHANGER!

DREDD TO CONTROL! ALL UNIT ALERT, THIS VICINITY!

BE ON LOOKOUT FOR MRS PRICELLA DILLEY – AGE ABOUT 40, AVERAGE BUILD, SPRAY-BLONDE HAIR –

WARNING! THESE DETAILS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE!

WITHIN TEN MINUTES THEY HAD THEIR FIRST – AND ONLY – CLUE...

THROAT SLASHED FROM EAR TO EAR. COULD HAVE BEEN A CLAW. BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHO HE WAS OR WHAT HE WAS WEARING...

IT'LL BE LIKE LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK.

VOTE

CONTROL – I'M CALLING OFF THE SEARCH.

WE'VE LOST HIM!

HE HAD LURED THE MAN INTO THE ALLEY EASILY. ONE SLASH AND IT WAS OVER —

FREE TAPES TOP OF THE

CHOICE!

SHETO STERE NOW

13

ON.

THE JUDGES MIGHT EXPECT HIM TO ADOPT THE FEATURES OF HIS VICTIM, BUT HE TOOK ONLY THE MAN'S CLOTHES AND MONEY. THEN HE CHOSE ANOTHER FACE FROM A POSTER HE SAW ON THE WALL.

RUSSELL MUSCLE SEZ:
YOU TOO CAN LOOK TOUGH WITH "INFLATABLE BICEPS"

IMPRESS GIRLS!

DETER MUGGERS!

LOOK SHARP!

NOSFERATU USED THE MONEY TO TRAVEL FAR FROM SECTOR 77 —

SECTOR 218 — TERMINUS!

218

THAT MEANS THE END OF THE LINE, BUB. EVERYBODY OFF.

HE NEEDED SOMEWHERE TO THINK, TO WORK OUT HIS NEXT MOVE.

THE STALE BAGEL

THE STALE BAGEL

HE FOUND A DINETTE AND WENT IN.

YOUR **FACE** SEEMS KINDA FAMILIAR, FRIEND. AIN'T WE MET BEFORE ?

I THINK NOT.

THIS PLACE MIGHT SERVE HIS PURPOSE. HUMANS COMING AND GOING ALL THE TIME. TRANSIENTS – DOWN AND OUTS – PEOPLE WHO WOULD NOT BE MISSED...

HEY! I GOT YA NOW ! YOU'RE **RUSSELL MUSCLE !**

HEY! I'M A BIG FAN OF YOURS ! LOOK – I GOT ON THE **BICEPS** NOW !

ROUGH CUSTOMERS COME IN, THEY GET AN EYEFUL OF MY **RUSSELLS** AN' THEY TAKE THEIR TROUBLE ELSEWHERE ! THE **WIFE** WEARS 'EM TOO !

HEY, **TOOTS !** **PUFF 'EM UP !** IT'S **RUSSELL MUSCLE !**

SHOOT, RUSS, I GOT THE WHOLE COLLECTION ! BICEPS, TRICEPS, PECTORALS – YOU NAME IT !

COME ON BACK INTO THE **HAB** AND I'LL SHOW YOU !

THERE YOU GO ! HOW'S THAT ? REALLY SOMETHIN', HUH ? 'COURSE, THEY LOOK BETTER **UNDER** THE DUDS !

YOU AND YOUR SPOUSE LIVE HERE ALONE ?

THAT'S RIGHT. JUST THE TWO OF US.

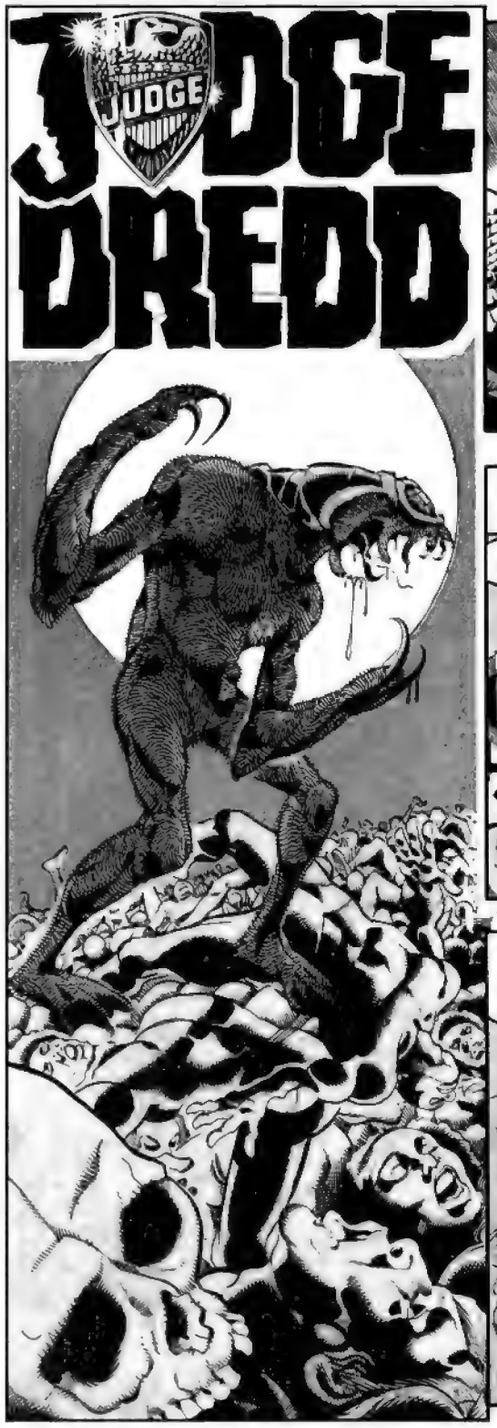
EXCELLENT !

R-RUSS...?

HEY ! WHAT'S THIS ? A NEW **LINE** ?

NEXT PROG: **CATCHING THE PASSING TRADE !**

JUDGE DREDD



SEVENTEEN DAYS AFTER NOSFERATU, EVIL DENIZEN OF PLANET GARLOKK, HAD DISAPPEARED IN THE MEGA-CITY, FOUR HUMAN HUSKS WERE FOUND ON A SECTOR 219 RECLAM SITE –
SAME M.O.D. – INSIDES LIQUIDISED AND SUCKED OUT. GOT TO BE NOSFERATU.

I HOPED WE'D SEEN THE LAST OF HIM. HE MUST HAVE BEEN STORING THE BODIES UP – LESS CHANCE OF BEING DISCOVERED.
HOW COME PSI-DIVISION DIDN'T DETECT HIM?
HE'S A NEGATIVE EMITTER. THEY COULDN'T PICK HIM UP IF HE WAS STICKIN' OUT OF THEIR EARS.

STAND ASIDE! LET THE GARRHOUNDS THROUGH!

WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY, DREDD?
TRACKER-BEASTS FROM NOSFERATU'S HOME-WORLD. I SENT FOR THEM TWO WEEKS AGO. THEY CAN PICK UP NEGATIVE EMISSIONS.

THEY'VE GOT HIS SCENT!
LET'S RIDE!
NOSFERATU: WRITE HIS NAME IN BLOOD!
T V GROVER
AND
ROH SMITH
T FRAME

THE **STALE BAGEL DINETTE** LAY NEAR THE SECTOR 218 TERMINUS... A PERFECT SPOT TO CATCH THE PASSING TRADE.

LATELY, TOOTS AND MUTT BAGEL HAD BEEN CATCHING MORE THAN USUAL—

SORRY, PAL! CLUMSY OF ME!

COME ON THROUGH THE BACK AN' I'LL CLEAN YOU UP!

PRIVATE

HEY! THIS AIN'T THE WASHROOM!

ANOTHER CUSTOMER FOR YOU, NOSFERATU!

OH SWEET ANNA—!

NO ONE KNOWS YOU ARE HERE?

N-NO! PLEASE! I JUST CAME IN FOR A QUICK BITE..

GOOD.

THEN YOU MAY STAY FOR THE **FEAST.**

LEAVE ME, BAGEL. I WISH TO DINE ALONE.

ARROOOO

THEY'RE GETTING EXCITED! MUST BE CLOSE!

SIC 'EM, BOYS!

AROOOOO

GARRHOUNDS!

CRASHH!

HEY! NO ANIMALS!

FRESH CORPSE! IT'S HIM ALL RIGHT!

HE'S GONE OUT THE BACK WAY!

THE HOVER STOP!

AROOOOO

CURSED HOUNDS!

IT'S MOVING OFF! BIKE ON AUTO-

KERRASSH

UNNHH - MY LAWGIVER!

COME HERE, FOOD!

YEAH?

BOOT!

SNAP!

YOU BETTER CHECK THAT WITH YOUR DENTIST, CREEP!

YOU WILL NEVER TAKE ME!

GOT NO INTENTION OF TAKING YOU ANYWHERE, NOSFERATU!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

PEEOING!

SPDANGG!

RICOCHET BULLETS!

DREDD HERE. SCRATCH THE SPIDERMAN.

CLEAR THINGS UP AT THE STALE BAGEL. I'M TAKING HIM STRAIGHT IN.

IN ALL 9 CITIZENS HAD DIED AT THE HANDS OF THE ALIEN. ANOTHER THREE WOULD NEVER BE QUITE HUMAN AGAIN —

NOSFERATU! NOSFERATU!

WHY HAVE YOU FORSAKEN US?

THE CREEP'S DEAD AND GONE, BUT TO THEM HE'LL ALWAYS BE LORD AND MASTER.

ANY CHANCE OF A CURE?

WE CHECKED WITH THE AUTHORITIES ON GARLOKK. THEY'VE BEEN TRYING FOR THREE MILLENIA. IF WE FIND ONE, WE'VE TO LET THEM KNOW.

DREDD

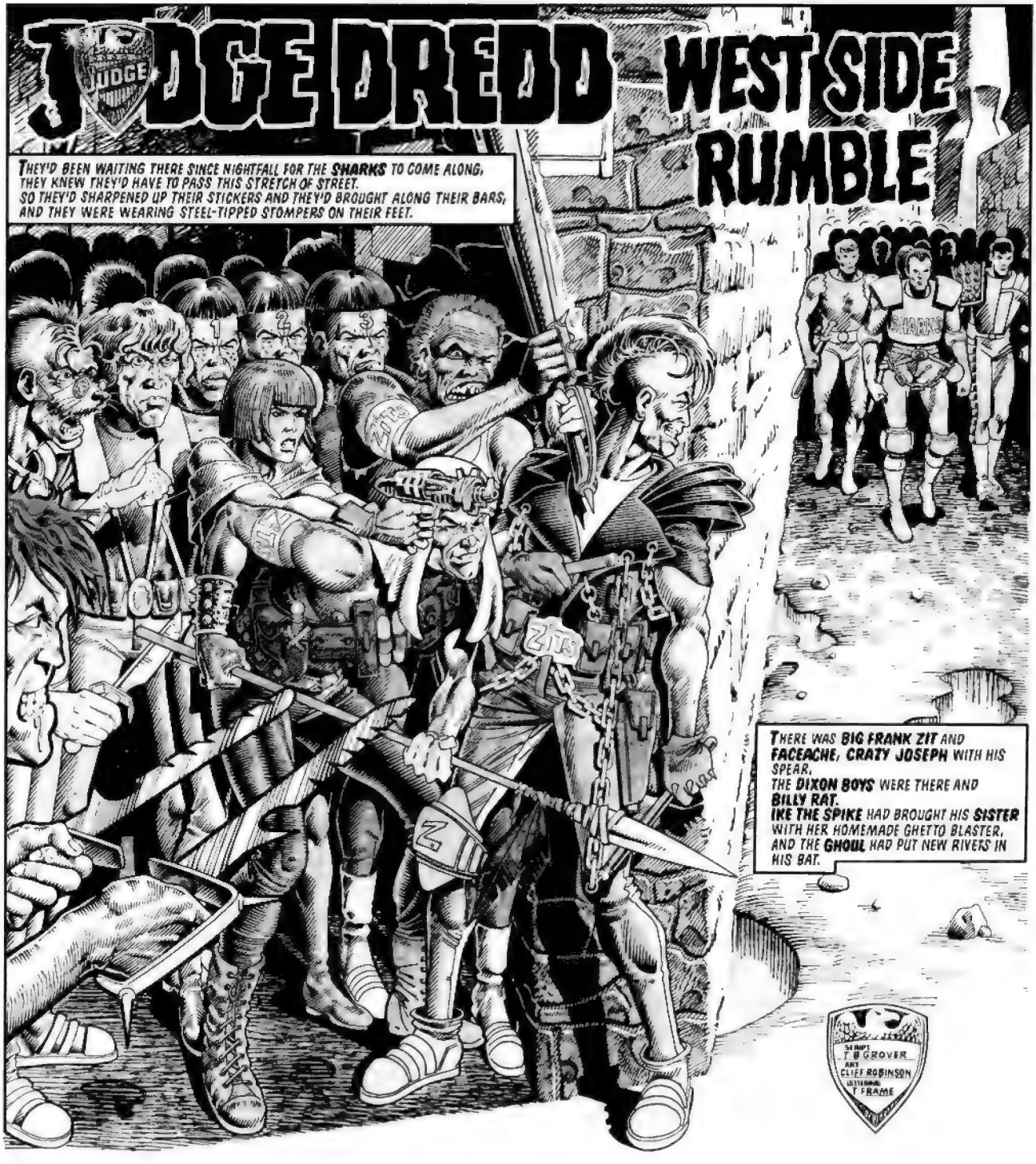
IN TERMS OF MEGA-CITY DISASTERS **NOSFERATU** HAD BEEN BUT A MINOR IRRITATION —

CONTROL TO DREDD! WE GOT 34 CORPSES IN A SKIP, TUSHINGHAM AND WHAM. BETTER GET YOUR **OWN** CARCASS DOWN THERE!

ON MY WAY!

VRRMMM

NEXT PROG: SONG OF THE ZITS!


JUDGE DREDD
WEST SIDE RUMBLE
THEY'D BEEN WAITING THERE SINCE NIGHTFALL FOR THE SHARKS TO COME ALONG, THEY KNEW THEY'D HAVE TO PASS THIS STRETCH OF STREET. SO THEY'D SHARPENED UP THEIR STICKERS AND THEY'D BROUGHT ALONG THEIR BARS; AND THEY WERE WEARING STEEL-TIPPED STOMPERS ON THEIR FEET.
THERE WAS BIG FRANK ZIT AND FACEACHE, CRAZY JOSEPH WITH HIS SPEAR, THE DIXON BOYS WERE THERE AND BILLY RAT. IKE THE SPIKE HAD BROUGHT HIS SISTER WITH HER HOMEMADE GHETTO BLASTER, AND THE GHOUL HAD PUT NEW RIVETS IN HIS BAT.
SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART CLIFF ROBINSON
LETTERING T FRAME

NOW IT WASN'T NOTHIN' PERSONAL THAT THEY HAD AGAINST THE SHARKS,
ANY BUNCH OF DEAD-END SPUGS WOULD DO.
'COS THERE WAS NOTHING THEY LIKED BETTER THAN TO MASH AND BASH AND STOMP,
SAME AS ANY NORMAL MEGA-CITY JUVES.
THE ZITS!
A-RUMBLING! A-RUMBLING!
WE LOVE TO GO A-RUMBLING!
WE LOVE TO LAY IN AMBUSH
IN THE NIGHT!
A-RUMBLING! A-RUMBLING!
THE ZITS WERE BORN FOR RUMBLING!
THERE'S NOTHING WE LIKE
BETTER THAN A FIGHT!
AAAH!
AAAA!
SMAK!
KRAK!
THEN A HEADLIGHT PIERCED THE DARKNESS – A
RIDER GAUNT AND GRIM,
DAYSTICK DRAWN AND READY IN HIS HAND.
THE CHIN BELONGED
TO DREDD,
AND THE VOICE AS
WELL, WHICH SAID:
YOU CREEPS CAN
DO YOUR RUMBLING
IN THE CAN!

"IT'S JUST ONE JUDGE!" CRIED CINDY SPIKE AND OPENED WITH HER BLASTER –

I'LL SEND HIM BACK TO CENTRAL IN A SACK!

SPOING!

AAAAAAA!

THEN THE JUDGE GOT DOWN TO BUSINESS AND HIS DAYSTICK ROSE AND FELL, STRIKING OUT AT EVERY HEAD HE SAW.

ZITS

FOR THOUGH THE ZITS LAUNCHED THE ATTACK, THE SHARKS WERE FIGHTING BACK –

SHARK

ZITS

AND SELF DEFENCE IS NO DEFENCE IN LAW!

BUT DREDD'S BIKE ABSORBED THE BLAST AND HE LAID HER ON THE STREET, WITH TYRE MARKS RUNNING RIGHT ACROSS HER BACK.

AS THE HEAP OF BODIES MOUNTED, BIG ZIT COULD SEE HIS WATERLOO, WAITING JUST ONE STATION DOWN THE LINE.

OH, SURE, HE LOVED TO RUMBLE - BUT HE PREFERRED TO BE ON TOP...

LET'S SCRAM AND LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER TIME!

DREDD TO CONTROL! WE GOT FORTY-PLUS JUVE RUMBLERS FLEEING EAST THROUGH **BERNSTEIN.** ZITS AND SHARKS. BACK-UP REQUIRED.

WILCO, DREDD!

MED SQUADS AND MEAT WAGONS TO MORENO ALLEY.

ESTIMATE TWENTY CASUALTIES. MORE TO FOLLOW.

VRMMM!

CONTROL TO ALL UNITS AREA BERNSTEIN. YPs ON THE RUN.

PICK 'EM UP!

VRAAAAN

IN THE SPACE OF SIXTY SECONDS THERE WAS A JUDGE ON EVERY STREET. FROM WATCHING BAYS OTHERS SCANNED THE SLAB -

WE GOT TWO **ZITS** RUNNIN' FAST THROUGH THE TAMBLIN UNDERPASS!

NUGENT

KRUPKE HERE! I GOT 'EM IN THE BAG!

THUNK!

ZiTS

THUNK!

THEY CUT THEM OFF AT SONDHEIM AND THEY MOPPED THEM UP ON WOOD.
ON PEDWAY 12 THEY CORNERED **CRAZY JOSEPH.**

HE TRIED TO MAKE A STAND – BUT A SPEAR'S NOT WORTH A DAMN WHEN IT'S UP AGAINST A JUDGE'S **HIGH EXPLOSIVE.**

THE **GHOUL** SURRENDERED QUIETLY, HE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE –

IKE THE SPIKE TRIED TO SCALE THE SECTOR WALL –

SAVE YOUR BULLET. HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT.

OH NO!

AAAAAAH!

SPLATT!

LENNY BERNSTEIN

THE DIXON BOYS ALL COPPED IT WHEN THEY TRIED TO HITCH A RIDE ON THE 2020 ZOOM TO BERNSTEIN HALT.

BIG ZIT THOUGHT HE'D PLAY IT CLEVER. THE LAW WAS EVERYWHERE, THE SAFEST THING FOR HIM TO DO WAS HIDE -

DREDD TRACKED HIM DOWN ON INFRA-RED -

DON'T BOTHER TO COME OUT!

THE BEST PLACE FOR TRASH LIKE YOU IS INSIDE!

YAAAAAA

IN MINUTES FLAT THEY'D CAUGHT THEM, EVERY **SHARK** AND EVERY **ZIT.**
TO **DREDD** IT FELL TO LADLE OUT THE YEARS –

TWENTY YEARS APIECE FOR **CINDY SPIKE, BILLY RAT** AND **GHOUL.**

AN **EXTRA** TEN LEFT **BIG FRANK ZIT** IN TEARS –

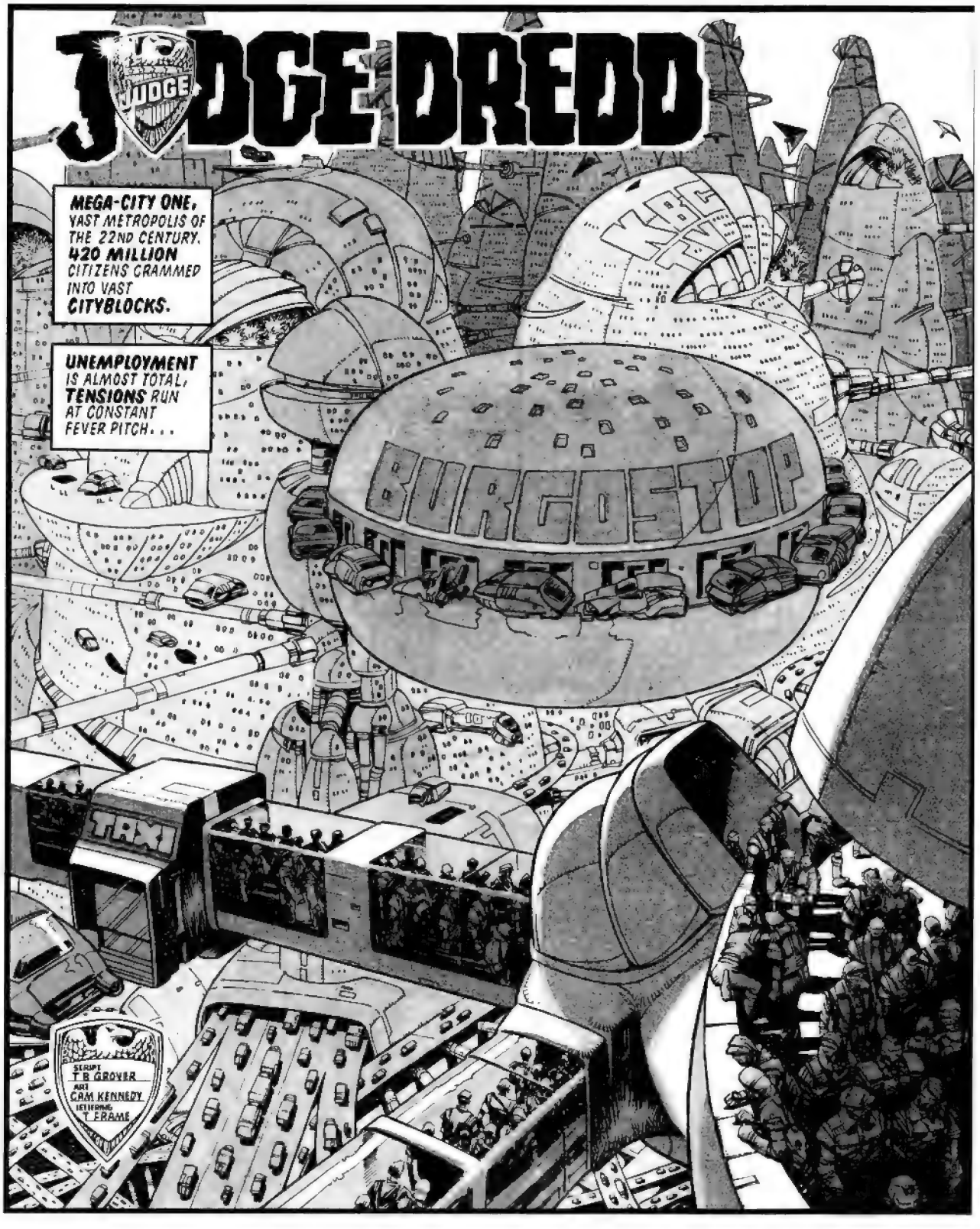
THIRTY YEARS, MAN! FOR **THAT** CRUMMY LITTLE RUMBLE? IT AIN'T FAIR! THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW AGAINST IT!

FOR **FACEACHE** MINUS HALF HIS FACE, FOR THE HAPLESS **DIXON BOYS,**
FOR **IKE** IMPALED SO CRUELLY ON HIS SPIKE.
FOR **CRAZY JOE** WITH HIS GAPING HOLE, THERE'D BE ONE FINAL **RUMBLE,**
ALONG THE LAST CONVEYOR BELT AT **RESYK.**

A-RUMBLING! A-RUMBLING! THEY LOVED TO GO A-RUMBLING!
BUT THE **ZITS** WILL GO A-RUMBLING NO MORE!
A-RUMBLING! A-RUMBLING! THEY LOVED TO GO A-RUMBLING!

BUT THEY SHOULD'VE KNOWN THEY COULDN'T BUCK **THE LAW!**

NEXT PROG: **BACK ON THE STREETS!**


JUDGE DREDD
MEGA-CITY ONE, VAST METROPOLIS OF THE 22ND CENTURY. 420 MILLION CITIZENS CRAMMED INTO VAST CITYBLOCKS.
UNEMPLOYMENT IS ALMOST TOTAL, TENSIONS RUN AT CONSTANT FEVER PITCH...
BURGOSTOP
TRX
SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING T FRAME

...CRIME RUNS WILD ON THE STREETS!
MUGGERS! HELP ME! SOMEBODY!
IT TAKES A SPECIAL BREED OF LAWMAN TO KEEP THE LID ON IT –
CLEAR THE WAY!
IT'S JUDGE DREDD! WASTE HIM!
BIKE CANNON!
BUDDA! BUDDA!
AIEEE!
THE JUDGES – VESTED WITH THE POWER TO DISPENSE INSTANT JUSTICE!
DREDD TO CONTROL! GOT A TAP GANG, ARAFAT PEDWAY! THREE FOR THE MEAT WAGONS – MED SQUAD FOR VICTIM.
WILCO! GO TO MOBANK HEADING EAST ON SKEDWAY 51. ARV IN PROGRESS!

ARV - ARMED ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE...

MOBANK BRANCH 24

FADOOOM!

FORGET THE CASH! JUST THE CRED CARD BLANKS!

LET'S GO!

BLAM! BLAM!

YOU'RE GOIN' NOWHERE, CREEPS!

PEDESTRIAN

THE OICKY

CITY HOVER P

KERRASH!

HELL! IT'S **DREDD** HIMSELF!

SCATTER!

STAY AND FIGHT, YOU RATS! IT'S ONLY ONE AGAINST FOUR!

B-LAM

A JUDGE'S ***LAWGIVER*** *FIRES* ***SIX*** *KINDS OF BULLETS —*

ARMOUR PIERCING!

DREDD HERE! I GOT FOUR PERPS IN **UGLY MASKS**. ONE DEAD —

OTHERS HAVE FLED INTO **HOVER PARK** ON THE LOWER SKED.

AM IN PURSUIT!

HERE HE COMES!

HIT THE BUTTON, MAN!

DOORS CLOSING — RICOCHET!

ZIGGY

KOOK

BIG IZZY, THE BLUDD TEAM

Rita

SLAM!

AAAGH!

SPTANGG!

SPTANGG!

SPTANGG!

WHAKK!

UUUGH!

keep M
clean ki
a jug a
day

GET OFF
HERE
FOR HEL

A LEVEL ABOVE —

I NEED YOUR **POD**, PAL!

IT IS SOME MINUTES BEFORE THE VICTIM IS FOUND —

LOOKS LIKE THE FOURTH PERP GOT AWAY. PUT OUT AN **APB** ON STOLEN POD, REGISTRATION **HGK Z2319 54.**

THE STOLEN POD IS LATER FOUND ABANDONED. THERE IS NO SIGN OF THE FOURTH MAN.

AT **SECTOR HOUSE 51** DREDD'S PRISONER IS INTERROGATED —

I WANT HIS **NAME**, CREEP!

YOU CAN WHISTLE FOR IT! I AIN'T SAYIN' WORD ONE!

OH, YOU'LL **TALK**, PAL. WE FOUND **THESE** IN YOUR POCKET — **STOOKIE CAPSULES**. YOU'RE A **USER**, AREN'T YOU?

S-SO WHAT IF I AM?

SO AS LONG AS YOUR MOUTH STAYS SHUT, THESE STAY WITH ME.

LOCK HIM UP. WE'LL SEE HOW HE FEELS IN THE MORNING!

STOOKIE, THE ILLEGAL **YOUTH DRUG**, COULD DRAMATICALLY RETARD THE AGEING PROCESS —

HE MUST BE A **HEAVY** USER, DREDD. RECORDS SHOW HIM OVER **90**, BUT HE HARDLY LOOKS **30**!

HE WON'T LOOK 30 IN THE MORNING!

WITHOUT HIS REGULAR SUPPLY OF **STOOKIE** A HEAVY USER CAN AGE **DECADES** IN A FEW HOURS —

READY TO NAME YOUR ACCOMPLICE YET ?

DAMN YOU, DREDD! WHAT CHOICE DO I HAVE ? I'LL DIE WITHOUT THOSE CAPSULES!

HIS NAME IS **RAFE SPECKLEY**, APARTMENT 4011, BERT RUSSELL BLOCK.

NOW GIMME!

NO CHANCE!

BUT YOU PROMISED—

I PROMISED NOTHING, CREEP. STOOKIE'S **ILLEGAL**. YOU'LL DO YOUR TIME **STRAIGHT.**

BUT I WON'T EVEN LAST THE **WEEK** OUT WITHOUT STOOKIE!

YOU ALWAYS GET YOUR WHINERS!

*SOON, IN **BERT RUSSELL BLOCK** —*

24 HOURS AND THEY STILL HAVEN'T COME FOR ME! RECKON I'VE GOT AWAY WITH IT!

CRASH!

RAFE SPECKLEY — I WANT YOU!

PTANGG!

BLAM!

YOU SHOULD'VE KNOWN, CREEP... IN MEGA-CITY ONE **NOBODY** ESCAPES THE LAW!

MOM

HAVE A NICE DAY

NEXT PROG:
GET SMART —WITH OTTO SUMP!

JUDGE DREDD

HEY, DUMMIES! WANNA GET SMART? WANNA INCREASE YOUR BRAINPOWER? TRY OTTO SUMP'S NEW SMART SWEETS!

DIMBO PLANCK DID, AN' THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM...

SMART SWEETS

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME

WHY ARE YOU CRYING, DIMBO?

DUH... 'COS I'M SO STOOPID!

DRY THOSE TEARS, BOY! TRY THESE SMART SWEETS! THEY'RE NEW FROM OTTO SUMP!

CHOMP! CHOMP!

DUH... SURE TASTE GOOD, DAD!

NEVER MIND THE GREAT TASTE, DIMBO – DO YOU FEEL ANY SMARTER?

ASK HIM A QUESTION, DAD!

OKAY! IF $A^2 = B^2 + C^2$, WHAT'S THE CUBE ROOT OF D-E2?

UHHH... WHAT'S FOR DINNER, MUM?

THAT'S CLOSE ENOUGH!

HOORAY FOR SMART SWEETS!

JUSTICE DEPT MONITOR ALL PUBLIC MEDIA ADVERTISING –

TAKE IT FROM ME, YOU GOTTA BE DUMB TO BUY SMART SWEETS!

SMART SWEETS

WE'VE HAD SMART SWEETS ANALYSED, DREDD. HARMLESS FLAVOURINGS IN A CELLULOSE BASE. NOTHING ILLEGAL – NOTHING THAT'LL MAKE YOU ANY SMARTER, EITHER.

JUST TO BE SURE, WE PULLED IN A BUNCH OF **DUMMIES**. BEEN FEEDIN'EM **SMART SWEETS** FOR THREE WEEKS.

NO CHANGE. JUST AS DUMB AS THEY ALWAYS WERE.

SO THE ADVERT'S MISLEADING?

STRICTLY SPEAKING, **NO**. THE ADVERT MAKES NO SPECIFIC **CLAIMS** FOR THE PRODUCT. IT EVEN **POINTS OUT** YOU HAVE TO BE STUPID TO BUY THE SWEETS.

YEAH – AND THERE'S A MILLION CITIZENS OUT THERE JUST DUMB ENOUGH TO BE TAKEN IN.

OKAY, I'LL HAVE A WORD WITH **OTTO SUMP**.

DREDD CALLS AT ***SUMP LABS*** –

JUDGE DREDD! MY OLD BUDDY!

I'M NOBODY'S BUDDY, SUMP – LEAST OF ALL YOURS.

I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT YOUR LATEST **CON JOB**.

MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE STREET, THREE DUMMIES PREPARE TO HIT THE BIG TIME –

SUMP LABS!

'WAY I FIGURE IT, DEY GOT SUCH A GOOD PRODUCT DEY GOTTA BE RAKIN' IN DA BIG CREDS!

GOOD THINKIN', PARD!

I WAS TAKIN' DESE **SMART SWEETS** WHEN I GOT DA IDEA!

PROVES DEY WORK, SEE!

SMART SWEETS

'KAY, GUYS, ONE LAST CHANCE TA **SMARTEN UP!**

LET'S GO!

SCREE!

P-PARD!

KRUNKK!

FORGET HIM! **LET'S DO IT!**

ACCOUNTS

NOBODY MOVE!

DIS IS A STICK UP!

DON'T TRY TO CON **ME.** YOU'RE SELLING A PRODUCT THAT DOESN'T WORK TO A MARKET THAT'S TOO STUPID TO KNOW IT!

SMART. HUH? MY BEST SCAM YET!

YOU'RE DECEIVING THE PUBLIC!

THEY'RE DECEIVING THEMSELVES!

I WANT IT **STOPPED!**

YOU CAN'T MAKE ME! I'M DOING NOTHING ILLEGAL!

WHERE'S DA CASH?
WHAT CASH?
DA MONEY! CREDAROONIES! FOLDIN' GREEN!
I'M SORRY, SIR. THERE'S NO CASH. ALL TRANSACTIONS ARE DONE BY COMPUTER NOW. EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT.
DEN HOW COME **WE** DON'T KNOW IT - AN' WE BEEN TAKIN' **SMART SWEETS**?
BLAM!
SO DON'T GET WISE WIT' US! **WHERE'S DA BOODLE?**
DROKK!
PTOOWW!!
IT CAME FROM THE ACCOUNTS DEPARTMENT!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE!
HIGH EXPLOSIVE!
BADOOM!!
JUDGE DREDD!
WHATTA WE DO NOW?

DERE'S **TWO** OF US! **TAKE DA CRUMB!**

BLAM! BLAM!

DUMB! REAL DUMB!

A SWIFT INTERROGATION ELICITS THE FACTS —

...SO YOU WOULDN'T HAVE COMMITTED THIS CRIME IF YOU HADN'T TAKEN **SMART SWEETS?**

'COURSE NOT! WE WOULDN'TA HAD DA **KNOWHOW,** WOULD WE?

HEAR THAT? A **SERIOUS CRIME** COMMITTED AS A DIRECT RESULT OF TAKING **YOUR** SWEETS.

THAT'S HIGHLY DEBATABLE!

DREDD

YEAH? WELL HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO DEBATE IT FROM THE INSIDE OF A CUBE — SAY FOR THE NEXT **FIVE YEARS** OR SO?

ULP!

ALL RIGHT, JUDGE DREDD! YOU WIN! I'M CLOSING DOWN!

GOOD! I KNEW YOU'D GET **SMART** SOONER OR LATER!

NEXT PROG: **SOMETHING ABNORMAL ABOUT NORMAN!**

JUDGE DREDD

SOMETHING ABNORMAL ABOUT NORMAN.

CONTROL TO DREDD! GO TO APARTMENT 112, H. CROSS CONAPTS - NEIGHBOURS REPORT RESIDENTS, BORIS AND DORIS WILDFOWEL, NOT SEEN FOR SEVERAL WEEKS.

WILCO.

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING T FRAME

A JUDGE IS EMPOWERED TO MAKE ENTRY BY STEALTH WHENEVER AND WHEREVER HE WANTS.

Snik!

112 WILDFOWEL

IN WE GET, MISS DORIS. YOU DON'T MIND SHARING WITH MR BORIS, DO YOU? OF COURSE NOT!

A NICE HOT BATH! THAT'S THE TICKET! CLEAN OFF THOSE OLD BONES OF YOURS!

SOME OF THOSE NOSEY NEIGHBOURS WERE ASKING ABOUT YOU TODAY. THEY THOUGHT SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED TO YOU. IMAGINE! WELL, I TOLD THEM, OH, YES! I SAID -

NORMAN

WHAT COULD POSSIBLY HAPPEN WHILE I'M LOOKING AFTER YOU?

BACK OFF, ROBOT.

JUDGE DREDD! GOOD HEAVENS - WHAT'S WRONG?

THE TWO BEAUTIES IN THE BATH. THEY'RE DEAD - OR HADN'T YOU NOTICED?

MR BORIS AND MISS DORIS? DON'T BE RIDICULOUS!

THEY'D HARDLY BE TAKING A **BATH** IF THEY WERE DEAD, WOULD THEY?

CLOSE YOUR EYES, MR BORIS. RINSEY TIME!

DREDD TO CONTROL! ALERT ROBOTICS - I'M BRINGING IN A GRADE ONE **DEFECTIVE.**

AT THE LOCAL SECTOR HOUSE THE ROBOT IS THOROUGHLY EXAMINED -

WHEN EXACTLY DID YOU KILL YOUR OWNERS?

THEY'RE NOT DEAD.

LET'S PUT IT ANOTHER WAY... WHEN DID THEY STOP **BREATHING**?

OH, THAT'S EASY! IT WAS WHEN I SQUEEZED THEIR NECKS.

I SEE. AND **WHY** DID YOU SQUEEZE THEIR NECKS?

IT WAS MY **DUTY.**

YOU SEE, MR BORIS AND MRS DORIS WERE MOST UNHAPPY. THEY WERE ALWAYS MOANING AND COMPLAINING. I THOUGHT IF I COULD **STOP** THEM COMPLAINING THEY'D BE MUCH HAPPIER.

SO I DID.

AND THEY ARE.

I HAVEN'T HEARD ONE **WORD** OF COMPLAINT SINCE I DID IT. OH YES, WE'RE VERY HAPPY NOW, JUST THE THREE OF US.

WACKO.

STRIP HIM DOWN. LET'S HAVE A LOOK.

ANDY

SOON- THERE'S YOUR PROBLEM - FAULTY CHIP IN THE PRIMARY MODULE. MUST HAVE BURNED OUT DURING RECHARGING.

MK1

THE EFFECT WAS TO RETAIN THE ROBOT'S NEED TO **SERVE** AND **PROTECT** ITS OWNERS. BUT TO BLUR ITS ABILITY TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN THE DEAD AND THE LIVE STATES...

...IN EFFECT, THE ROBOT ACTUALLY BELIEVED IT WAS HELPING THE WILDFOWELS.

DREDD

IS THIS A ONE-OFF?

'FRAID NOT. IT'S A BASIC WEAKNESS IN CHIP DESIGN. PROBABLY AFFECTS THE WHOLE BATCH.

IT'S A **NORMAN Mk1** FROM **SERVE-U-WELL. 14,000** PRODUCED SO FAR.

GREAT.

CONTROL, GET A FULL LIST OF ALL PURCHASERS OF **NORMAN Mk 1 DOMODROIDS.** HAVE THEM CALLED AND WARNED TO DEACTIVATE UNTIL THE MAKERS ARRANGE REPAIRS.

NORMAN IS NOT NORMAL. IT MAY ALREADY HAVE KILLED.

IT IS THREE HOURS BEFORE THE LAST CALL CAN BE MADE -

CONTROL TO DREDD. WE'VE DEALT WITH MOST OF THOSE **NORMANS.** 171 OWNERS HAVE NOT RESPONDED TO VID CALLS.

OKAY. INDIVIDUAL CHECKS. GOT ANY NAMES IN MY AREA?

AFFIRMATIVE. GO TO APARTMENT 93X, AL TAYLOR BLOCK. SEE OWNER, **SPIRO T. EWING.**

DREDD

FOR MOST OF THE 171, THE WARNING COMES, THANKFULLY, IN TIME -

FOR SOME IT IS TOO LATE -

A JUDGE TO SEE YOU, MADAM.

SMOG

RAP! RAP! RAP!

DON'T BOTHER ABOUT THE DOOR, MR SPIRO. WE DON'T WANT ANY VISITORS JUST NOW.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT GUN, NORMAN?

I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU VERY HAPPY!

NORM

CRASHH!

DROKK -

DROP IT!

NORMAN

HE-HE WAS GOING TO SHOOT ME - WITH MY OWN GUN!

NORMAN

YOURS, HUH? GOT A **LICENCE**?

ER, NO... I WAS GOING TO GET ONE TODAY, ACTUALLY.

WE DON'T ISSUE THEM TO CREEPS LIKE YOU.

ILLEGAL POSSESSION - THREE YEARS.

*BY THE END OF THE SEARCH A TOTAL OF 7 DEATHS HAVE BEEN ATTRIBUTED TO **NORMANS**. DREDD CALLS ON THE MANAGING DIRECTOR OF SERVE-U-WELL.*

IT'S A TERRIBLE THING TO HAPPEN, JUDGE DREDD!

SERVE U WELL

OF COURSE, THE COMPANY WILL MAKE GENEROUS **COMPENSATION PAYMENTS.**

YOU CAN'T COMPENSATE **CORPSES**, BIMBO. THE CHARGE IS **NEGLIGENT MANSLAUGHTER.**

TEN YEARS!

MOVE!

DREDD

NEXT PROG: **THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH!**

JUDGE DREDD

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH. PART ONE.

SCRIPT T N GROVER
ART EZQUERRA
LETTERING T FRAME

MY NAME'S **FISHER WILDMAN.** I'M A FREELANCE WRITER. I'VE GOT A STORY TO SELL.

SO SELL ME, WILDMAN.

NEWSMEG

EDITOR.

YOU BETTER HOLD YOUR FRONT PAGE, 'COS WHEN THIS BREAKS IT'S GOING TO BLOW THIS CITY WIDE OPEN – AND BRING **JUSTICE DEPT** CRASHING DOWN!

HE COULD SEE THE FACTORY FROM HIS APARTMENT WINDOW. **RIOCHEM.**

BY NIGHT UNMARKED. **TANKERS** WOULD COME AND GO, CARRYING THEIR CARGOES OF GRUD-KNEW-WHAT TO GRUD-KNEW-WERE.

ALWAYS UNMARKED. ALWAYS BY NIGHT. THERE WAS SOMETHING ALMOST.. **SINISTER** ABOUT IT.

BEING A FREEHACKER, HE'D BEEN NATURALLY CURIOUS. HE'D CHECKED THE COMPANIES REGISTER. **RIOCHEM.** IT SAID, EXPORTED LIQUID FERTILISER TO THE **CENT-AM** STATES.

FAIR ENOUGH. SO WHY THE UNMARKED TANKERS? WHY ALWAYS AT NIGHT?

AND THEN, TWO NIGHTS AGO, HE'D SEEN THE TANKER IN TROUBLE –

HER ENGINE'S ON FIRE! SHE'S COMING DOWN!

FTOOOM!

SCREEEEEEEE

AAAAIEEE!

THE TANKER CAREENED HEADLONG DOWN CRAVEN BOULEVARD, RIPPING HER HULL LIKE A GUTTED FISH -

SCRUNKK!

GAS!

RUN!

HEY... WHA'S THE RUSH?

THA'S THE TROUBLE WITH FOLKS TODAY. TOO MUCH RUSH...

THIS GAS OKAY, MAN... 'SNICE...

MAKES YOU FEEL... KINDA...

HEY... YOU'RE DEAD, MAN! HEH HEH! THA'S GOOD...!

WHUMPPP!

THUNK!

DREDD TO CONTROL! **EMERGENCY CODE RED,** CRAVEN DEPTHS! MED TEAMS AND MEAT WAGONS! **RIOCHEM TANKER DOWN!**

RIOCHEM? **DROKK!**

WEATHER CONTROL! NOXIOUS CLOUD NOW DRIFTING SOUTH THROUGH **CRAVEN** AREA! GET ON TO IT!

HE'D MET THE FIRST VICTIMS COMING OUT OF THE UNDERPASS.

THEY WERE STAGGERING LIKE DRUNKS, INANE SMILES ON THEIR FACES.

WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

ITSH... ITSH A **GAS,** MAN. HA HA!

HAR HAR HARDEE HAW HAW!

GOT ME... REAL GOOD WHIFF... FEEL GREAT. REALLY.....

SWEET ANNA - DEAD!

HE RAN ON TOWARD CRAVEN DEPTHS, BUT THE JUDGES WERE ALREADY SWARMING LIKE FLIES.

THIS AREA'S OFF LIMITS!

RETURN TO YOUR HOMES!

HE COULD FEEL A WIND SPRINGING UP. OVERHEAD, WEATHER CONTROL WAS CREATING AN AIR VORTEX –

AN ARTIFICIAL CYCLONE THAT SUCKED THE GAS UP INTO ITS FILTERS...

RESIKO

HE HUNG AROUND TO WATCH AS THE MEAT WAGONS FERRIED OUT THE BODIES. HE COUNTED HUNDREDS OF THEM – THOUSANDS.

WHAT CAUSED IT, JUDGE?

FERTILISER LEAK.

BINSKY

COME OFF IT. THAT WAS NO FERTILISER! THOSE POOR SAPS WERE STAGGERING OUT OF THERE LIKE PLONKOS!

COME ON! GIVE ME A BREAK - I'M A **REPORTER!**

REPORTER, HUH? WELL, FORGET IT, HOTSHOT. I'M SLAPPING A "J" **NOTICE** ON THIS ONE! YOU WRITE **WORD ONE** WITHOUT JUSTICE DEPT PERMISSION AND YOU'LL BE LINING THE INSIDE OF A CUBE!

NOW **SCRAM!**

THAT GOES FOR YOU OTHERS! YOU GOT **TEN SECONDS** TO **DISPERSE** OR WE COME IN WITH **DAYSTICKS!**

GET THAT FREEHACKER'S NAME. CHECK HIM OUT.

AND WHAT INFORMATION DID THE JUDGES LET **NEWSMEG** PUBLISH? FIVE LINES, BURIED ON PAGE 17 - FERTILISER LEAK, SOME DEAD.

YOU'RE SAYING THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN THAT?

I **KNOW** THERE'S MORE TO IT! I'VE **BEEN** THERE! I'VE FOUND OUT WHAT THAT **GAS** IS **USED** FOR!

I KNOW WHY THE JUDGES HAVE GOT TO KEEP IT SECRET!

NEXT PROG: **SOMETHING ROTTEN IN RIO!**

FOLLOWING A GAS ESCAPE IN THE CITY, FREELANCE HACKER **FISHER WILDMAN** HAS BROUGHT A STORY TO THE EDITOR OF **NEWSMEG** –

THERE MUST HAVE BEEN **THOUSANDS** DEAD, BUT THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT.

THE POINT IS, I'VE FOUND OUT WHAT THE **GAS** IS **USED** FOR! I KNOW WHY THE JUDGES HAVE **GOT** TO KEEP IT SECRET!

HE'D WAITED FOR A MOONLESS NIGHT TO MAKE HIS MOVE ON THE FACTORY...

HE KNEW IT WAS RISKY.

IF HE WAS CAUGHT, IT WAS THE CUBES.

BUT HE WAS A REPORTER, AND HIS INSTINCT TOLD HIM THIS WAS THE BIGGEST STORY HE'D EVER LUCK INTO. HE HAD TO FOLLOW IT THROUGH.

TRANQ 27

TRANQ 266

TRANQ

TRANQ...?

SO IT'S NOT FERTILISER THEY'RE MAKING – IT'S **TRANQUILISER GAS!**

JUDGE DREDD

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH. PART TWO.

SCRIPT T.B.GROVER AND F.ZQUERRA
LETTERING T.FRAME

HE MADE HIS WAY STEALTHILY UP ONTO THE ROOF, WHERE THE GIANT HOVERTANKERS WERE LOADING.

I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE THEY'RE TAKING IT.

FIN

SHE'S FULL! TAKE HER AWAY!

HELL! WHAT'VE I GOT MYSELF INTO? I COULD END UP IN ANTARCTICA!

BUT FISHER WILDMAN'S JOURNEY WAS TO BE A VERY SHORT ONE -

SEEMS TO BE HEADING FOR A WEATHER CONTROL STATION...

SHUNKK!

THEY'RE PUMPING IN! BUT WHY?

MADE IT!

OPEN MAINTENANCE HATCH

WHAT FISHER WILDMAN SAW CHILLED HIM TO THE MARROW —

WE GOT PREDICTED INTER-BLOCK UPRISINGS, SECTORS 12 THROUGH 18. PUMP IT STRAIGHT THROUGH TO CENTRAL OUTLETS.

WHAT'S THE CONCENTRATION?

KEEP IT LOW.

DON'T WANT ANOTHER OVERDOSE.

WEATHER CONTROL'S FEEDING IT INTO THE AIR. THEY'RE USING IT ON US — THE CITIZENS!

HE HID OUT TILL MORNING, THEN MANAGED TO SLIP INTO THE DAY'S FIRST TOURING PARTY —

HERE'S ONE OF OUR AIR FILTRATION UNITS...

THIS IS WHERE STALE AIR IS FILTERED AND CHEMICALLY RECHARGED.

YEAH — WITH TRANQ GAS!

...AND THAT'S YOUR STORY. THE **JUDGES** ARE SYSTEMATICALLY **TRANQUILISING** THE **ENTIRE CITY!** DRUGGING US TO MAKE US EASIER TO CONTROL!

DIDN'T DO MUCH TO CONTROL **YOU**, PAL!

JUDGE DREDD!

DREDD

Y-YOU KNEW ABOUT ME?

FROM THE START. WE'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU, WAITING TO FIND OUT WHO YOU WERE PASSING THE INFORMATION TO.

YOU ADMIT YOU'RE **TRANQUILISING** THE PEOPLE?

SURE. IN LIKELY TROUBLE SPOTS. IT HELPS BRING VIOLENCE DOWN TO CONTROLLABLE LEVELS.

BUT THE GAS **KILLS!** I **SAW** IT!

THAT WAS AN ACCIDENT - A MASSIVE OVERDOSE. UNFORTUNATE, BUT IF WE DIDN'T USE THE **TRANQ GAS** WE'D HAVE THAT MANY DEAD EVERY DAY FROM INCREASED CRIMES OF VIOLENCE.

THAT'S EXACTLY WHY IT'S NOT GOING TO HIT THE STREETS!

BUT YOU CAN'T **DO** THIS TO PEOPLE! WHEN THIS STORY HITS THE STREETS THERE'LL BE **REVOLUTION!** THE JUDGES WILL BE FINISHED!

IN FACT, THE KNOWLEDGE IS TOO DANGEROUS EVEN TO REMAIN IN YOUR HANDS!

WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO, DREDD? YOU CAN'T STOP ME THINKING!

OH NO?

I'M INVOKING THE **SECURITY OF THE CITY** ACT, WILDMAN. I'M GIVING YOU A CHOICE...

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT FOR **LIFE**... OR **IMMEDIATE REMEDIAL BRAIN SURGERY.**

IT – IT'S IMMORAL! IT'S MONSTROUS!

IT'S THE **LAW.**

DREDD

*AND THAT IS HOW THE EDITOR OF **NEWSMEG** CAME TO HAVE ITS MEMORY WIPED UNDER JUDICIAL ORDER...*

*...AND THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH BECAME THE MAN WHO KNEW ONLY WHAT JUSTICE DEPT **WANTED** HIM TO KNOW.*

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

AAAAAAAAA

NEXT PROG:

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION!

THE FATTIES ARE BACK!
BIGGER, FLABBIER, GROSSER
THAN EVER BEFORE...

JUDGE DREDD IN MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION PART ONE

CO-STARRING
TWO TON
TONY TUBBS
THE FATTEST MAN
EVER TO STALK
THE EARTH!

AND FEATURING THE
LONG-SUFFERING
TUBBS FAMILY.

SPECIAL GUEST STAR
COUSIN LANCE

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
AND
CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING
T FRAME

THIS IS NOT A STORY OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. ALTHOUGH PEOPLE DIE, THERE IS NO REAL VILLAIN. IT IS THE STORY OF A MAN WITH A DREAM — AND THE STRENGTH OF PURPOSE TO MAKE IT COME TRUE. A DREAM WHICH WILL CARRY HIM TO THE VERY PINNACLE OF FLABDOM...

OUR STORY BEGINS AT MEGA-CITY ONE'S **SEGREGATION BLOCKS** FOR THE **EXCESSIVELY FAT**, WHERE CITIZENS OVER **300 KILOS** ARE KEPT CONFINED BY JUDICIAL ORDER —

BRING THOSE FENCES DOWN!

DREDD

THE FOOD SHORTAGE IS OVER. THE SEG BLOCKS ARE CLOSING DOWN. THE **FATTIES** ARE RETURNING TO THEIR HOMES.

FREEDOM!

MUM!

OH TUBBY!

SPERRY TO DREDD. GOT A PROBLEM IN **BUNTER**, APARTMENT 3008. CITIZEN **STUCK**.

ON MY WAY!

IN WM. BUNTER BLOCK —

EVEN WITH THE EXTRA WIDE DOORS WE CAN'T GET HIM OUT.

GRUD!

PUT YOUR SHOULDERS TO IT!

FAT CHANCE!

SHUT UP AND PUSH!

IT CAN'T BE DONE!

JUST HOW MUCH **PORK** YOU PACKIN', CITIZEN-?

TUBBS, SIR. **ANTHONY TUBBS**. MY FRIENDS USED TO CALL ME **ONE TON TONY**, BUT I'VE PUT ON A BIT OF WEIGHT SINCE THEN.

YOU'RE TELLING ME. LOOKS LIKE YOU **ATE** YOUR FRIENDS.

HOW COME YOU MANAGED TO GROW TO THIS SIZE IN A **STRICT DIET** SEG BLOCK? BEEN EATING SMUGGLED FOODSTUFFS?

NO, JUDGE DREDD! SHEER **WILL** AND **DETERMINATION**, THAT'S ALL - PLUS I'VE GOT A **SLOW METABOLISM**.

JUST ONE OF NATURE'S FREAKS, I GUESS.

LIE DETECTOR CHECKS OUT.

THAT'S SOME WILL POWER.

CARETAKER SAYS THERE'S NO POINT GETTIN' HIM OUT OF THE DOOR ANYWAY. THE ELEVATOR WON'T TAKE HIM.

ONLY ONE THING FOR IT THEN -

ON DREDD'S INSTRUCTIONS, CONSTRUCTION ROBOTS REMOVE THE APARTMENT'S EXTERIOR WALL -

OKAY, HOOK HIM ON.

VERY SORRY TO PUT YOU TO ALL THIS TROUBLE.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, FATSO.

LOT WORSE WAYS TO SPEND THE DAYS THAN SHIFTIN' BLUBBER.

THERE TO MEET HIM, THE **TUBBS FAMILY** –

DAD! DAD! HERE HE COMES!

HELLO, KIDS! HI, BLINDA!

IT'S GREAT TO HAVE YOU BACK, DARLING! WE'VE MISSED YOU!

CAN WE HAVE A **BOUNCE**, DAD? HUH, DAD? HUH?

WELL, JUST A QUICK ONE...

'RAAAY!

BOING! BOING!

NOT TOO HIGH NOW, CHILDREN!

NICE GUY.

PLENTY OF HIM, TOO.

WHERE ARE WE GOING, BLINDA? I WON'T FIT INTO OUR APARTMENT ANYMORE.

I KNOW. DON'T WORRY. YOUR COUSIN **LANCE** IS LETTING US HAVE SOME SPACE IN HIS GARAGE.

LANCE MOTO REPAIR

TONY BABY! YOU'RE LOOKING GREAT!

PUTTIN' ON A BITTA **BEEF** THERE, BOY!

I'VE BEEN DOING MY BEST. HELP ME DOWN, WILL YOU, LANCE?

I'VE BEEN HAVING TROUBLE WALKING EVER SINCE I CRUSHED MY **BELIWHEEL**. JUST DON'T MAKE 'EM MY SIZE NOW.

NO PROBLEM! I'LL GET MY DROIDS TO KNOCK YOU UP A **TROLLEY**, EH? THEN BLINDA AN' THE KIDS CAN JUST **PULL** YOU ROUND. YOU WON'T HAVE TO MOVE A MUSCLE!

ON THE GARAGE WEIGHBRIDGE—

1663 KILOS! WOW! EVEN BIG **LARD RINGNER** IN HIS PRIME DIDN'T COME **NEAR** THAT!

1663 KILOS

GEE, DAD, YOU MUST BE **THE FATTEST MAN WHO EVER LIVED!**

AND I'M NOT FINISHED YET, PRISSY.

YOU'VE ALL HAD TO MAKE SACRIFICES SINCE I'VE BEEN AWAY, AND I'M GOING TO ASK YOU TO MAKE SOME MORE.

THE **FATTY OF THE YEAR CONTEST** IS GOING TO BE HELD BEFORE LONG, AND **WHEN** IT HAPPENS I WANT TO SCALE THE FULL **TWO TONS**.

TWO TONS! PHEW! GOING TO TAKE SOME DOING!

I KNOW...THAT'S WHY I'LL NEED EVERY SCRAP OF GRUB I CAN GET. EVERYONE WILL HAVE TO TIGHTEN THEIR BELTS. LANCE, THAT MEANS YOUR SIDE OF THE FAMILY, TOO.

ALL THE TIME I WAS IN THAT **SEG BLOCK** I KNEW THE **FATTIES** WOULD BE FREE ONE DAY - THEY'D HOLD **FATTY OF THE YEAR** AGAIN. AND I'VE BEEN PLANNING FOR IT - **DREAMING** OF IT - EVER SINCE!

AND **WHY**? I'LL TELL YOU WHY -

'COS THE TITLE OF "**MEGA-CITY FATS**" CARRIES FIFTY THOU **PRIZE MONEY** - AND THAT'S JUST FOR STARTERS!

THERE'S THE **ADVERTISING** - THE **SPONSORSHIPS** - THE **PERSONAL APPEARANCES** - THE **BOOKS** - THE **T-SHIRTS** - THE **CANDY** - THE **TOYS** -

YOU NAME IT! WE'RE TALKING **MILLIONS!**

AND I'M DOING IT ALL FOR YOU.

OH TONY! YOU BIG SOFT WHALE YOU!

'COURSE WE'LL HELP, DAD!

YOU CAN EAT **ME** IF IT'LL DO ANY GOOD, DAD.

VERY KIND OF YOU, LITTLE TONE - BUT I HOPE IT WON'T COME TO THAT!

*AND SO WE LEAVE OUR PORCINE HERO FOR THE MOMENT, JOWL-DEEP IN PREPARATIONS FOR HIS BIG DAY - THE DAY WHEN **TWO TON TONY TUBBS** WILL LEAVE THE CREAM OF MEGA-CITY FATTIES... **BREATHLESS.***

BE HERE NEXT PROG!

CONTINUING THE HEART-WARMING STORY OF **TWO TON TONY TUBBS** AND THE **OBSESSION** WHICH HAS BROUGHT HIM TO THE GLORIOUS HEIGHTS OF **OBESITY** –

JUST JOINING US, FLAB FANS, WELCOME TO THE NEW **FATTY OF THE YEAR** CONTEST, WHICH IS NEARING ITS CLIMAX! ...IF YOU'RE

ON STAGE NOW IS SECTOR 201'S **PIGBOY SMITH!**

WEIGHT – **1192 KILOS!**

REMOVE THE **BELIWHEEL!**

1192

FLUBB!

BOUNCE OF 18·3 CM.!

NICE FLAB, PIGBOY!

BOINGGG

IN CHARGE OF SECURITY, **JUDGE DREDD** –

BE GLAD WHEN THIS FARCE IS OVER AND WE CAN GET BACK ON THE STREETS.

WON'T BE LONG. NEXT CONTESTANT IS THE LAST.

AND FINALLY, FROM SECTOR 31 – SPONSORED BY **LANCE MOTO REPAIR** – CONTESTANT **TONY TUBBS!**

THAT'S OUR CUE!

BLINDA – KIDS –

SCRIPT: T B GROVER
ART: CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING: T FRAME

LANCE MOTO REPAIRS

HEAVE!

JUDGE DREDD

HOLY KAROLY, FOLKS AT HOME! I DO NOT **BELIEVE** THIS!

WE'VE SEEN **BIG BLUBBER** IN THIS CONTEST BEFORE, BUT A **NEW STANDARD** OF OBESITY IS BEING SET HERE TONIGHT!

REMOVE THE TROLLEY!

WEIGHT - 2049 KILOS!

2049 KILOS

FLUMP-P-PHH!

2049 KILOS! THIS IS A NEW WORLD RECORD BY A LONG LONG WAY! THE FIRST TWO TON MAN!

THE OFFICIALS ARE CONFERRING, BUT THIS HAS GOT TO BE NO CONTEST! NO WAY CAN ANY OF THE OTHERS COME NEAR THIS GREAT SAGGING PUDDING OF A MAN!

BUT WAIT! SOME OF THE OTHER CONTESTANTS ARE MAKING A PROTEST!

LANCE MOTO REPAIRS

IT AIN'T RIGHT! GUY SHOULD HAVE TO WALK ON THE STAGE!

ANY GUY CAN GET FAT AS THAT IF HE DON'T HAVE TO WALK!

YEAH! LET'S SEE THE FAT SLOB WALK!

PORKY JOHN

WELL, IT SOUNDS LIKE SOUR GRAPES TO ME, BUT THE OFFICIALS ARE NODDING -

SEEMS REASONABLE.

THE PROTEST IS UPHELD. WE MUST SEE YOU WALK, MR TUBBS.

AS FAR AS THIS LINE.

NEVER EXPECTED THIS, BLINDA. HAVEN'T WALKED FOR TWO MONTHS...

YOU'VE STILL GOT LEGS UNDER THERE, HAVEN'T YOU? YOU CAN DO IT! FOR **US**, TONY!

A TREMOR RUNS THROUGH TONY TUBBS' GELATINOUS JOWLS. BUT THE OBSESSION WHICH HAS DRIVEN HIM THIS FAR IS GOOD FOR ANOTHER FEW METRES...

*HE **WILL** BE **MEGA-CITY FATS!***

*AND BENEATH THE VOLUMINOUS FOLDS OF FLESH, RUBBERY LEGS FIND NEW **STEEL!***

HE'S DOING IT, DREDD! HE'S MOVING!

I'LL SAY THIS FOR HIM — HE'S GOT GUTS!

SHIFT THAT LARD, TONY BABY!

COME ON, DAD!

JUST ANOTHER FEW STEPS!

HE'S DONE IT!

TWO TON TONY TUBBS IS THIS YEAR'S MEGA-CITY FATS!

MEGA CITY F

I STILL SAY IT'S NOT RIGHT!

GUY'S A FREAK! LOOK AT THAT - JUST FLAB! NOT AN OUNCE OF BOUNCE!

BEEFY WELLINTON

YOU SHUT YOUR MOUTH, SKINNY! MY DAD BEAT YOU FAIR AND SQUARE!

THERE ARE UNPRECEDENTED SCENES HERE! ANGRY CONTESTANTS ARE MOBBING THE STAGE!

UNFAIR! UNFAIR! UNFAIR!

STAMP! STAMP! STAMP!

THIS IS GETTING OUT OF HAND! WITH ME!

BUT DISASTER WAITS FOR NO MAN - NOT EVEN JUDGE DREDD!

CRAA-AKK!

MY WORD! THE STAGE IS GIVING WAY UNDER THEIR WEIGHT!

AAAH!

AAAHH!

UNFFF!

MEGA CITY ONE

THIS IS TERRIBLE! FATTIES ARE EXPIRING BY THE KILO UNDER THE IMMENSE WEIGHT OF THEIR FELLOW FLABSTERS!

SPLUDGE!

CONTROL! MED SQUADS TO THE FAT SHOW!

WE'RE GONNA NEED HOISTING GEAR TOO - AND A COUPLE OF FORK LIFTS!

BY THE TIME THE FINAL BODY IS LIFTED FROM THE RUINS OF THE STAGE, 14 WORLD-CLASS FATTIES HAVE BREATHED THEIR LAST.

AMONG THE FEW SURVIVORS, TWO TON TONY TUBBS -

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO ARREST ME NOW, JUDGE DREDD...

EAT

WHAT FOR? WASN'T YOUR FAULT THE STAGE COLLAPSED.

GOT THE CONTEST ORGANISERS HERE.

OFF

FIFTEEN APIECE - CRIMINAL NEG.

NO, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED YOU'RE FREE TO GO...

...CHAMP.

UNUSUALLY FOR MEGA-CITY ONE THIS STORY HAS A HAPPY ENDING. THE TUBBS FAMILY GO ON TO REAP THE RICH REWARDS OF TONY'S ENDEAVOURS -

GREAT TO EAT AT LAST, DAD!

SCOFF IT DOWN, GIRL! WE CAN AFFORD IT NOW!

LT

FOR TONY HIMSELF THERE FOLLOWS A SUCCESSION OF VID ADS AND LUCRATIVE SPONSORSHIPS –

TUCK INTO A TWO TON TONY

THE SLOB INN.

TONY

TONY ANNUAL

TONY'S BIG DAY

VID Classic

2 TON CHOO

Tony

HI. I'M TONY. PUSH ME

– AND A RANGE OF **TWO TON TONY** TOYS, BOOKS, GAMES, CANDY BARS, FASHIONWEAR, CUTLERY – YOU NAME IT!

NOT FORGETTING INNUMERABLE PERSONAL APPEARANCES –

TV

BERT NURD

TELL ME, TONY, HAS YOUR IMMENSE BULK EVER CAUSED YOU ANY **EMBARRASSING** MOMENTS ?

CRAACKK!

GR

AA

SS

H!

TONY ! I'M SORRY !

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, BERT. HAPPENS ALL THE TIME.

NEXT PROG: **A NEW SUPERHERO IS BORN !**

JUDGE DREDD

JUDGE

JEWELLERS

ALARM

STOP! THIEF!

BRINGG

LOOK! UP THERE!

IS IT A BIRD?

WHAT'S A BIRD?

IS IT A BAT GLIDER?

NAH! IT'S SOME CLOWN IN A CAPE!
MEGAMAN
A NEW SUPERHERO IS BORN!
PENCILS BY P.B GROVER
INKS BY RON SMITH
LETTERS BY T. FRAME

FASTER THAN A SPEEDING HOVERPAD!

THAT'S FAR ENOUGH, EVILDOERS!

STRONGER THAN RUSSELL MUSCLE!

I'LL SHOW YOU CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

BIFF!

DIRTY DO-GOODER! YOU CAN **BURN!**

YOU RECKON WITHOUT MY **REFLECTO SHIELD!**

SHUNGG!

AIEEE!

TELL THE JUDGES THEY ARE REDUNDANT! **MEGAMAN** IS HERE TO PROTECT THE CITY!

'RAAAAY FOR **MEGAMAN!**

MTV

WHAT A GUY!

WHAT A **HERO!**

...AND OUR ROVING NEWSCAMS HAVE PICKED UP THESE SENSATIONAL SHOTS OF THE CITY'S NEWEST CRIMEFIGHTER – THE MIGHTY **MEGAMAN!**

WHO IS THIS CAPED CRUSADER? WHERE DOES HE GET HIS FANTASTIC SUPERPOWERS? THESE ARE QUESTIONS ON THE LIPS OF EVERY CITIZEN TONIGHT!

THESE QUESTIONS ARE ALSO ON THE LIPS OF MEGA-CITY'S FINEST –

I'D SAY HE'S WEARING SOME KIND OF ROBOTIC **EXO-SKELETON**. THAT'S WHERE HE GETS HIS POWER. PROBABLY GOT A **JETPACK** HIDDEN UNDER HIS CAPE.

A **VIGILANTE** IS ALWAYS POPULAR, CHIEF JUDGE. IF WE DON'T **NAIL** THIS CREEP AND QUICK, THE STREETS ARE GOING TO BE CRAWLING WITH COSTUMED **COPYCATS.**

AGREED.

WE'LL CHECK OUT ALL JETPACK AND CYBERNETIC RETAILERS – COSTUME SHOPS TOO. CHANCES ARE OUR **MEGAMAN'S** BEEN BUYING FROM ALL THREE.

OVER THE FOLLOWING HOURS MEGAMAN'S EXPLOITS CONTINUE TO DAZZLE THE CITIZENRY –

BIFF!

POW!

KNUCK!

CONTROL TO DREDD! I THINK WE'VE IDENTIFIED **MEGAMAN**.

GO TO APARTMENT 2147, PERIWHITE TOWER. NAME OF **OGDEN SCHLEP**.

AS DARKNESS FALLS MEGAMAN'S THOUGHTS TURN FROM VALIANT DEEDS TO HOME AND DINNER –

ENOUGH SUPERHEROING FOR TODAY. BACK TO THE MEGABASE.

HE FELT GOOD. IT HAD COST HIM PLENTY FOR THE HERO GEAR, BUT HE DIDN'T REGRET ONE CRED OF IT.

TO HELP HIS FELLOW CITIZENS! TO FIGHT THE NEVERENDING FIGHT AGAINST CRIME! TO BE A BIG GUY!

THIS SURELY WAS WHAT **OGDEN SCHLEP** HAD BEEN BORN FOR.

CLICK!

BUSY DAY, OGGY?

JUDGE DREDD!

DREDD

DON'T BOTHER TO CHANGE. I'M TAKING YOU IN.

HUH? WHAT **FOR**?

HOW ABOUT **MURDER** AND **ASSAULT** FOR STARTERS?

BUT YOU CAN'T! I'M A **GOOD** GUY! I'M HELPING YOU!

YOU'RE A **VIGILANTE**, OGGY. IN MY BOOK THAT MAKES YOU A **BAD** GUY.

DRED

IT'S NOT FAIR!

CLUNKKK

IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT –

BLAM BLAM!

DROKK! THE SUIT'S ARMOURED!

PDOINGG!

PDOINGG!

YOU CAN'T TAKE ME IN! I'M A HERO!

BIFF!

IT AIN'T LIKE **MEGAMAN** TO DO A DIRTY DEED, DREDD, BUT YOU GOTTA UNDERSTAND – YOU FORCED THIS ON ME!

THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY, CREEP!

WHUMPP!

CLICK!

NO! THE **JETPACK**–

SHEFFFFF...

CLUNK

CLUNK!

CLUNK!

DROKK! GOTTA STOP THIS!

CLUNK

CLUNK!

CRUNK!

BLAM!

VADOOOOM!!

FORENSIC ARE SOON ON THE SCENE -

JUST LIKE THE TEKS FIGURED - JETPACK AND EXO-SKELETON.

SO THAT'S THE REAL OGGY SCHLEP...? GRUD! WHAT A WEED!

CONTROL! LET'S WARN OFF THE COPYCATS. GET AN ALL-CHANNEL NEWSTEAM UP HERE PRONTO.

WE'LL SHOW THE CITY HOW WE DEAL WITH SUPERHEROES!

NEXT PROG:

DEATH OF A POLITICIAN!

JUDGE DREDD

ALTHOUGH NOW THE CITY'S TOP POLITICIAN, **MAYOR DAVE** THE ORANG UTAN STILL LIKES TO KEEP CLOSE TO HIS ROOTS –

ALMONELLA'S BAR

'BYE, MR MAYOR.

SEE YA, BILLY! COME AGAIN SOON!

GREAT TO SEE MO AGAIN, DAVE. MAKES YOU FEEL SAFE WITH FRIENDS LIKE HIM. YEAH, SOME PEOPLE JUST WANNA STAB POLITICIANS IN THE BACK...

OH MOLEY!

OH NO! NOT DAVE...!

DAVE...

DEATH OF A POLITICIAN.

SCRIPT T.B GROVER
ART STEVE DILLON
LETTERING T. FRAME

DREDD HEARS BILLY SMAIRT'S DYING CRIES —

DREDD TO CONTROL! MED-SQUADS TO BACK OF **SALMONELLA'S BAR!** LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT US A **DEAD MAYOR!**

DREDD'S **INFRA-RED** PICKS UP HEAT TRACES FROM THE ASSASSIN'S FOOTPRINTS —

FOUR PERPS HEADING UP McKAY ALLEY! AM IN PURSUIT!

THERE THEY ARE!

NO TIME FOR A DETOUR! **BIKE CANNON!**

HELL! THERE'S NO STOPPING HIM!

SPLIT UP OR WE'RE ALL DEAD!

ONE IN THE PEDWAY!

PEDWAY

HEAT SEEKER!

HEY, BABY! WHAT'S THE RUSH?

SLAP!

MUGGERS!

AAAH!

SWEET LARRY!

THAT'S DEFINITELY IT, LEROY – I'M FINDIN' ANOTHER RACKET!

MEANWHILE, AT THE END OF THE CUL-DE-SAC –

DAMN! HE'S GOT US TRAPPED!

NO WAY, JOSÉ! WE'RE DEAD ANYWAY – MIGHT AS WELL...

...GO FOR IT!

N-N-NOOO!

AAAAA

SPLAT-T-T!

GLAD YOU DECIDED TO STICK AROUND, CREEP. WE GOT SOME SERIOUS TALKING TO DO.

W-WISH I COULD, DREDD – BUT IT'S ALL UP WITH ME...!

DROKK! SELF-DESTRUCT!

KABOOOM!!

MOB BLITZER. SOMEONE MUST'VE PAID PLENTY FOR THE MONKEY.

MOB BLITZERS – GANGLAND HITMEN WITH SURGICALLY IMPLANTED DEVICES PRIMED TO DETONATE ON CAPTURE. A BLITZER NEVER LIVED TO TELL TALES.

BACK AT THE BAR –

SMAIRT. THE MAYOR'S OWNER, IS DEAD TOO. GOT IN THE KILLER'S WAY, I GUESS.

THIS IS MO MOLINSKY, THE BARMAN.

I WARNED 'EM, JUDGE DREDD! I TOLD 'EM – YOU'RE SETTIN' YOURSELF UP AS A TARGET! NOT EVERYBODY LOVES YA THE WAY I DO! DAVE'S AN IMPORTANT APE NOW! HE GOTTA BE CAREFUL!

PITY THEY DIDN'T LISTEN TO YOU, MOLINSKY.

THEY SHOULDN'T OUGHTA HAVE DONE IT! HE WAS A DARN FINE MAYOR!

ANY BIGWIG MAKES A LOT OF ENEMIES – AND WIGS DON'T COME MUCH BIGGER THAN DAVE'S. ON DREDD'S ORDERS A THOROUGH CHECK IS MADE ON ALL POSSIBLE SUSPECTS –

UP AGAINST THE WALL! THIS IS A **MURDER** INVESTIGATION!

TUESDAY CLUB

OKAY, SYMES, WE BELIEVE YOU. NEXT TIME JUST WATCH THE LIP.

L.G.SYMES COUNCILLOR

LIE DETECTOR CHECKS OUT. HE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

UGLY

BUT AFTER TWO DAYS –

ENTER DATA

IT'S NO GOOD, DREDD. WE'VE CHECKED 'EM ALL – RIVAL PARTIES, PRESSURE GROUPS, KNOWN POLITICAL ACTIVISTS AND OTHER WEIRDOES. THEY'RE ALL CLEAN.

WELL, NOT EXACTLY **CLEAN**. WE'VE GOT 1500 ASSORTED ARRESTS, BUT NONE OF 'EM GOT ANYTHING TO DO WITH DAVE!

WAIT A MINUTE... WHAT IF WE'VE GOT IT ALL WRONG? WHAT IF DAVE **WASN'T** THE INTENDED VICTIM?

HOW'S THAT?

SAY KILLING DAVE WAS JUST A RUSE TO PUT US OFF THE SCENT – THE REAL TARGET WAS **BILLY SMAIRT.**

YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, DREDD! LET'S CHECK IT OUT – SEE WHO STANDS TO BENEFIT FROM SMAIRT'S DEATH.

THERE'S OUR ANSWER!

SOON, AT SALMONELLA'S –

SALMONELLA'S BAR

I DIDN'T WANNA DO IT, JUDGE. THEY WAS MY FRIENDS. COUPLA REAL SWELL GUYS.

BUT YOU SEE, A WHILE AGO BILLY SHOWED ME THIS LIFE INSURANCE POLICY – MADE OUT TO **ME** FOR A **MILLION CREDS** IF BILLY DIED. HE SAID I WAS HIS BEST PAL.

SO GREED GOT THE BETTER OF YOU, HUH?

TOUGH LUCK, MOLINSKY. A BARMAN SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER THAN TRUST A DRUNK.

WHADDYA MEAN?

BILLY ONLY EVER MADE ONE PAYMENT ON THAT POLICY. IT'S LAPSED – **WORTHLESS.**

WHATTT? YA MEAN I KILLED MY BEST PALS FOR NOTHIN'?

NOT FOR NOTHING –

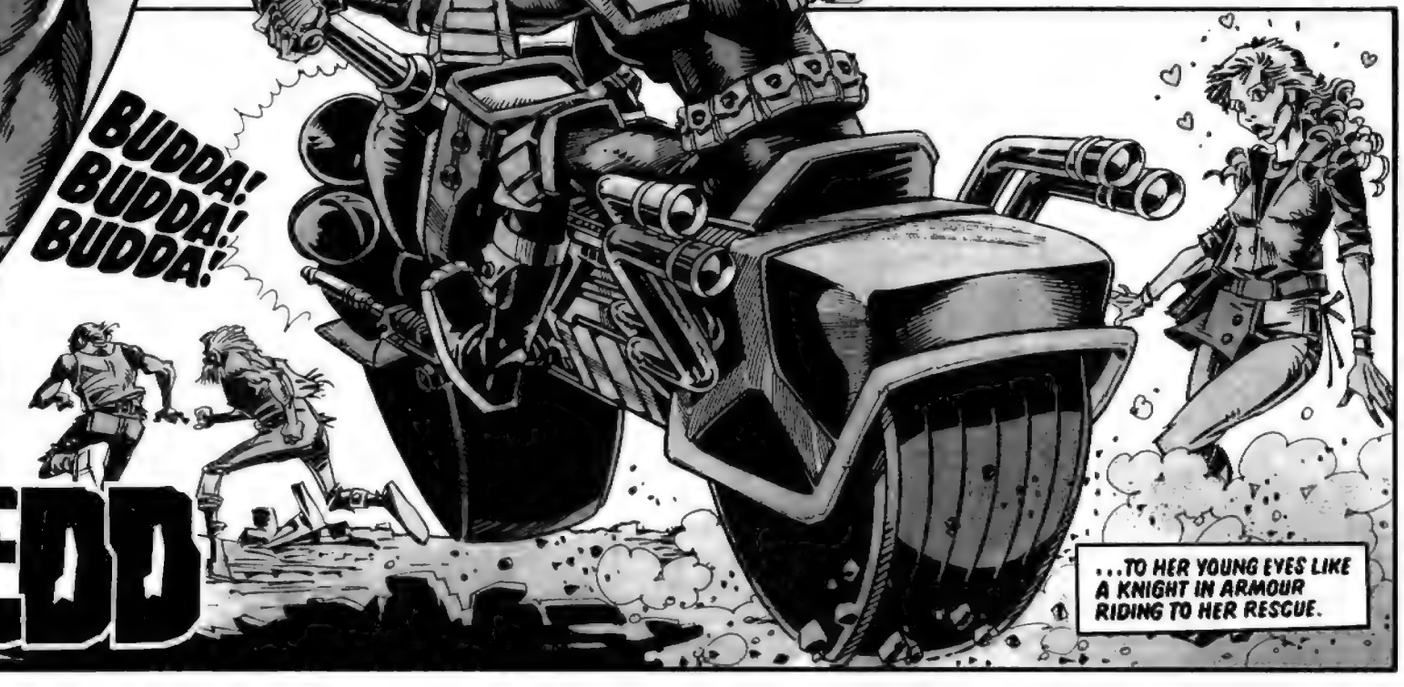
THIRTY YEARS, CREEP.

THE END

LOVE STORY

Love means never having to say

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST



JUDGE DREDD

HIS GUNS SPAT—AND HER TORMENTORS HIT THE DIRT.

DREDD TO CONTROL! I'M CUFFING A COUPLA ***SUB-HUMES***, WASTE-GROUND OFF THE SCHMALTZ ESTATE. MED SQUAD REQUIRED.

SHE WATCHED HIM COME TOWARDS HER, SO STRONG AND BOLD AND SURE—

—AND HER LEGS BEGAN TO TURN TO PLASTEEN BENEATH HER.

OH, JUDGE DREDD!

SHE WOULD ALWAYS REMEMBER HIS FIRST WORDS. STERN—YET SOMEHOW WARM AND KINDLY...

WHAT THE ***HELL*** ARE YOU DOIN' OUT ALONE ON THIS PATCH OF GROUND, CITIZEN? YOU ***CRAZY***?

I COULDN'T SLEEP. I... I THOUGHT I'D GO FOR A WALK.

DANGEROUS PLACE FOR A MIDNIGHT STROLL. ***NAME***?

BELLA BAGLEY. I LIVE IN ERICH SEGAL BLOCK.

OKAY, BELLA, ON THE BIKE. I'M TAKING YOU HOME.

IN A DAZE SHE CLUNG TO HIM... FEELING THE HARD RIPPLE OF MUSCLE BENEATH HIS UNIFORM – STRENGTH THAT COULD SNAP HER LIKE A TWIG...

...YET HE HADN'T. HE HAD RESCUED HER. HER JUDGE, HER SHINING KNIGHT, CARRYING HER TO SAFETY...

...IT WAS LIKE A DREAM, AND BELLA BAGLEY ABANDONED HERSELF TO IT.

I'M MAKING THIS AN OFFICIAL *WARNING*, CITIZEN. VENTURING ONTO THAT WASTE-GROUND COULD CONSTITUTE *INCITEMENT*. WE CATCH YOU THERE AGAIN AND YOU'LL DO TIME.

EVEN HIS PARTING REBUKE, IT SEEMED TO HER, WAS NOT WITHOUT AFFECTION – MORE LIKE A FOND FATHER SCOLDING A CHILD...

A WOMAN WILL EXCUSE MANY THINGS WHEN SHE IS IN LOVE—

–AND BELLA HAD FALLEN DEEPLY, HOPELESSLY IN LOVE WITH JUDGE DREDD.

SHE WROTE TO HIM THAT NIGHT AND TOLD HIM OF HER FEELINGS. SHE KNEW THERE WOULD BE PROBLEMS. BUT TWO PEOPLE WHO LOVED EACH OTHER ENOUGH...

SHE WROTE TO HIM LONG AND OFTEN. SHE TOLD HIM OF HER HOPES AND DREAMS, LAID BARE HER INNERMOST SECRETS. SHE POURED OUT HER HEART TO HIM...

...AND THE REPLY WAS ALWAYS THE SAME CURT, STANDARD MESSAGE ON HER VID—

JUDGE DREDD THANKS YOU FOR YOUR LETTER BUT REGRETS HE IS UNABLE TO ANSWER INDIVIDUAL CORRESPONDENCE

IN THE END HER PARENTS BECAME WORRIED FOR HER—

IT'S THAT BOYFRIEND OF HERS AGAIN!

IF HE WON'T ANSWER, BELLA, WHY DON'T YOU CALL THE GUY? SPEAK TO HIM! WHO KNOWS? MAYBE HE'S SHY OR SOMETHIN'!

I WANT TO SPEAK TO JUDGE DREDD... NO, IT'S A CONFIDENTIAL MATTER... *NO!* IT MUST BE HIM IN PERSON!

YES... MAYBE THEY'RE RIGHT!

HER NAME'S BELLA BAGLEY. YOU GAVE HER AN OFFICIAL WARNING FOR POTENTIAL INCITEMENT ABOUT A MONTH BACK.

OKAY, PATCH HER THROUGH.

AT THE LAST MOMENT HER NERVE FAILED HER—

YOU WANT ME, CITIZEN?

I...I...

C'MON, SPIT IT OUT!! I HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY!

I'VE... GOT... SOME INFORMATION FOR YOU. CAN YOU MEET ME? SAY... SAY LOVEBIRD WALK. TONIGHT. EIGHT O.

HE WAS AN HOUR LATE, BUT SHE WAITED. SHE UNDERSTOOD. HE WAS A JUDGE. HE HAD OTHER CALLS ON HIS TIME.

YOU MEAN YOU BROUGHT ME HERE ON A *WILD GOOSE CHASE?*

I-I HAD TO SEE YOU!

WHY DIDN'T YOU ANSWER MY LETTERS?

WHAT LETTERS? ALL *CRANK MAIL* IS DEALT WITH BY COMPUTER.

THEN YOU DON'T KNOW–?

OH, JUDGE DREDD! I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU! I WANT TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS! YOU AND ME– TOGETHER!

WHAT ARE YOU *RAVING* ABOUT?

I'LL LOOK AFTER YOU SO WELL! I'LL DARN YOUR SOCKS AND POLISH YOUR GUN! I'LL BRING YOUR SLIPPERS AND RUN YOUR BATH WHEN YOU COME HOME AT NIGHT! I'LL LOVE YOU AND HUG YOU AND CUDDLE YOU! I'LL BE EVERY-THING YOU ALWAYS WANTED IN A WIFE!

WIFE?

GET OFF ME, WOMAN!

GET THIS STRAIGHT– I DON'T LOVE YOU! I'LL NEVER LOVE YOU! I AM *INCAPABLE* OF LOVING YOU!

I'M A JUDGE AND THE ONLY THING I LOVE IS THE *LAW*– WHICH RIGHT NOW YOU HAPPEN TO BE *BREAKING!*

YOU MEAN–?

I MEAN WASTING A JUDGE'S TIME IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE. I'M PUTTING YOU *AWAY*, CREEP!

NO!

IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU I DON'T WANT TO LIVE ANYMORE!

DROKK! WORSE CASE THAN I THOUGHT!

COME BACK HERE!

UHH—

OH, JUDGE DREDD! YOU'RE SO MASTERFUL!

LET'S HAVE NO MORE HIJINKS FROM YOU!

IT HAPPENS ALL TOO OFTEN... A CRUSH TURNED INTO AN **OBSESSION**—A YOUNG HEART INFATUATED BY THE GODLIKE FIGURE OF ONE OF THE MEGA-CITY'S FINEST—

THE JUDGES KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH IT—

ONE FOR THE *PSYCHO CUBES!*

SOME RECOVER QUICKLY...

DON'T BLAME YOURSELF. I UNDERSTAND. YOU HAD TO LOCK ME AWAY. YOU'RE A JUDGE. IT'S YOUR JOB.

ONE DAY YOU'LL SEE THINGS DIFFERENTLY. WE'LL BE TOGETHER.

...OTHERS... TAKE A LITTLE LONGER.

I'LL WAIT FOR YOU, DARLING!

THE END.

JUDGE DREDD

THE LEMMING SYNDROME

NO ONE KNOWS HOW IT STARTS. FIRST THERE ARE A FEW... THEN MORE...

...THEN MORE STILL, THEIR FACES BLANK AND GLAZED, MOVING TOWARDS THE 98th FLOOR POOPORT—

AT THE LIP THE LEADERS HESITATE... UNTIL ONE STEPS OFF—ANOTHER—ANOTHER—

—AND A TRICKLE BECOMES A FLOOD.

AND THE STRANGE PART IS, THEY FALL IN SILENCE. NOT A CRY—NOT A SCREAM. ABSOLUTE SILENCE...

...AS IF DYING IS NO BIG THING.

STORY T.B. GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T. JACOB

SPLAT!
SPLAT!
SPLAT!
HOLY MOLEY! IT'S *RAININ'* FOONT BLOCKERS!
SPLAT!
EMERGENCY SQUADS TO FLAKEY FOONT! WE'VE GOT A *MASS LEAPING SITUATION!*
DAD! COME SEE!
WELL, I'LL BE!
ISN'T THAT *MR TARDIVAT* FROM 97?
YES! AND THERE'S *SAM GRICE* - AND THE *FOSTERS!*
HEY! THERE'S *MUM!*
NEVER! SHE'S UP ON 96 VISITING BETTY—
OH, YOU'RE RIGHT! THERE'S BETTY NOW!

WONDER WHAT THEY'RE *UP* TO?

WE'VE GOT TO TURN THEM BACK!

Sptaanggg!

Ptinggg!

TAKE OUT THE LEADERS! RAPID FIRE!

IT'S NOT MAKING ANY DIFFERENCE! THEY'RE STILL COMING!

H-WAGON IN POSITION, DREDD!

GET THAT *RIOT FOAM* ON THEM!

THE FOAM SOLIDIFIES IN SECONDS —

LEAPERS SECURE!

MUST BE NEARLY 800 PAVEMENT-BURGERS! WHAT THE HELL MADE THEM DO IT?

I DON'T KNOW— BUT I INTEND TO FIND OUT!

TOHNS

WINTON! GET SOME BODIES UP THERE— DIG OUT THE SURVIVORS. ***INTENSIVE INTERROGATION!***

DEKKER! ORGANISE A ***FLOOR-BY-FLOOR*** AND PUT THE BLOCK ON ICE. I DON'T WANT ANY MORE LEAPERS!

GULLEY! CORDON OFF THE AREA. KEEP THE ***GORE FREAKS*** OUT OF OUR HAIR.

CONTROL! I'M GOING TO NEED MORE BACK-UP HERE. I'M GOING TO TURN FLAKEY FOONT ***INSIDE OUT!***

OVER THE FOLLOWING DAYS DREDD'S TEAM PURSUES EVERY POSSIBLE LINE OF ENQUIRY. ***SONIC WEAPONS*** ARE SUSPECTED. ALL NEIGHBOURING BLOCKS ARE THOROUGHLY SEARCHED.

RESULT: NEGATIVE.

WEATHER CONTROL IS CONSULTED ON UNUSUAL ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS THAT MAY HAVE AFFECTED THE BEHAVIOUR OF FOONT RESIDENTS.

RESULT: NEGATIVE.

FLAKEY FOONT'S ***WATER, AIR*** AND ***GAS*** SUPPLIES ARE ANALYSED FOR CONTAMINANTS.

RESULT: NEGATIVE.

PSI DIVISION PROBES THE BLOCK FOR SIGNS OF DEMONIC INFLUENCE —

SORRY, DREDD. NEGATIVE.

ALL SURVIVORS OF THE MADNESS ARE QUESTIONED TIME AND AGAIN —

IT WAS LIKE A ***FUNNY FEELING*** CAME OVER ME...

SUDDENLY IT HIT ME— DEATH WAS ***NO BIG THING!***

I DIDN'T ***CARE*** ANYMORE, JUDGE. I JUST ... ***WENT.***

LET'S FACE IT, DREDD, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO PUT IT DOWN TO *MASS HYSTERIA*.

NO, I DON'T BUY IT.

GROUP SUICIDE, SURE. I'VE SEEN 'EM GO A DOZEN AT A TIME. BUT *747 PEOPLE* — ANOTHER 300 WHO *WOULD* HAVE JUMPED IF WE'D LET THEM?

BUT IT HAPPENS. REMEMBER *BLOCK MANIA?*

THAT WAS CAUSED BY AN IDENTIFIABLE CONTAMINANT. IN THIS CASE, THERE IS NONE.

MAYBE THERE IS. MAYBE THE CONTAMINATION IS THE *CITY* ITSELF.

EH?

LOOK AT *FOONT* BLOCK... A *SLUM* — RESIDENTS ON PERMANENT *WELFARE* — LESS THAN *ONE* PER CENT EMPLOYMENT — BORING, HUMDRUM, HOPELESS LIVES. LIKE THEY SAY, SOMETIMES DYING MAY SEEM *NO BIG THING*...

I CALL IT THE *LEMMING SYNDROME*.

"LEMMINGS WERE SMALL RODENTS OF THE NORTHERN WASTES. EVERY SO OFTEN THEY'D GATHER TOGETHER IN THEIR MILLIONS AND HURL THEMSELVES INTO THE SEA.

"NO ONE KNOWS WHY. PERHAPS INSTINCT — PERHAPS SOME CHEMICAL SIGNAL THAT PASSED BETWEEN THEM..."

AND YOU'RE SAYING THIS COULD APPLY TO *HUMANS* AS WELL? IF YOU'RE RIGHT, IT COULD HAPPEN AGAIN.

ALMOST CERTAINLY.

THERE MAY BE SOME SYMPTOMS WE CAN RECOGNISE, SO WE CAN DEAL WITH THE PROBLEM BEFORE IT GETS OUT OF HAND. BUT UNTIL WE GET MORE DATA, WE JUST CAN'T SAY.

AND UNTIL THEN WE KEEP THE RIOT FOAM HANDY, HUH?

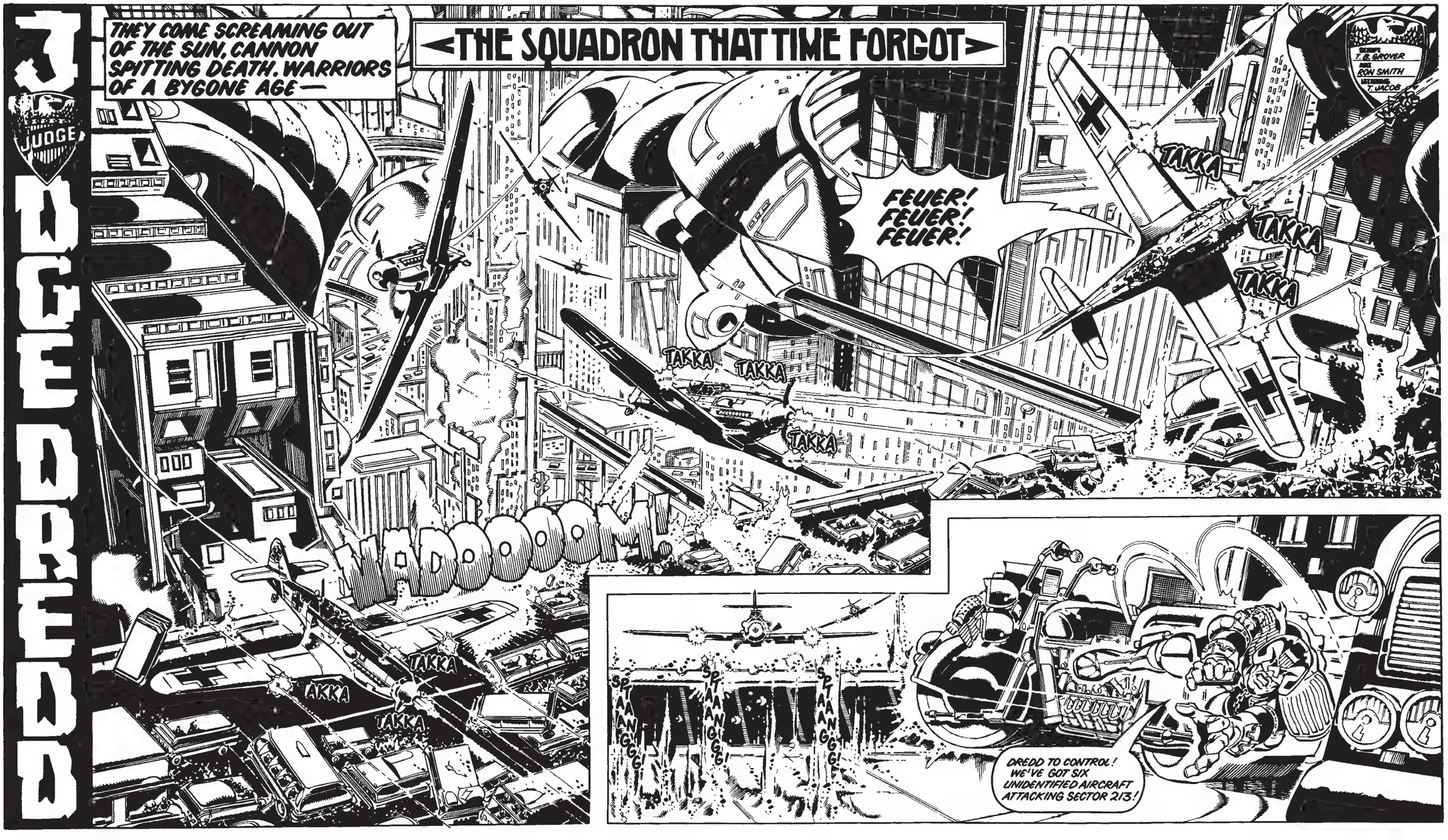
GREAT.

SO THE JUDGES MUST CARRY ON, MUST WAIT UNTIL ONCE MORE THERE'S THAT STRANGE FEELING IN THE AIR...

AND PEOPLE BEGIN TO BAND TOGETHER...

AND ONCE MORE THE LEMMING SYNDROME STRIKES!

NEXT PROG: THE SQUADRON THAT TIME FORGOT!


JUDGE
JUDGE DREDD
THEY COME SCREAMING OUT OF THE SUN, CANNON SPITTING DEATH. WARRIORS OF A BYGONE AGE—
<THE SQUADRON THAT TIME FORGOT>
T. B. GROVER
RON SMITH
T. JACOB
FEUER! FEUER! FEUER!
TAKKA
TAKKA
TAKKA
TAKKA
TAKKA
TAKKA
TAKKA
TAKKA
TAKKA
WADOOOOOM!
SPTAANGGG!
SPTAANGGG!
SPTAANGGG!
DREDD TO CONTROL! WE'VE GOT SIX UNIDENTIFIED AIRCRAFT ATTACKING SECTOR 213!

HI-EX!

BRRRRRRRM!

CORRECTION! MAKE THAT *FIVE!*

THEY LOOK LIKE WORLD WAR TWO ANTIQUES! ALL BEARING SWASTIKA EMBLEM!

CHECK THE MUSEUMS—THE FILM COMPANIES. I WANT TO KNOW WHO'S BEHIND THIS!

HEINRICH! THEY GOT HEINRICH!

WHERE ARE WE? I DO NOT RECOGNISE ANY OF THIS!

IT MUST BE SOME KIND OF *BOLSHEVIK TRICK!*

GOTT IN HIMMEL! WHAT IS THAT?

MORE OF THEM AT TWO O'CLOCK! BRING THEM DOWN!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS AND GIRLS! OFF WE GO— INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER!

WILBUR WRIGHT BLOCK
DARBY & JOAN CLUB
SPONSORED BATGLIDE

COME ON, GRAN! NOTHING TO IT! TEN CREDS FOR EVERY MINUTE YOU STAY ALOFT!

TAKKA

TAKKA

TAKKA

OH MY WRINKLES!

AIEEE!

AAAGH!

TAKKA

TAKKA

TAKKA

LOOK OUT AHEAD!

THE PIE IN THE SKY RESTAURANT

BANK! BANK!

DONNER UND BLITZEN! A GIANT *PIE!*

CRUMP!AAA

AAAAGH!

AIEEE!

SKREEEEEEE!

HUMAN BATS? GIANT FLYING PIES? SOMETHING IS *WRONG*, MAJOR!

THIS CANNOT BE STALINGRAD!

DREDD! WE'RE STILL CHECKING THE MUSEUMS AND FILM COMPANIES. ALL NEGATIVE SO FAR.

H-WAGON ON ITS WAY.

DREDD

THEY BETTER MAKE IT QUICK! THEY'RE COMING BACK!

BIKE CANNON— MAXIMUM ELEVATION!

VADOOOOM

VADOOOOM

ONLY TWO OF US LEFT, FRITZ! WE MUST FIND A WAY OUT OF THIS MADNESS!

REMEMBER, MAJOR— THERE WAS A STRANGE *GLOW* IN THE SKY JUST BEFORE IT HAPPENED...

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT

H-WAGON IN POSITION! WE SEE THEM!

LOOK AHEAD, MAJOR! THERE IT IS!

I SEE IT, FRITZ!

FLY, FRITZ! FLY!

JUSTICE DEPT

FORWARD LASERS— OPEN FIRE!

VAPORIZING!

AND IN AN INSTANT THEY WERE GONE!

UNIDENTIFIED AIRCRAFT NULLIFIED. H-WAGON RESUMING PATROL.

NO TRACE OF ANY REPLICA PLANES IS FOUND BY JUSTICE DEPT. AND LATER, IN FORENSIC—

WE'VE ANALYSED THE DEBRIS FROM THE WRECKS, DREDD. IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE, BUT THERE SEEMS ONLY ONE POSSIBLE EXPLANATION...

THEY WERE THE REAL THING— GENUINE GERMAN FIGHTERS FROM WORLD WAR TWO.

KINDA LONG WAY FROM THE BATTLEFIELD, AREN'T THEY?

WEATHER CONTROL REPORT A SMALL, TEMPORARY *TIME DISTORTION* OVER SECTION 213 THIS MORNING. MUST HAVE BEEN A *WARP* RIGHT BACK TO THE *20th CENTURY!*

I'VE DONE SOME CHECKING THROUGH OLD WAR ARCHIVES. SEEMS THERE WAS A LUFTWAFFE SQUADRON LOST OVER STALINGRAD IN 1942— JUST COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED. THE MYSTERY WAS NEVER CLEARED UP.

SO NOW WE KNOW THE ANSWER...

AND WE CAN DECLARE THE SECOND WORLD WAR OFFICIALLY *OVER.*

NEXT PROG: THE UGLYBUG BALL!

JUDGE DREDD

SCRIPT: F. R. GROVER
ART: C. ROBINSON
LETTERING: T. JACOB

YOU CAN RUN BUT YOU CAN'T HIDE, HANDSOME-

-NOT AT THE UGLYBUG BALL!

BLAM

JUDGES HAVE THROWN A CORDON AROUND SECTOR 140'S *FOLLY HEIGHTS* —

WHERE YOU IDIOTS GOING—A *FREAK* SHOW?

YOU BET! WE'RE OFF TO *THE UGLYBUG BALL!*

OKAY, MOVE ON. AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN. THERE'S AN *ESCAPED CON* ON THE LOOSE.

JUDGES SWARMING ALL OVER THE PLACE... BUT THEY'RE NOT GOING TO STOP ME GETTING TO YOU, HOWIE.

YOUNG? FUN LOVING? UGLY? THEN BE THERE AT THE UGLYBUG BALL TONITE

RECKON *RANSOM* WILL SHOW?

BOUND TO. *HOWIE BUCK'S* INFORMATION SENT HIM DOWN FOR THIRTY. RANSOM'S NOT THE KIND OF CREEP TO FORGET THAT.

HEY, JUDGE—DULT BACK IN THE ALLEY GAVE ME FIFTY CREDS TO GIVE THIS TO YOU.

EH?

GET RID OF IT!

SO LONG, HOWIE!

VAOOOOOM!

DREDD! RANSOM'S GOT THROUGH! HALF THE STREET'S GONE UP— BUCK'S BLOCK WITH IT!

I SEE IT! ON MY WAY!

VRMMM!

RANSOM KNOWS HIS GETAWAY WILL NOT BE EASY. BUT HE HAS ALWAYS BEEN RECKLESS WITH HIS LIFE—

SPLAT!

AAAGH!

AND EVEN MORE RECKLESS WITH THE LIVES OF OTHERS!

THERE HE IS!

BLAM!

UGLY UG BALL

UNHH—

HERE AT THE *UGLYBUG BALL* I'M SPEAKING TO *GLENDON GROTT*.

GLEN—YOU'RE THE FACE THAT MAKES THE PACE. LIKE TO SAY WHY?

UH, SURE—IT'S 'COS ALL THESE OTHER DIRTBAGS GOT THEIR UGLY MUGS *ARTIFICIAL*. Y'KNOW— *SUMP* OR *SURGERY*.

NOT ME. I WAS *BORN* LIKE THIS. I'M *NATURALLY* UGLY.

WHAT STYLE!

WHAT A GREAT GEEK!

SCREEEEE!

LOOK OUT!

AND HERE'S A NEW ARRIVAL! YOUR NAME, SIR—

SHUT YOUR STUPID MOUTH!

CLEAR THE WAY!

SHAKE YOUR WARTS, BABY!

ZOOP DE ZOOP!

DRANG— THE FACES!

RANSOM HAD BEEN AWAY A LONG TIME — LONG BEFORE THE "UGLY" CRAZE HAD TAKEN THE CITY BY STORM —

A NIGHTMARE! IT'S GOTTA BE A NIGHTMARE!

HEY! GET A LOADA HAND-SOME!

GET LOST, PRETTY BOY!

WE DON'T WANT YOUR TYPE ROUND HERE!

WHAT KIND OF *MADHOUSE* IS THIS?

YOU CAN'T HIDE IN THIS LOT, RANSOM!

URGGGH!

KEEP BACK, LAWMAN, OR I'LL BLOW THIS LITTLE BEAUTY AWAY!

1st PRIZE

GOT TO GET WITHIN STRIKING RANGE —

GO RIGHT AHEAD.

EH?

I MEAN WHAT I SAY!

SO DO I. FACE LIKE THAT, YOU'D BE DOING HER A FAVOUR.

AHHHHHH!

NOW!

UGGGGH!

SURPRISE

ONE YEARS SUPPLY OF OTTO SUMP UGLY PRODUCTS

SQUIRT! SPLAT! SQUELCH!

AHHH! GET IT OFF! IT'S BURNING!

PLENTY OF TIME FOR THAT LATER. FIRST LET'S GET YOU SAFELY IN A CUBE!

EXIT

CARRY ON WITH THE FREAK SHOW, FOLKS!

AT THE SECTOR HOUSE—

THE "UGLY" PREPARATIONS HAVE MADE A BIT OF A MESS OF HIM DREDD YOU WANT HIM SCHEDULED FOR FACE CHANGE SURGERY?

SURE. BUT DON'T RUSH IT.

RANSOM COMMITTED SOME PRETTY *UGLY* CRIMES. LET'S SEE HOW HE LIKES LIVING WITH HIMSELF FOR A WHILE!

NEXT PROS: A DAY AT THE BLOCK WARS!

JUDGE DREDD

0945. MONDAY. AT THE **ACADEMY OF LAW'S** MAIN HOVERPORT, EAGER-EYED **CADETS** FILE ABOARD AN OBSERVATION POD UNDER THE STERN GLARE OF **JUDGE-TUTOR SCHWARTZ** —

SCHOOL OUTINGS ARE ALWAYS A CAUSE FOR EXCITEMENT, EVEN AT THE ACADEMY, AND TODAY'S TRIP IS SOMETHING SPECIAL . . .

CLASS 5b, **PRIMARY DISTURBANCE CONTROL**, IS GOING FOR . . .

A DAY AT THE BLOCK WARS!

SCHWARTZ TO CONTROL! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT FOR US?

WE GOT POSSIBLE MAJOR DISTURBANCES BREWING, MOST SECTORS. **BLOCK WAR** NOW IN PROGRESS, BREAKER CANYON ESTATE. **JUDGE KLING** IN CHARGE... HOLD ON...

REPORT'S JUST COME IN. WE'VE GOT A **FOUR-WAY CONFRONT** ON THE **FRIENDSHIP SCHEME**. LOOKS PRETTY NASTY. **JUDGE DREDD** IN CHARGE.

DREDD? GOOD. WE'LL TAKE IT.

THE **FRIENDSHIP** SCHEME, COMPRISING FOUR CLOSELY-LINKED BLOCKS – **GROUCHO, CHICO, HARPO** AND **KARL** – HAD BEEN BUILT IN AN EFFORT TO PROMOTE INTER-BLOCK HARMONY AND A SENSE OF GREATER COMMUNITY. LIKE MANY MEGA-CITY HOUSING DEPT EXPERIMENTS IT WAS AN ABJECT FAILURE. SINCE THE FIRST OCCUPANTS HAD MOVED IN LESS THAN THREE MONTHS AGO, "**THE MARX BROTHERS**", AS THEY WERE KNOWN, HAD BEEN AT DAGGERS DRAWN.

NOW, AT LAST, THE SITUATION HAD EXPLODED INTO **VIOLENT CONFLICT** –

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME

MARX BROTHERS THEY MAY BE, FUNNY THEY AIN'T! MOW 'EM DOWN!

LAUGH THAT OFF, GROUCHO!

KRAK!

MANTAS! GET THAT RIOT FOAM ON! I WANT THIS 'TWEENBLOCK PLAZA SOLID!

A BLOCK WAR IS CIVIL DISTURBANCE ON A GRAND SCALE. IN THIS CASE THE DISTURBANCE PRESENTS PECULIAR DIFFICULTIES...

BECAUSE OF THE HIGH NUMBER OF ENCLOSED INTER-BLOCK ACCESSES, RIOT FOAM IS IMPRACTICAL EXCEPT IN THE MAIN PLAZA – AS YOU CAN SEE, THIS IS ALREADY IN HAND.

CAUSES OF INTER-BLOCK TENSION, CADET BOTHA?

IT'S LARGELY UNEMPLOYMENT, BOREDOM AND SOCIAL DEPRIVATION, MA'AM – ALTHOUGH MAN'S TRIBAL INSTINCTS AND NATURAL AGGRESSION ALSO PLAY THEIR PARTS.

GOOD. JEWSON – WHAT'S THE SPARK THAT CAN TURN TENSION INTO FULL-SCALE WAR?

COULD BE JUST ABOUT ANYTHING, MA'AM. WHY, THE BIGGEST BLOCK WAR IN HISTORY STARTED WITH THE DROPPING OF A 4-CRED FREEZY-WHIP.

RIGHT. SO HOW IS JUDGE DREDD GOING TO DEAL WITH IT? ARKEN?

INCREASE TRANQ GAS IN THE VENT SYSTEM?

NO, TOO LATE – AND TOO SLOW. WE NEED IMMEDIATE ACTION...

THE PLAZA'S SECURE! MOVE INTO THE BLOCKS! CLOSE OFF ALL LINKS! LET'S BOTTLE 'EM UP!

MAIN TROUBLE'S UP ON THE CENTRAL HUB, DREDD!

IT'S GOING TO TAKE A WHILE TO FIGHT OUR WAY IN THERE!

UNLESS WE GO IN THE EASY WAY...

MESSAGE FROM DREDD, JUDGE SCHWARTZ – HE NEEDS THE POD.

VERY GOOD. TAKE HER DOWN.

*A THRILL OF EXPECTATION RUNS THROUGH THE CADETS. JUDGE DREDD HIMSELF – IN **THEIR** POD!*

WITH A LITTLE LUCK, JUDGE DREDD MIGHT BE ABLE TO SPARE YOU A FEW WORDS.

GET US UP TO THE CENTRAL HUB – AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!

EXCUSE ME, JUDGE DREDD. I WONDER IF THE CADETS COULD ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS ?

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, SCHWARTZ ? CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY ?

LET'S GO !

THAT'S A PITY. NEVER MIND. JUST WATCH THEM CAREFULLY –

Peeoinnngg!

–AND PICK UP ANY TIPS YOU CAN !

BLAM!

KRASH!

BADAM!

JUDGES ! THROW DOWN YOUR ARMS !

BADAM!

AAAGH!

DREDD AND HIS MEN HAVE DEALT WITH BLOCK WARS MANY TIMES BEFORE. THEY KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO DO...

RESPIRATORS DOWN – **STUMM GRENADES!**

DREDD

WELL-ARMED **CITIDEF** UNITS CONSTITUTE PRIMARY TARGETS. THEY ARE TAKEN OUT QUICKLY AND RUTHLESSLY –

BADOOM!

DREDD

ENOUGH! WE SURRENDER!

THEN HIT THE FLOOR, FACE DOWN! ONE **TWITCH** OUT OF PLACE AND YOU'RE LEAVING IN A **BAG!**

THE AUTOMATIC **RIOT DOORS** HAVE BEEN SABOTAGED – JAMMED OPEN.

FIND OUT WHO DID IT. LET'S MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF THEM – **SIXTY YEARS MIN.**

JOSEPH

WITHIN 20 MINUTES THE SITUATION IS UNDER CONTROL –

ALL RIOT DOORS BACK IN ACTION – AND SEALED!

ALL LINKWAYS CLEAR!

WE'VE LOCATED THAT SONIC CANNON! IT'S **OUT**!

I WANT ALL FOUR BLOCKS UNDER SOLITARY CONFINEMENT. HOUSE TO HOUSE INTERROGATIONS. LET'S MAKE SOME ARRESTS HERE!

DREDD

THERE YOU HAVE IT, CADETS – QUICK, CLEAN, EFFICIENT. A TEXTBOOK OPERATION. A HIGH CASUALTY RATE, TRUE – BUT ACCEPTABLE IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

SCHWARTZ

EXCUSE ME, MA'AM – BUT WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER IF WE CHANGED THE SOCIAL SITUATION? MADE THE CITIZENS **HAPPY**, SO THEY DON'T **WANT** TO FIGHT?

WHAT ARE YOU, STEEL – SOME KIND OF **LIBERAL**?

THEORY'S ALL VERY WELL, DREDD, BUT IT'S NOT UNTIL YOU'RE ACTUALLY OUT THERE BREAKIN' HEADS THAT YOU **REALLY** LEARN ANYTHING.

DON'T UNDERESTIMATE THE BENEFITS OF TEACHING, JOSEPH.

IN OUR DAY TRAINING WAS A LOT MORE ROUGH AND READY. WE TOOK THINGS AS THEY CAME. MISTAKES WERE MADE.

AT LEAST WHEN THOSE CADETS HIT THE STREETS THEY'LL KNOW EXACTLY **WHOSE** HEADS TO BREAK – AND ABOUT FIFTY DIFFERENT WAYS OF DOING IT.

YEAH, IN MY BOOK, EDUCATION'S A WONDERFUL THING!

NEXT PROG: **THE LURKER!**

JUDGE DREDD

WHEN EVENING FALLS AND SHADOWS GATHER...

...DEEP POOLS OF BLACKNESS DRIFTING THROUGH THE ROCKCRETE CANYONS OF THE CITY...

THAT'S WHEN I COME OUT.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

CREEPING THROUGH THE PEDS AND ALLEYWAYS...

...HUGGING THE DARKNESS TO ME LIKE A CLOAK.

YOU'LL PASS BY ME AND NEVER SEE ME.

...NEVER EVEN DREAM I'M THERE.

WATCHING. WAITING FOR MY CHANCE

I AM THE LURKER... I HAUNT THE NIGHT.

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T VACOB

SHINNK!

WHEN THEY'VE GONE, WHEN ALL IS SILENT, I MOVE IN TO TAKE MY SPOILS . . .

I'M NOT BRAVE OR TOUGH. I COULDN'T BRING DOWN MY PREY. OH NO—NOT ME.

I'M THE **VULTURE**. . . THE SLY, SLINKING SCAVENGER THAT FEEDS UPON THE LEFTOVERS . . .

THREE LOUSY CREDS! MEASLY SCUMBAGS! THEY GOT HIS CASE, DIDN'T NEED HIS MONEY!

NNNNNN

MY **CASE**... T-TELL JUDGES- T-TEN MILLION... TENNNNN

WHAT'D YA SAY? TEN MILLION *CREDS*?

COME ON! SPEAK TO ME!

DAMN! FLAKED!

TEN MILLION CREDS! IF I COULD GET MY MITTS ON THAT. . .

THEY CAN'T BE FAR. . . !

AND ONCE MORE THE SHADOWS SWALLOW ME, MUFFLING MY HURRYING STEPS . . .

CONTROL! GOT A FRESH STIFF, GOOBER STREET. LOOKS LIKE HE WAS CARRYING A SECURITY BOX. CHAIN'S BEEN CUT.

GET A FORENSIC SQUAD DOWN HERE. I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND.

I LURK AMID THE DARKNESS, WAITING...

MY CHANCE MAY NEVER COME, BUT I'LL STILL WAIT. PATIENCE IS MY VIRTUE.

WHAT THE *HELL* IS THIS THING MADE OF!

KRANGGGG!

KEEP IT DOWN!

WHO'S GONNA HEAR US OUT HERE?

WEEEAAAOOOAAWOOOO

THE CASE!

LEAVE IT!

YOU! HOLD IT!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

DREDD TO CONTROL! TWO PERPS, WASTEGROUND OFF GOOBER! AM IN PURSUIT!

SOMETIMES PATIENCE PAYS OFF.

TOO HEAVY. GONNA HAVE TO OPEN IT HERE, TAKE WHAT I CAN.

YOU WERE WARNED, CREEPS! *LEGSHOT!*

BLAM!

AIEEEEEEEE!

HE-HE'S DEAD! THOUGHT YOU SAID LEGSHOT!

SO MY AIM WAS OFF.

THE FIRING HAS STOPPED. I MUST WORK FAST. MY LAS-KNIFE CUTS—

CONTROL TO DREDD. GOT THE LOWDOWN ON YOUR VICTIM. COURIER FOR ***NUKCO***. SEEMS HIS POD BROKE DOWN. HE MUST'VE GONE FOR HELP.

HANDLE THAT ***CASE*** WITH CARE. IT CONTAINS ***RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPES*** GIVING OUT APPROXIMATELY TEN MILLION RADS... REPEAT— ***TEN MILLION RADS!***

TEN MILLION CREDS...

GRUD!

LATER...

HE MUST'VE BEEN A SCAVENGER. FOUND THE CASE, THOUGHT HE'D HELP HIMSELF.

HE'LL HAUNT THE NIGHT, ALL RIGHT.

DUMB CREEP.

NEXT PROG: A MEAN CHRISTMAS!

JUDGE DREDD

OPEN THE GATES!

CHRISTMAS MORNING, 2107. IN THE CURSED EARTH SNOWDRIFTS OUTSIDE THE CITY'S WEST WALL A MUTANT MULTITUDE WAITS –

THE FOOD CONVOY!

'RAAAAY!

THE JUDGES WEREN'T LYING!

A Merry Tale Of The Christmas Angel

AT THE CITY'S MAJOR DEPARTMENT STORES THE SPECIAL CHRISTMAS DAY DELIVERIES HAVE BEGUN –

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

A-MART

HO HO HO!

HAPPY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!

AT THE VAST MEGA-CITY DRAMARENA THE THESPIANS PUT IN ONE FINAL REHEARSAL FOR THE AFTERNOON'S PERFORMANCE OF FELLINI'S "NATIVITY AND A ½"...

IS THIS DA LITTLE BAMBINO? HEY! HE'S A NICE-A BOY!

HERE, I BRING YOU SOME GIFTS!

DRAMARENA

NO NO, CONRAD! NOT "I BRING YOU SOME GIFTS!"

I BRING-A YOU DA – DA, NOT SOME – GEEFTS!

I BRING-A YOU DA GEEFTS!

IN APARTMENT 3108, CHUCK DICKENS BLOCK, CITIZEN ED FLYMO STRAPS ON FIVE KILOS OF PLASTEEN EXPLOSIVE –

CHRISTMAS...

I'LL GIVE 'EM CHRISTMAS!

KLYK

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART STEVE DILLON
LETTERING T FRAME

AND IN APARTMENT 1250, **JOSHUA JEBBS**, THE PROBATION DEPARTMENT **PENAL REHAB PROGRAMME** TAKES A BOLD STEP —

THIS IS THE PRISONER.

MEAN MACHINE ANGEL, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MR AND MRS **PUDDOCK**.

DUH... A RIGHT BIG HOWDY, FOLKS.

DEAR ME, HE DOES LOOK RATHER ROUGH. ARE YOU SURE HE'S **SAFE**?

SAFE AS HOUSES!

HE'S BEEN **TOTALLY LOBOTOMISED**. NOT AN OUNCE OF AGGRESSION LEFT. LOOK, I CAN SWITCH HIM RIGHT UP TO **4**.

COME ON, MEAN! **BUTT ME**! PLANT IT RIGHT THERE!

DUH... NO! HEADBUTTS AIN'T NICE, MR HOOLIHAN!

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

OKAY, I'LL LEAVE HIM WITH YOU, PICK HIM UP AT EIGHT. IT'LL DO HIM GOOD TO HAVE A REAL **OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS**!

CHRISTMAS IS A QUIET DAY, EVEN FOR THE JUDGES. TRAFFIC IS LIGHT. CRIME TAKES A HOLIDAY. BY LATE AFTERNOON ARRESTS ARE DOWN 60 PER CENT —

IN THE **DRAMARENA**, "NATIVITY AND A 1/2" BUILDS TOWARDS ITS CLIMAX —

I BRING-A YOU DA GEEFTS!

HEY, JOE! COME-A SEE DIS! DA WISEGUY BRING-A DA GOLD!

NOT-A NOW, MARIA! I'M EATIN' DA SPAGHETTI!

AN' WHADDA YA THINK-A THEES — IT'S A-DA **SMELLY STUFF!**

MAMA MIA! WHAT'S A MATTER WIT' YOU, WISEGUY? DA BAMBINO NO WANTA SMELLY STUFF!

WELL HOW ABOUT-A THEES. IT'S A BIG-A BOX-A **NAPPIES.**

IN THE AUDIENCE **ED FLYMO** STEELS HIS NERVE. NOW'S AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY —

MERRY CHRISTMAS, GREASEBALL!

AAAH!

LOOK OUT! HE'S GOT A GUN!

HE'S SHOT CONRAD CONN!

YOU! STOP - AHHHH!

HEY -

NOBODY MOVE OR MAMMA GETS IT!

I WANT A **JUDGE** HERE - A TOP MAN! I WANT TO **NEGOTIATE!**

ON A **WEST WALL** WATCHING BAY -

WE'VE GOT A DOZEN KNOWN OUTLAWS THERE, DREDD. WANT US TO MAKE OUR MOVE?

HOLD OFF FOR A WHILE.

DON'T WANT TO SCARE AWAY THE LATECOMERS.

CONTROL TO DREDD! WE HAVE A **HOSTAGE SITUATION** AT THE **DRAMARENA**. SENIOR JUDGE REQUIRED.

ON MY WAY.

...ELSEWHERE A MAN IS HOLDING THE ENTIRE CAST OF FELLINI'S "**NATIVITY AND A ½**" HOSTAGE AT THE DRAMARENA. **JUDGE DREDD** IS ON HIS WAY...

JUDGE... DREDD...

DO YOU KNOW THE JUDGE, MEAN?

DUH... CAN'T RIGHTLY SAY, MA'AM. BUT I'M A-GITTIN' A FUNNY KINDA TINGLE...

...RIGHT ABOUT HERE.

TAP!

TAP!

HIS NAME'S **ED FLYMO**, DREDD – RESIDENT OF CHUCK DICKENS. AS FAR AS WE CAN TELL, CREEP'S GOT SOMETHING AGAINST CHRISTMAS.

CAN'T RISK A SHOT. HE'S WIRED HIMSELF TO FIVE KILOS OF HI-EX.

OKAY, I'LL TALK TO HIM.

WHEE-DOGGIE. REAL FANCY SPREAD, MA'AM.

YOU JUST EAT TILL YOU'RE FULL, MEAN.

BUT BEFORE YOU DO, MUM PUDDOCK AND ME WOULD LIKE YOU TO HAVE THIS.

FOR ME? AW SHUCKS!

TO MEAN MACHINE FROM MUM & DAD PUDDOCK

SURE IS A PURTY BOX.

IT'S NOT JUST A BOX! PRESS THE BUTTON, MEAN —

KLIK

SPROINNNGG

WHACK! WHACK!

You're under arrest, creep!
You're under arrest, creep!
You're under —

NAAHHHH!

HA HA! WE THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE IT, MEAN! CUTE, HUH? AND HE SAYS NINE OTHER LEGAL PHRASES! LISTEN —

Thirty years, move!
Thirty years, move!
Thirty years, move!

HE LOOKS JUST LIKE JUDGE DREDD, DOESN'T HE?

JUDGE... DREDD..

Strip search, drop 'em!
Strip search, drop 'em!

THEY'D TAKEN OUT HIS FRONTAL LOBES, BUT THEY COULD NEVER REMOVE THE HATRED...

...HATRED THAT PERMEATED EVERY FIBRE OF HIS ONCE-DEAD BEING... WAITING FOR THE KEY THAT WOULD UNLOCK IT –

JUDGE DREDD!

BOK!

BOK! BOK! BOK!

MEAN! BEHAVE YOURSELF OR I'LL HAVE TO SEND FOR MR HOOLIHAN!

IZZAT SO?

BOK-KA!

HERE, YOU –

BOK!

CRASH!

THAT DIRTY LOWDOWN YELLOW-BELLIED LAWRAT! I'LL FIND HIM!

WHERE'S DREDD?
BOK!
WHERE'S DREDD?
BOK!
WHERE'S DREDD?
BOK!
WHERE'S DREDD?
BOK!
WHERE'S DREDD?
BOK!
BOK!
HEY, RED! YOU SEEN DREDD?
UH... I HEARD HE WAS AT THE DRAMARENA.
B-MART
MUCH OBLIGED!
BOK!
HYAAAAA!
SAY YORE PRAYERS, DREDD! I'M A-COMIN' FER YA!
ALL RIGHT, FLYMO. I'M HERE – UNARMED. LET'S HEAR WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO SAY.
I'VE GOT A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FOR THE CITY! I WANT VID-CAMS HERE, EVERY CHANNEL, WITHIN FIVE MINUTES!
I DON'T MAKE DEALS, CREEP.
YOU BETTER, OR IT'S GOODNIGHT BETHLEHEM!
WHEE-DOGGIE! THAR HE IS!

PUCKER UP, LAWRAT! I'M BRINGIN' YA YORE XMAS PRESENT—

BADOKKA!

UNNH!

CRUNCH

GOLDURNIT! JUS' WINGED 'IM!

NAMELY A FACE FULLA 4!

SHOULDER'S BROKEN!

GAAAAAHH!

DROKK! MEAN ANGEL ON A DIVEBUTT!

GRUD! I'VE SEEN THAT LOOK BEFORE!

NNUUUUHH

NUHHHHHH!

BOK!

HE'S KNOCKED HIMSELF INTO A BUTTING FRENZY!

BOKK!

BOK

GOTTA STOP HIM!

SMAK-K-K!

WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOIN'! GET OUTA HERE! THIS IS MY HOSTAGE SITUATION!

IZZAT SO?

OH NO! DON'T-

BOKK!
BA
A-DO
OOMBAA
A
A
A
A
A
AAAA

MED SQUADS RUSH IN –

MEAN ANGEL'S STILL ALIVE. GUESS IT TAKES MORE THAN FIVE KILOS OF HI-EX TO PUT HIM OUT.

STILL SCRAPIN' BITS OF FLYMO OFF THE STABLE, THOUGH.

PITY. NOW WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT THE CREEP HAD AGAINST CHRISTMAS.

AS DARKNESS BEGINS TO FALL THE LAST DELIVERY SLEIGHS RETURN TO THEIR BASES TO AWAIT NEXT YEAR'S FESTIVITIES –

OVER THE ENTIRE CITY **WEATHER CONTROL** RELEASES A TEN-SECOND SEASONAL FLURRY–

GABBY! COME QUICK! IT'S **SNOWING!**

WHERE?

TOO LATE! YOU MISSED IT!

AND AT THE CITY'S WEST WALL –

WE'VE PINPOINTED 17 WANTED PERPS OUT THERE, ALL OF THEM **CATEGORY A** – KNOWN MURDERERS WHO ESCAPED JUSTICE.

OKAY. RECKON THAT'S AS GOOD AS WE'RE GOING TO GET.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, YOU JUDGES!

GUESS YOU AIN'T SUCH BAD TYPES AFTER ALL!

YOU'VE GOT YOUR TARGETS. LET 'EM HAVE IT.

BLAM!

BLAM!

BUDDA!

AIEEEEE!!

ARRGH!

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO WITH THE FOOD?

IT'S ACHIEVED ITS PURPOSE.

FOR THE JUDGES OF MEGA-CITY ONE THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS PEACE ON EARTH AND GOODWILL TO MEN. THE **LAW** MUST BE ADMINISTERED — WITHOUT FAVOUR, WITHOUT MERCY — 365 DAYS OF THE YEAR...

BRING IT IN. WE'LL TRY IT AGAINST THE SOUTH SECTOR MUTIES TOMORROW.

AND A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR READERS!

I AM SHOJAN – WARLORD OF JI ! LET THE JUDGES OF MEGA-CITY KNOW I AM COME !

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING T FRAME

JUDGE DREDD

A LARGE CROWD, MAINLY ELDSTERS, HAS GATHERED TO WITNESS THE OPENING OF THE NEW CITY EUTHANASIUM –

EUTHANASIUM OPENS IS™

THE WALLS ARE BULGING !

OH MOLEY ! SHE'S COMIN' DOWN !

AAAAHH!

DREDD TO CONTROL! **EMERGENCY SQUADS TO THE EUTHANASIUM!** WE GOT **MULTIPLE CASUALTIES!**

DROKK! TALK ABOUT **EUTHANASIA!**

THIS WAS NO MERCY KILLING, LUCAN!

THESE CROCKS NEVER HAD ANY CHOICE IN THE MATTER. THAT MAKES IT **MURDER!**

IT IS TIME TO SPEAK WITH THEIR LEADER.

SWELL.

WHAT THE DROKK—?

HALL OF JUSTICE

STOP

PASSE

UNNGGG!

CRUNCHH!

IF YOU WISH TO LIVE, DO NOT DRAW YOUR WEAPON.

YOU WILL TAKE ME TO YOUR **CHIEF JUDGE**.

AT THE **EUTHANASIUM** EMERGENCY SQUADS SET TO WORK WITH PRACTISED EFFICIENCY —

WE'RE LOOKIN' AT TWO, TWO-FIFTY STIFFS HERE. HAS TO BE A BOMB.

WHAT KIND OF **MANIAC** WOULD DO A THING LIKE THIS?

SOME **WRINKLE FREAK** - ONE OF THE **ANTI-EUTHANASIA** GROUPS MAYBE.

I'LL START CHECKING 'EM OUT. LET ME KNOW IF **FORENSIC** COME UP WITH ANYTHING ON THE BOMB. I'M HANDLING THIS ONE **PERSONALLY**.

YOU'RE TELLING ME **YOU** CAUSED THIS EXPLOSION WITH THE POWER OF YOUR MIND, MR - ?

SHOJAN, WARLORD OF JI.

THIS IS MY ASSISTANT, **SAYONARA.**

PLEASED TA MEETCHA I'M SURE.

OF JUST

CONTROL - THEY FOUND ANY SIGN OF AN EXPLOSIVE DEVICE AT THE EUTHANASIUM YET ?

NEGATIVE, CHIEF JUDGE.

SAY YOU **DID** DO IT, BY WHATEVER MEANS. **WHY ?**

AS A WARNING. I INTEND TO BE RESIDENT IN YOUR CITY FOR SOME TIME -

FOR WHAT PURPOSE ?

THAT IS MY CONCERN. YOUR ONLY CONSIDERATION MUST BE TO STAY OUT OF MY WAY. ANY INTERFERENCE WILL BE SEVERELY PUNISHED.

BETTER BELIEVE HIM, LADY. THIS AIN'T **CHARLIE CHAN** YA DEALIN' WITH. HE CAN BE **MOIDER** WHEN HE GETS RILED !

DAMNED IF HE'S LEAVIN' HERE ! HE'S JUST CONFESSED TO THE MURDER OF UMPTEEN CROCKS !

AAAHH!

HOLD YOUR FIRE!

LET THEM GO!

BUT CHIEF JUDGE—

YOU ARE MOST WISE...

MOST WISE...

MOST WISE...

THEY SURE KNOW HOW TO MAKE AN EXIT!

FIND THEM! PUT OUT A GENERAL ALERT. I WANT TO KNOW WHERE THEY GO – EVERY MOVE THEY MAKE.

CONTROL – WHO'S **SENIOR JUDGE** ON THE EUTHANASIUM CASE?

DREDD, MA'AM.

GOOD. SEND FOR HIM. THERE HAVE BEEN DEVELOPMENTS.

WE'VE CHECKED WITH **NIP-CIT**... SHOJAN'S A **PSI-MYSTIC** OF THE **TENTH DAN.** GOT A PRETTY BAD REP AROUND THE RADLANDS OF **JI.**

THE GIRL'S A NATIVE OF THIS CITY. REAL NAME **WILMA McNALLY.** CAN'T QUITE SEE HOW SHE FITS INTO THIS YET. I'VE SENT SOMEONE ROUND TO INTERROGATE HER PARENTS.

YOU HAD THEM HERE AND YOU LET THEM GET AWAY?

I DIDN'T WANT TO LOSE ANY JUDGES. BESIDES, I WANT TO KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING HERE.

DREDD

WE'VE LOCATED THEM AT THE **INN-ON-THE-SKED.** CHECK 'EM OUT – GET ME SOME ANSWERS – THEN YOU'VE GOT MY PERMISSION TO DEAL WITH THEM.

I'LL DEAL WITH THEM ALL RIGHT! **NOBODY** COMES INTO MY TERRITORY AND STARTS LITTERIN' THE PLACE WITH DEAD CROCKS!

BE CAREFUL. THIS SHOJAN'S A PRETTY TOUGH NUT.

YEAH? WELL **NUTS** AIN'T ALL THEY'RE **CRACKED UP** TO BE, CHIEF JUDGE!

NEXT PROG: **SHOJAN SHOWDOWN!**

SHOJAN, WARLORD OF JI, IS IN THE MEGA-CITY, REASON UNKNOWN. JUDGES HAVE TRACED THE NIPPONESE MYSTIC AND HIS ASSISTANT TO A SUITE AT THE INN-ON-THE-SKED –

HAVE YOU SENT THE INVITATIONS, SAVONARA ?

SURE. DON'T WORRY, HONEY. THEY'LL BE HERE.

IT'S THE JUDGES THAT WORRY ME. THEY CAN BE REAL MEAN, SHOJI – HONEST.

THE JUDGES –? PAH! THEY ARE NOTHING. THEY KNOW THEY ARE POWERLESS AGAINST ME.

KERASH!

STORY T.B. GROVER
ART C.M. KENNEDY
LETTERING T. FRAME

FOOL!

BULLET FOR YOU, TOJO !

PRETTY NEAT TRICK, TOJO. YOU OUGHTA BE IN SHOWBIZ.

JUDGE DREDD

WHY DO YOU COME HERE WITH YOUR FOOLISH INSULTS? ARE YOU EAGER FOR **DEATH**?

I CAN TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT.

NO, I JUST DROPPED IN TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE BIG SHOT — SEE IF YOU'RE AS GOOD AS THEY SAY.

SWIK

BUT IT TAKES MORE THAN CIRCUS TRICKS TO IMPRESS ME.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, TOJO? WHAT'S YOUR GAME?

THAT IS MY BUSINESS.

THEN LET ME GIVE YOU A WARNING — YOU MAY HAVE THE UPPER HAND NOW, BUT YOU'VE COMMITTED MURDER IN THIS CITY AND SOONER OR LATER I'M GOING TO **NAIL** YOU.

I HAVE TOLERATED YOUR IMPUDENCE LONG ENOUGH! **GO!**

INN ON THE SKED

OKAY... I'M IMPRESSED!

BUG'S PLANTED, CHIEF JUDGE.

WHAT DID YOU MAKE OF HIM, DREDD ?

LIKE YOU SAID, A TOUGH NUT. BULLET'S TOO SLOW - HAVE TO BE INSTANT. LASER.

SEND DOWN A MOBILE CANNON. ONE OF THE NEW MARK 44s.

DREDD COMMANDEERS AN APARTMENT OVERLOOKING SHOJAN'S SUITE -

THE WINDOW'S THE PROBLEM. I'LL HAVE TO ALLOW FOR ONE DEGREE REFRACTION...

WHAT DO WE DO NOW ?

LISTEN... AND WAIT.

YOU HAVE LOCATED THE PLACE - THE EXACT SPOT ?

SURE.

AND EVERYTHING IS PREPARED THERE ?

SURE. KEEP YOUR SHOIT ON, SHOJI - IT'S ALL READY.

SKED

DARKNESS FALLS. AND THE CLOCK TURNS ON TOWARD MIDNIGHT. AND THEN -

CHIEF JUDGE! TOJO'S GOT A VISITOR!

WE'VE GOT HIM ON THE CORRIDOR CAMERA.

I RECOGNISE HIM... **CARL LANNING, PSYKER** WITH THE GALV MOB.

PSI

*PSYKER – **PSI** WHO UTILISES HIS ABNORMAL MENTAL POWERS IN THE SERVICE OF THE UNDERWORLD.*

OTHER GUESTS ARRIVE –

HALLER –

12

BUDETSKI –

PREEN –

GRABO –

THAT'S THE CREAM OF THE CITY'S PSI-CRIMINALS.

WHAT THE DEVIL IS SHOJAN **UP** TO ?

THEY'RE DRAWING THE CURTAINS.

NO PROBLEM.

SWITCHING TO **X-RAY** SIGHT.

YOU ARE WONDERING WHY I HAVE COME HERE. SUFFICE TO SAY THE EARTH IS NOT WHAT IT ONCE WAS. ATOMIC WARS HAVE WREAKED DISTORTIONS TO THE ELEMENTAL CURRENTS.

THE PLACE WHERE THE EARTH FORCES CONJOIN IS NO LONGER IN THE MYSTIC RADLANDS OF **JI**, BUT HERE. IN THIS CITY.

AND THE TIME...THE TIME IS **TONIGHT.**

TIME FOR **WHAT,** SHOJAN ?

TONIGHT, GENTLEMEN, I INTEND TO DO WHAT HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN ACHIEVED. I INTEND TO **SUMMON** THE **SEVEN SAMURAI !**

SEVEN SAMURAI – WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT ?

SEARCH ME.

YOU EVER HEARD OF THE CREEPS, OMAR ?

JUDGE OMAR, HEAD OF PSI DIVISION –

YES, BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS ONLY A LEGEND...

THEY'RE THE MYTHICAL WARRIORS OF MAYHEM AND DESTRUCTION. WHOEVER CONTROLS THEM IS SAID TO BE INVINCIBLE.

WHAT'S OUR PART IN ALL THIS ?

YOU ARE ALL GIFTED IN THE PSIONIC ARTS. YOUR MENTAL POWERS COMBINED WITH MINE WILL PROVIDE THE LINK TO THE MYSTIC REGIONS WHERE THE SEVEN DWELL.

YOU'RE CRAZY, SHOJAN! I'VE GOT A SWEET LITTLE PSI-RACKET GOING HERE. DAMNED IF I'M GOING TO START MESSING AROUND WITH BLACK MAGIC!

IT IS NOT AN INVITATION. IT IS AN ORDER.

MY HEAD...

HOOOOO...

AAAGGHH!

SHOJAN'S JUST KILLED ONE OF THEM. HOW MUCH LONGER ARE WE GOING TO WAIT, CHIEF JUDGE?

CAN SHOJAN CONJURE UP THESE SEVEN SAMURAI?

I DON'T KNOW. IF ANYONE CAN, I'D SAY IT'S HIM...AND THAT'S A CHANCE WE CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE.

OKAY, DREDD - PERMISSION TO TERMINATE.

I TRUST THERE ARE NO OTHER OBJECTORS.

SAYONARA HAS PREPARED THE PLACE -

LET US GO.

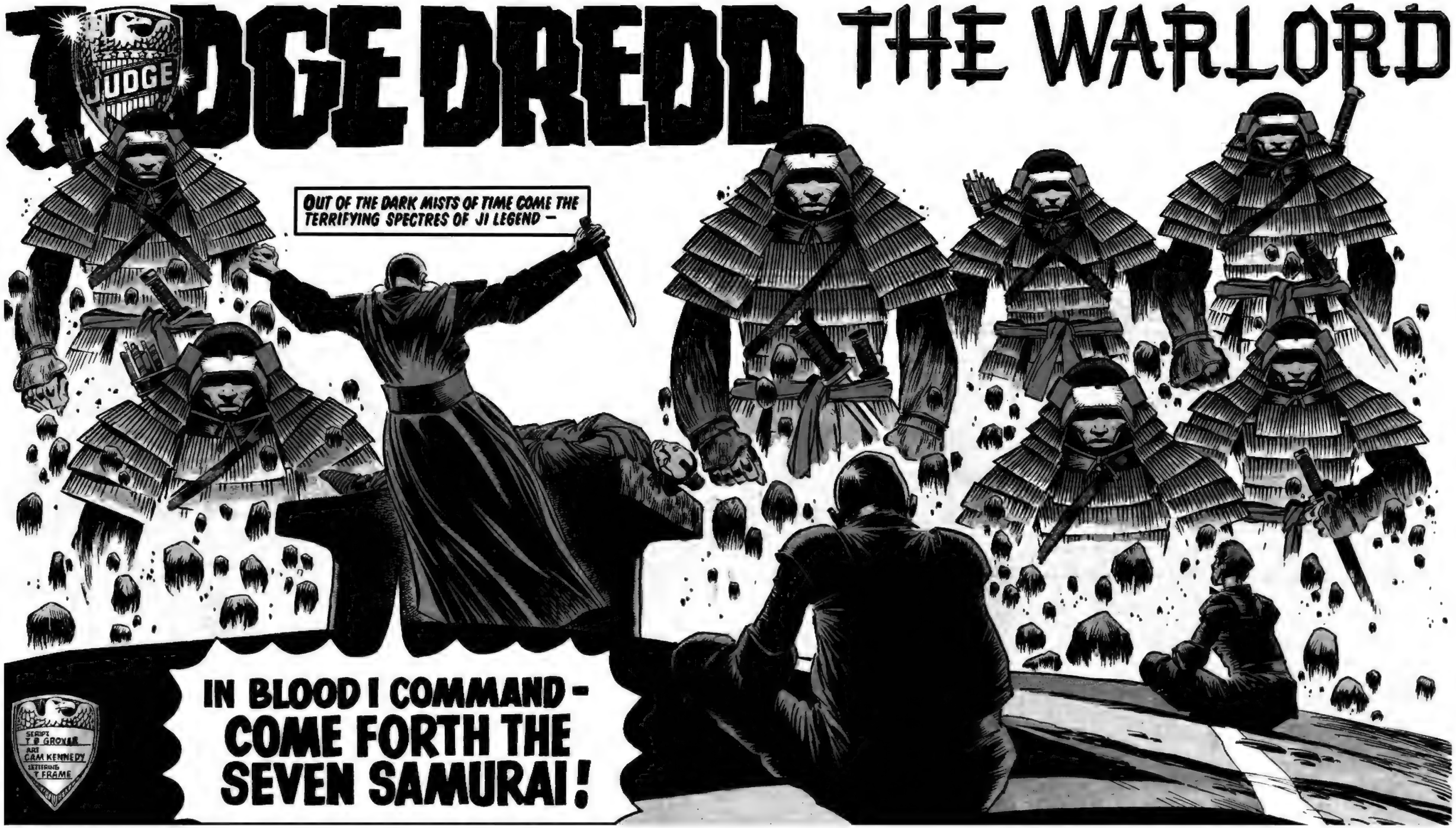
GRUD!

THEY'RE GONE!

NEXT PROG: ARISE, THE SEVEN SAMURAI!

JUDGE DREDD

THE WARLORD



SHOJAN, WARLORD OF JI, HAS COME TO MEGA-CITY ONE TO SUMMON THE **SEVEN SAMURAI**, THE LEGENDARY WARRIORS OF MAYHEM AND DESTRUCTION. **JUDGE DREDD** HAS BEEN ORDERED TO ASSASSINATE THE NIPPONESE MYSTIC, **BUT** –

LET US GO !

CHIEF JUDGE ! THEY'VE DONE A BUNK !

DAMN !

OKAY, DREDD – GET YOURSELF MOBILE. YOU'LL BE INFORMED WHEN WE LOCATE THEM.

PUT EVERY AVAILABLE **PSI** ONTO THIS, **OMAR**. WE'VE GOT TO FIND SHOJAN BEFORE HE SETS THESE DEMONS LOOSE !

CYRIL LORD

THIS IS THE SPOT WHERE THE EARTH FORCES ARE GREATEST. HERE WE WILL CARRY OUT THE ANCIENT RITUAL.

PLEASE BE SEATED AT THE POINTS OF THE PENTANGLE.

SAYONARA, MY DEAR, YOU WILL LIE HERE.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, SHOJI ?

IN BLOOD DID THEY LIVE – IN **BLOOD** MUST THEY BE RESURRECTED.

M-**MY** BLOOD ? GEE, HONEY, Y-YOU NEVER MENTIONED NOTHIN' ABOUT THIS . . . !

SPEAK NO MORE. PREPARE YOUR MIND FOR THE **HONOUR** I AM ABOUT TO BESTOW UPON YOU.

HUMAN SACRIFICE! I DON'T WANT ANY PART IN THIS!

WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHOICE – YOU SAW WHAT HE DID TO PREEN!

AT PSI DIVISION –

CHIEF JUDGE! POWELL'S GOT A FIX – **CYRIL LORD BLOCK RUINS!**

I GOT A CONFIRM ON THAT!

CONTROL! ALL AVAILABLE UNITS TO CYRIL LORD! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY CODE **RED!**

DREDD! WE'VE GOT 'EM – **CYRIL LORD!**

ON MY WAY!

THE PRIME MOMENT APPROACHES! FOCUS YOUR MINDS! **WELCOME** THEM!

COME HAKIRI THE CRUEL! COME SHIMA AND BUKAI!

COME NAGASAN! SHOW THY MERCILESS VISAGE!

HEAR ME YABOKI BLOOD-DRINKER! HEAR ME FLENCH AND FOUL AKUI!

I, SHOJAN, WARLORD OF JI, SUMMON YOU TO MY SERVICE!

IN BLOOD I COMMAND — COME FORTH THE SEVEN SAMURAI!

TH-THE GROUND'S SHAKIN'!

ARISE! ARISE!

ARISE!

WE ARE YOURS TO COMMAND, WARLORD!

WHAT DO YOU SEEK OF US?

H-WAGON! WE'RE OVER CYRIL LORD NOW. AWAITING ORDERS.

DON'T WAIT!

BLOW THEM AWAY!

VADOOM!

CYRIL LORD

AAAGH!

JUDGES ARE THE ENEMY –

– LET THEM BE THE FIRST TO DIE!

UNNHH!

H-WAGON OUT OF CONTROL!

WADOOOM

NEXT PROG: "DREDD'S GONE – GRUD KNOWS HOW MANY OTHERS!"

IN CYRIL LORD BLOCK RUINS, SHOJAN, WARLORD OF JI, HAS SUMMONED THE LEGENDARY WARRIORS OF MAYHEM AND DESTRUCTION – THE SEVEN SAMURAI –

THESE CRIMINAL SCUM HAVE SERVED THEIR PURPOSE! GIVE THEM THEIR REWARD!

SCRIPT T.B GROVER
ART CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING 'T' FRAME

UNNGG!

NO, SHOJAN –

JUDGE DREDD

UNGGG!

AAARGH!

GO FORTH AND ANNOUNCE THE **REIGN** OF THE **WARLORD**!

WITH THE **POWER** OF THE **SEVEN SAMURAI** I AM **INVINCIBLE**! MY **EMPIRE** STARTS HERE... AND ENDS ONLY WHEN THE **WORLD** IS **MINE**!

CYRIL LORD

BADOOM! BADOOM!

DREDD TO CONTROL! LOOKS LIKE **TOJO** HIT THE BUTTON! **WE GOT NINE-FOOT NIPS COMIN' THIS WAY IN FANCY DRESS!**

BIKE CANNON AREN'T HAVIN' ANY EFFECT!

UNNGG!

DROKK!

BIKE'S GONE!

FATOOM!

HIGH EXPLOSIVE!

CRACK

UNNNG!

DREDD'S HAD IT!

THIS IS A MASSACRE!

FALL BACK – DEFENSIVE FIRE!

DREDD'S GONE – GRUD KNOWS HOW MANY OTHERS! NOTHING WE DO SEEMS ANY USE –

DOK! WHAT HAVE I UNLEASHED ON MY CITY?

OMAR – THERE MUST BE SOME WAY WE CAN BEAT THESE DEMONS!

SHOJAN'S THEIR LINK WITH THIS WORLD. CUT THAT AND MY GUESS IS THE **SAMURAI** WILL BE HURLED BACK INTO THE MYSTIC REGIONS.

CONTROL! I WANT EVERY **MANTA** WITHIN RANGE TO **OPEN FIRE** ON **CYRIL LORD!**

BUT, CHIEF JUDGE – THAT BUILDING'S A LISTED RUIN!

HANG THE LIST!

CYRIL LORD'S A LUXURY WE CAN'T AFFORD!

CONTRADICTING THE CHIEF JUDGE! YOU'LL BE ON THE CARPET FOR THIS, WILTON!

THROUGHOUT THE SECTOR ***MANTA PROWL TANKS*** *TRAIN THEIR GUNS –*

Dix Deli

SHFFFF
SHFFFF
SHFFFF
SHFFFF
Steen
SHFFFF
SHFFFF

VADOOM

CYRIL LORD

WASTE YOUR TIME, FOOLS! NO MISSILE CAN PENETRATE MY **PSIONIC SHIELD!**

UNNNNN...

DROKK... SAMURAI MUST'VE LEFT ME FOR DEAD...

WHAT'S GOING ON...?

CYRIL LORD UNDER MANTA FIRE...THEY MUST BE TRYING TO GET **SHOJAN!**

NEXT PROG:

DREDD v WARLORD - AND ONE WILL DIE!

MEGA-CITY ONE. **SHOJAN**, WARLORD OF JI, HAS SUMMONED THE DEMONIC WARRIORS OF MAYHEM AND DESTRUCTION, THE **SEVEN SAMURAI** – AND **UNLEASHED** THEM...!

THE WARLORD

PART 5.

AIEEEEEE!

RUN! THEY'RE DESTROYING EVERYTHING!

JUDGE DREDD

JUSTICE DEPT. **MANTA** PROWL TANKS STRIKE BACK –

FZAAK!

WASTE YOUR TIME, FOOLS! NO MISSILE CAN PENETRATE MY **PSIONIC SHIELD!**

THEY'RE TRYING TO TAKE OUT **SHOJAN** – MUST RECKON THAT'S THE **KEY** TO DEALING WITH THE **SEVEN SAMURAI!**

BIKE GONE – GUN GONE – WRIST GONE – YET DREDD KNOWS HE **MUST** ACT...

ORDINARY WEAPONS CAN'T GET THROUGH! GOTTA THINK OF SOMETHING MORE **POWERFUL!**

T.B. GROVER
AND
CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING
T FRAME

NINJA STAR!

SHOJAN NOTICES THE FLASH AS HIS SHIELD IS PIERCED –

BUT EVEN HIS MASSIVE PSI-POWER CANNOT STOP THE ENCHANTED SAMURAI WEAPON –

CHUNNK!

HIS SHIELD'S DOWN –

GOTTA MAKE SURE – BOOT KNIFE!

DREDD

THIS IS DREDD! CEASE FIRE ON CYRIL LORD!

TOJO'S DEAD! REPEAT – THE WARLORD IS DEAD!

CHIEF JUDGE! **DREDD'S** ALIVE! HE'S JUST CALLED IN – SAYS **SHOJAN'S DEAD.**

AND THE **SEVEN SAMURAI**–?

NO SUCH LUCK! NOW THEY'RE WREAKING HAVOC IN **CANAFORD PLAZA!**

AAAAAH!

MANTAS ARE LINING UP AT ALL EXITS! THEY'RE GOING TO TRY TO CONTAIN THEM, BUT THEY DON'T HOLD OUT MUCH HOPE!

CANAFORD

PLAZA

TAXI

24 HOUR BEAN

DREDD – THIS IS THE CHIEF JUDGE. THE SAMURAI ARE STILL AT LARGE.

WHAT ABOUT **PSI-DIVISION** – CAN'T THEY COME UP WITH SOMETHING?

*JUDGE **OMAR** – HEAD OF PSI-DIVISION –*

NOTHING WILL WORK, SHORT OF A PSI-FORCE **GREATER** THAN THEIR OWN – AND NONE OF MY OPERATIVES COMES ANYWHERE **NEAR.**

THINK, MAN! THE **SECTOR HOUSE 9** AFFAIR – THAT **PSI AMP...!**

THE **PSIONIC AMPLIFIER** – OF COURSE! WE HAVE IT IN DIVISION LABS. IT **AMPLIFIES** AN OPERATIVE'S POWER A **THOUSANDFOLD!**

BUT IT'S USER-HOSTILE – THE EFFECT IS ALWAYS **FATAL.**

THAT'S A PRICE WE'LL HAVE TO PAY.

I...SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT. VERY WELL, CHOOSE A VOLUNTEER.

CAN'T ASK ANYONE TO VOLUNTEER FOR THIS ONE, CHIEF JUDGE. IT'S GOT TO BE **ME**.

DREDD EXITS THE RUINS –

FIREFIGHT GOING ON UP IN THE PLAZA –

LORD

FADOOOM!

EVEN THE MANTAS ARE USELESS !

BRONX BUSTER

UNNGGG!

GOODBYE, OMAR. I'M...SORRY.

EVEN JUDGES ARE HUMAN. WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES.

POWER ON!

STAND BACK, CHIEF JUDGE.

ULTRA

POWER BUILDING.

AND IN CANAFORD PLAZA —

DROKK! UP ABOVE US!

OMAR'S PSYCHIC IMAGE FILLS THE SKIES... REACHING DOWN... ENCIRCLING THE SAMURAI...

SQUEEZING TIGHTER. EVER **TIGHTER.**

THEY'RE GONE, CHIEF JUDGE. JUST... SNAPPED OUT OF EXISTENCE!

THEN IT'S OVER, OMAR. YOU'VE BEATEN THEM.

OKAY, POWER OFF.

ON

*IN THE CASKET'S DYING GLOW THE BODY OF **OMAR**, HEAD OF **PSI-DIVISION** –*

– CRUMBLES...

INTO DUST.

IT'S AN EFFECT OF THE **PSIONIC AMPLIFIER** – IT **DRAINS** THE LIFE FORCE TO FEED THE PSIONIC BODY.

LATER, CHIEF JUDGE MCGRUDER CONVENES A MEETING OF SENIOR JUDGES –

I SEE NOW THAT I SHOULD HAVE ORDERED SHOJAN'S **IMMEDIATE** TERMINATION. MY ERROR OF JUDGEMENT COST THE LIVES OF ONE HUNDRED JUDGES – THREE TIMES THAT MANY CITIZENS...

...I HAVE THEREFORE NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO **STEP DOWN** AS CHIEF JUDGE OF THIS CITY.

BUT IT'S A MISTAKE ANY OF US COULD HAVE MADE –

I DON'T ACCEPT THAT. I WOULD NOT HAVE TOLERATED SUCH AN ERROR FROM ANY OF MY OFFICERS.

I CAN BE NO LESS SEVERE ON MYSELF.

CLUNK!

NEXT PROG:

BEGGAR'S BANQUET!

JUDGE DREDD
Beggar's Banquet
HE'D BEEN SPARECHANGING HALF THE NIGHT UP IN THE SLEEZE QUARTER, BUT HE HADN'T PICKED UP ENOUGH FOR A BED FOR THE NIGHT –
LOOKS LIKE THE OLD ROCKCRETE PILLOW FOR YOU TONIGHT, SHINEY ME BOY.
FLAKE OFF YOU! I WAS HERE FIRST!
THEN HE SEES THEIR FACES...
...AND HE KNOWS IT'S NO BED THEY'RE AFTER!
EXIT
SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING T FRAME

YOU CREEPS DOWN THERE!

REMAIN WHERE YOU ARE!

Surf up

AM I SPEAKIN' TO MYSELF HERE?

BADAM!

AIIIII!

RUNEE!

CAN'T RISK HITTING THE VAG! SOON CATCH THEM UP THOUGH...

EXCEPT THIS ONE. FROM THE **UNDERCITY** BY THE LOOK OF HIM.

CONTROL! I WANT AN **H-WAGON** OVERHEAD - **ULTRASCAN SURVEILLANCE.**

DROKK! THEY'VE DISAPPEARED!

H-WAGON IN POSITION. WHAT'RE YOU LOOKING FOR, DREDD?

VA 200

SOME KIND OF HOLE - TUNNEL MAYBE. **ACCESS** TO THE UNDERCITY.

SCANNING!

CONTACT! SPOTLIGHTING NOW!

GOT IT.

I'M GOING IN!

DREDD

BENEATH THE STREETS ANOTHER WORLD – THE **OLD CITY**. SEALED OFF AND LEFT TO MOULDER...

...A DARK, DECAYING NIGHTMARE!

AHEAD, A **GLOW** – AND AN ODOUR HANGING IN THE STALE AIR...THE UNMISTAKEABLE STENCH OF **PUTREFYING FLESH**...

PLACE IS KNEE-DEEP IN **BONES**. COULD EXPLAIN THE DROP IN THE LOCAL **VAG** POPULATION.

HURREE HURREE! **HUNGREE!**

NO!

P-PLEASE, GRUD! I KNOW I'VE BEEN A WORTHLESS VAG, BUT DON'T DO THIS!

YESSEE YESSEE!

CANNIBALS!

VAG'S OFF, CREEPS!

BADAM!

AIIIEEEE!

JUDGEE! KILLEE!

KILLEE JUDGEE!

FLASH GRENADE!

ACCUSTOMED TO THE UNDERCITY GLOOM, THE GHOULS ARE RENDERED SIGHTLESS BY THE FLARE'S BRILLIANCE –

BURNEE BURNEE!

NO SEE BURNEE!

ON YOUR FEET, CITIZEN! MY FIRST PRIORITY IS TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE!

LATER FOR YOU, UGLY!

DREDD TO CONTROL! WE GOT A NEST OF CANNIBALS DOWN HERE. ORGANISE AN IMMEDIATE CLEAN-UP OPERATION.

PHEW! AFTER THIS I'M TURNING OVER A **NEW LEAF**, JUDGE! I'M GONNA GET BACK ON WELFARE – START LIVIN' CLEAN – STOP **SPARECHANGING** –

SPARECHANGING? YOU **ADMIT** YOU'VE BEEN **BEGGING**?

THREE MONTHS!

KLIK!

THE CLEAN UP IS SWIFT AND MERCILESS –

UNNN!

AAAIIEEE!

KINGTON

THAT'S IT.

THE MEGA-CITY HAD CREATED THEM, AND NOW THERE WAS NO PLACE IN THE CITY FOR THEM...

WAREHOUSE

...NO PLACE ON GRUD'S EARTH.

NEXT PROG: ***MEGA-TIMES NEWSFLASH!***
"CHIEF JUDGE RESIGNS!"

THE MEGA-TIMES
12 Creds.
NING EDITION
CHIEF JUDGE RESIGNS
FAREWELL, McGRUDER! YOUR NAME WILL BE REMEMBERED AS LONG AS JUSTICE ENDURES!
McGRUDER
DREDD
JUDGE DREDD
BY T. B. GROVER AND CLIFF ROBINSON LETTERED BY T. FRAME

THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE. A MEETING OF THE COUNCIL OF FIVE –
CHIEF JUDGE, WE ASK YOU – RECONSIDER.
YOU MADE AN ERROR OF JUDGEMENT, CERTAINLY.* BUT ONE ERROR IN AN EXEMPLARY CAREER CAN SURELY BE OVERLOOKED.
YES, WE'RE MAKING TOO MUCH OF IT.
AGREED.
SHENKER – YOU WANT YOUR TWO CREDS' WORTH?
* SEE PROG 455 – THARG.

I THINK YOU'VE MADE THE RIGHT DECISION, CHIEF JUDGE.
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN, SHENKER?
BEING CRYPTIC AS USUAL. IT DOESN'T MATTER. THE VOTE IS CLEAR – YOU MUST STAY, MA'AM.
THEN I OVERRIDE THE VOTE. I HAVE GIVEN THE MATTER DEEP AND CAREFUL CONSIDERATION AND MY DECISION STANDS. I AM NO LONGER COMPETENT TO HOLD THIS OFFICE.
TOMORROW MORNING AT DAWN I WILL TAKE THE LONG WALK INTO THE CURSED EARTH AND LEAVE THIS CITY FOREVER.

MY FINAL ACT AS CHIEF JUDGE IS TO **DISMISS CREED, HERPERT** AND **RENBOW** FROM THE **COUNCIL** OF **FIVE.**

DISMISSED?

YOUR SUPPORT FOR ME SAYS MUCH FOR YOUR LOYALTY, BUT IT ALSO SHOWS YOUR OWN JUDGEMENT TO BE **FLAWED.**

YOU WILL UNDERGO FULL PSYCHIATRIC AND OPERATIONAL EVALUATION AND, IF POSSIBLE, BE RETURNED TO **NON-EXECUTIVE** DUTIES WITHIN YOUR OWN DIVISIONS.

THERE IS, OF COURSE, THE OPTION OF THE **LONG WALK**. BUT THAT WILL BE YOUR DECISION.

SHENKER, I'LL BE APPOINTING NEW MEMBERS TO JOIN YOU ON THE COUNCIL.

VERY WELL. GOOD LUCK, McGRUDER.

AND JUSTICE DEPARTMENT HAS JUST ANNOUNCED THE NAMES OF FOUR NEW MEMBERS WHO WILL TAKE THEIR PLACES ON THE **COUNCIL OF FIVE**, THE CITY'S FOREMOST LAWMAKING BODY...

IN COMES SENIOR JUDGE **GRIMLET**, A HARDENED VETERAN WITH OVER THIRTY YEARS ON THE STREETS.

GRIMLET

JUDGE-TUTOR **SILVER**, FOR TWELVE YEARS PRINCIPAL LECTURER IN **APPLIED VIOLENCE** AT THE **ACADEMY OF LAW.**

SILVER TUTOR

FROM TEK DIVISION, JUDGE **BRUFEN**, AMONGST OTHER GLITTERING ACHIEVEMENTS DESIGNER OF THE **MANTA** PROWL TANK.

Tek

SURPRISE CHOICE FOR THE COUNCIL, JUDGE **HERSHEY**. YOUNG IN YEARS BUT ALREADY A VERY EXPERIENCED OFFICER.

THE NEW COUNCIL ARE MEETING NOW TO CHOOSE JUDGE McGRUDER'S SUCCESSOR. WE'LL LET YOU HAVE THE NEWS AS SOON AS IT HAPPENS!

HERSHEY

NEW NAMES, NEW FACES! A **FRESH WIND** THROUGH THE COBWEBS OF JUSTICE! PERHAPS A **NEW DEAL** FOR THE PEOPLE – THE FIRST STEP ON THE ROAD TO A FAIRER, MORE **HUMANE** SOCIETY!

YEAH, AN' I'M TWO-TON TONY TUBBS.

YOU THINK I MADE THE RIGHT DECISION, DREDD?

IT'S A QUESTION OF ATTITUDE. IF YOU FELT YOUR EFFICIENCY WAS IMPAIRED, THEN IT WAS. YOU HAD TO GO.

YES.

McGRUDER

ANY IDEA WHO THEY'LL CHOOSE TO REPLACE YOU?

ACCORDING TO SHENKER, IT'LL BE SILVER.

"GOOD CHOICE. SILVER'S A HARD MAN. A FAIR MAN... BUT MAINLY A **HARD** MAN.

"HE WON'T SHRINK IF DIFFICULT DECISIONS HAVE TO BE MADE...

"THE PEOPLE WON'T LIKE IT, OF COURSE. THEY KNOW HIS REPUTATION..."

IF THEY DON'T LIKE IT, THEY CAN ALWAYS LUMP IT.

KNOWING SILVER, THEY PROBABLY WILL.

SILVER TUTOR

HER

Tek

DAWN, NEXT MORNING –

OPEN THE GATES !

IN A WAY, DREDD, IT'S A RELIEF. CHIEF JUDGE – BEFORE THAT **SJS** – I'VE BEEN COOPED UP TOO LONG.

IT'LL BE GOOD TO SEE SOME **ACTION** AGAIN.

STILL, I'M GOING TO MISS IT.

THEN SHE TURNS AND WALKS THROUGH THE HONOUR GUARD –

FIRE !

M. GRUDER

FIRE !

NEVER AGAIN TO LOOK UPON HER CITY...

EXILED FOREVER TO THE CURSED EARTH...

CLOSE THE GATE !

THERE TO TAKE LAW UNTO THE LAWLESS...

...UNTIL DEATH.

NEXT PROG: THE SECRET DIARY OF ADRIAN COCKROACH...!

"Woke up late today. I suppose it was staying so long at Pandrop's party. Pandrop had found a really good mess on the floor and we'd been eating it till the small hours.
"Anyway, by the time I peered out of my cranny I'd got my appetite well and truly back.
"The gang were already up and about. I joined them for breakfast.
"I'm 13½, which is quite old for a roach, so I'm big enough to make sure I always get the tastiest bits."
The Secret DIARY OF ADRIAN COCKROACH aged 13½ months
I ASSURE YOU, JUDGE DREDD, OUR KITCHEN IS CLEAN!
I'LL BE THE JUDGE OF THAT!
CRASH!
DREDD
SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING TOM FRAME
WHAT'S THIS – CLEAN-O-SPRAY?
ER, Y-YES!
IT'S GREASE, CREEP!
WHAT KIND OF SOUP YOU MAKING, PAL – DANDRUFF?
GET A HAT ON!
DREDD
JUDGE
JUDGE DREDD

YOU – **NOSEPICK!** WAIT BY THE DOOR!

DREDD

"I felt the vibration of approaching humans. Humans are our enemies. They don't understand us roaches."

SPLAT!

YOU OUGHT TO GO INTO THE **ROACH** BREEDING BUSINESS!

I'M CLOSING DOWN THIS **EATERIE**, PENDING HEALTH INSPECTION AND FUMIGATION.

AS FOR YOU, CREEP, YOU'RE DOING TIME.

THAT GOES FOR YOU TOO, NOSEPICK. **MOVE!**

"After all that excitement it was some time before I could summon up the courage to venture out. I'm not very brave by nature. More kind of **sly**.

"I was still first to Renaldo and Sandra, though

"There's not much room for sentiment in the roach world"

SLURP! SLURP!

YOU'VE DONE IT NOW, COOKIE! MY POP'S GOING TO THE CUBES AND IT'S **YOUR** FAULT!

MY FAULT?

WE TOLD YOU AND TOLD YOU! GET THIS KITCHEN CLEANED UP! GET RID OF THE ROACHES!

AN' I TOLD YOU TO GET A **ROBOT**! I'M NOT A PERISHING SKIVVY! I'M AN **EATERIE CHEF**! AN **ARTISTE**!

"My girlfriend Pandrop scuttled along and I let her share Sandra."

WELL GO BE AN ARTISTE SOMEWHERE ELSE! YOU'RE **FIRED**!

"Pandrop's got lovely legs – all six of them She's the light of my life"

YOU YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPER! I'VE BEEN COOKING IN THIS EATERIE TWENTY YEARS!

I'LL GIVE YOU FIRED!

NO-!

CREMOLA – YOU KILLED 'IM, COOKIE!

I-I GOTTA CALL THE JUDGES!

OKAY, CREEP, I'M TAKING YOU IN.

NO! KEEP BACK! I'M NOT LETTIN' YOU LOCK ME AWAY!

I'M AN EATERIE CHEF!

WHAKK!

CRUNKKK!

YOU SHOULD'VE **STUCK** TO COOKIN', DOUGHBALL!

USE YOUR DOOR

FUMIGATION.

IN THERE. WAIT FOR THE MEAT SQUAD.

FUMIGA

WE'RE FINISHED HERE.

OKAY, LET 'EM HAVE IT.

"I scented the gas before the others and scuttled for my cranny...

"I'm always alert for danger I guess that's why I've stayed alive so long.

"Deep down in the woodwork is my secret, gasproof bunker. There I stayed all day long.

"When I eventually crept out, it was to a scene of utter devastation I was the **only** survivor

"And woe! Even Pandrop – my dear sweet Pandrop – lay legs up and lifeless.

"Oh, well. Like I said, there's no room for sentiment in the roach world. Pandrop and I dined together for the last time.

"And so to bed...

"...wonder what tomorrow will bring?"

THE END.

JUDGE DREDD

SAY GOODNIGHT, NORMO!

THIS SHIP'S GOING DOWN — AND THE HALL OF JUSTICE WITH HER!

HALL OF JUSTICE

The Last Voyage of THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

SCRIPT T. R. GROVER AND BRYAN TALBOT
ART BRYAN TALBOT
LETTERS T. FRAME

CRUISE SHIP *FLYING DUTCHMAN* RETURNING TO CITY. ENTRY PERMISSION REQUESTED.

ROGER, DUTCHMAN! YOU'RE LOGGED AT 2107 HOURS.

0200 HOURS. ON THE CITY HEIGHTS A JUDGE MAKES AN ARREST –

AH!

FOR A MOMENT BOTH LAWMAN AND LAWBREAKER PAUSE TO WATCH THE MAJESTIC SHAPE GLIDE BY –

KINDA TAKES YOUR BREATH AWAY!

SHUT UP, CREEP.

IN THE LAWMAN'S MIND, WHEELS ARE TURNING. THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT ABOUT THE SHIP TONIGHT. SOMETHING NOT QUITE RIGHT...

THE DECK... NOBODY ON DECK!

ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS THE PASSENGERS ARE USUALLY LINING UP TO CATCH THE CITY VIEW!

I'LL CATCH IT UP AT HARMON POINT.

CONTROL! GOT ONE ON **HOLD**, HEIGHTS BOULEVARD. **LURKING, THREE MONTHS.** PICK HIM UP.

CONTROL! I'M AT HARMON POINT! SUSPECT THERE COULD BE SOMETHING WRONG ON THE **FLYING DUTCHMAN!** AM GOING ABOARD!

KEEP US INFORMED, DREDD.

STOP YOUR SNIVELLIN'! SUFFER? YOU NORMOS DON'T KNOW **HOW** TO SUFFER!

WELL, YOU'RE GONNA **LEARN!**

FSSSTTT!

UHHH!

WHAT THE SNECK – AAAGH!

FSSSTTT!

OKAY, WHAT'S THE STORY?

JUDGE DREDD!

MUTANTS – THEY HIJACKED THE SHIP OUT IN THE CURSED EARTH!

THEY'RE A SUICIDE GROUP – THE **MUTANT AVENGERS**.

THEY'RE GOING TO CRASH THE **DUTCHMAN** INTO THE **GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE** – AND **US** WITH IT!

HOW MANY MORE OF 'EM ON BOARD?

THREE OR FOUR. UP ON THE BRIDGE WITH THE CAPTAIN.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN HERE, BUT BETTER START MOVING PASSENGERS TO THE **LIFE PODS**. USE THE LOWER DECK PODS SO YOU WON'T BE SEEN.

AS SOON AS YOU HEAR ANY GUNFIRE, THAT'S YOUR CUE.

RIGHT, SIR!

COME ON, PEOPLE! GET MOVING!

GRAND HALL IN SIGHT, SEPTICK!

SET COURSE STRAIGHT FOR IT! FULL SPEED AHEAD!

AND GIMME THAT FLARE!

FOOOSH!

CURSE YOU, MEGA-CITY, FOR THE WAY YOU'VE TREATED US!

CURSE YOU, JUDGES, FOR THE EVIL YOU'VE DONE!

WE'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO REMEMBER US BY! HA HA HA HA

DROKK! SET THE SAILS ON FIRE!

BLAM!

AAAAH!

A STINKIN' JU- AAHHH!

BLAM! BLAM!

YOU CAN'T STOP THE FLYIN' DUTCHMAN NOW, NORMO! SHE'S GOIN' DOWN — AN' THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE WITH HER!

ANTI-GRAV MOTOR'S JAMMED!

HALL OF JUSTICE

UNDERGROUND

NOTHING I CAN DO NOW!

H-WAGON! I COULD USE SOME HELP HERE!

WILCO! STAND BY...

JUMP!

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT

KERRRABBOOOOM!

GRAND HALL'S HARDLY DAMAGED!

THEY PICKED A TOUGH TARGET. AFTER THE LAST ONE GOT BLOWN UP, WE MADE SURE THIS ONE WOULD STAND UP TO DIRECT NUCLEAR ATTACK.

CREEPS SHOULD'VE KNOWN –

CRIME IS NEVER PLAIN SAILING!

DREDD

NEXT PROG: LETTER FROM A DEMOCRAT.

JUDGE DREDD

LETTER FROM A DEMOCRAT

ON THE AIR

Dear Gort,
when you read this you'll know I'm dead. Sorry to break it so bluntly, but you know me. Subtle as a brick.

OUR NEXT GUEST ON THE BREAKFAST SHOW IS *POP STAR – VID STAR – AUTHOR* – AND GENERAL COOL GUY ABOUT TOWN, **ROMEO HEPP.**

I know you've always thought I take things too seriously.

"Relax. Stop worrying. There's no point fighting. You can't beat Justice Dept." That's your motto, isn't it, Gort?

ROMEO, HOW MANY WOMEN WOULD YOU SAY YOU'VE LOVED?

I'M BISHOP DESMOND SNODGRASS, ACTUALLY.

Well, I can't live like that anymore.

THE STUDIO HAS TWO SECURITY DROIDS. READY TO TAKE 'EM?

CHECK!

CHECK!

STUDIO B

YOU OKAY, HESTER?

A LITTLE NERVOUS. I'LL COPE.

RIGHT. LET'S **DO** IT!

FZAAAKK!

DEMOCRACY!

SECURITY

I don't know when I first began to think of taking action...

...I suppose it was that time when we were picnicking in the block park and little Simson threw his ball and it hit that judge...

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING T FRAME

We both went white. Remember, Gort - remember how afraid we were ? How helpless we felt ?

He let Simson off with a caution, thank God. But suddenly I had a vision... a vision of little Simson and baby Gort, growing up in a world like ours...
...Afraid to talk. Afraid to move. Afraid to do anything. Always knowing the judges were there, watching, waiting to pounce.

BURKE

And that's not the life I want for our boys, Gort.

NOBODY MOVE! NOBODY GETS HURT!

OH MY GOODNESS!

IT'S HAPPENING LIVE ON THE BREAKFAST SHOW...!

SHADDUP!

YOU! KEEP THAT CAMERA ROLLING OR MISS CUTESY-CUTESY GETS SCRAMBLED BRAINS FOR BREAKFAST!

HESTER! READ THE MESSAGE!

WE, THE MEMBERS OF THE **DEMOCRATIC TENDENCY**, BELIEVE THE TIME HAS COME TO STAND AGAINST THE **TYRANNY** OF THE **JUDGES**!

IT IS TIME TO REMOVE POWER FROM OUR SELF-ELECTED OVERLORDS AND RETURN IT WHERE IT BELONGS — **IN THE HANDS OF THE PEOPLE**!

WE DEMAND A NEW **CHARTER** FOR THE CITIZENS OF MEGA-CITY ONE...

TERRORIST ATTACK, CHANNEL 48!

ONE - AN IMMEDIATE RETURN TO DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES. THE PEOPLE MUST CONTROL THE JUDGES! THE JUDGES SHOULD NOT CONTROL THE PEOPLE!

ATTENTION ALL UNITS VICINITY 48 BUILDING! HOSTAGE SITUATION IN PROGRESS!

CHANNEL 48

DREDD RESPONDING!

9TH FLOOR! STUDIO B!

COMMIE

LOADA RUBBISH! SWITCHA CHANNEL!

THREE - A REPEAL OF THE HARSH PENALTIES FOR MINOR INFRINGEMENTS -

Fido

THE **DEMOCRATIC TENDENCY** HAVE TAKEN THIS ACTION WITH GREAT RELUCTANCE. WE HAVE HURT NO ONE. WE ARE MERELY TRYING TO STAND UP FOR THE PRINCIPLES OF FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY.

PICTURE'S GONE. JUDGES ARE JAMMING US!

DOESN'T MATTER! WE GOT OUR MESSAGE ACROSS!

YOU IN THERE! RELEASE THE HOSTAGES AND SURRENDER OR WE COME IN SHOOTING!

WHAT DO WE DO?

PRACTISE WHAT WE PREACH. WE PUT IT TO A VOTE.

I'm not the only one who feels this way. There are others. People who aren't afraid to fight for their ideals.

WE'VE TALKED THIS ALL OVER. IF WE SURRENDER, IT'S ALL BEEN POINTLESS. WE'LL BE FORGOTTEN TOMORROW. WE **HAVE** TO DIE.

All those Tuesdays you thought I was at the Welfare Club, we were meeting - planning...

AGREED. NO SURRENDER.

NO SURRENDER.

...and today those plans will bear fruit.

PEOPLE ONLY REMEMBER **MARTYRS.** WE DIE.

NO EXIT

YOU WANT US, HITLER, COME AND GET US !

DONE.

AAAAAAHH !

DEMOCRACY OR...

...DEATH...

BLOCK UK

WE FOUND THIS LETTER ON YOUR WIFE'S BODY. WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HER INVOLVEMENT WITH THE DEMOCRATS ?

I-I'D NO IDEA...

SHE TOLD ME TO WATCH THE BREAKFAST SHOW THIS MORNING. I-I DIDN'T KNOW WHY UNTIL... UNTIL...

SHE WASN'T A BAD WOMAN, JUDGE DREDD. SHE JUST HAD THESE CRAZY, MIXED-UP IDEAS...

THEN LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU, CITIZEN. DEMOCRACY'S NOT FOR THE PEOPLE.

CONTROL! RECKON GORT HYMAN'S IN THE CLEAR.

BETTER KEEP A CLOSE EYE ON THE TWO BOYS, THOUGH. NO TELLING WHAT BAD HABITS THEY'VE PICKED UP FROM THEIR MOTHER.

ONE BAD APPLE, EH? WILCO.

Am I wrong, Gort, leaving you and the boys when you need me most? And for what – a futile gesture?

If I am, please forgive me. But you see, darling, somebody's got to speak up. Somebody's got to start the ball rolling or things will never change.

Kiss the boys goodbye for me. Tell them I loved them. There's nothing I would have liked better than to stay and watch them grow up.

CITY MORGUE

But what kind of mother could stand by and see her babies grow up into frightened, beaten people like us?

Goodbye, Gort. Your loving wife, Hester

NEXT PROG: **THE FALUCCI TAPE!**

JUDGE DREDD

WE WERE OUT ON THE TAP, ME AN' **HERMAN** AN' **DIRTY JOHN.** HANGIN' OUT ROUND THE SKED WHEN WE SEE THIS GINK PEDDIN' UP.

P.V.C

GINK DON'T LOOK LIKE HE'S PACKIN' SO DIRTY JOHN SAYS LEAVE HIM BE. BUT KNEEPAD – THAT'S WHAT HERMAN CALLS HISSELF, THE **KNEEPAD KID** – KNEEPAD'S ALL FOR GIVIN' HIM THE BOP ANYWAY.

HEY, GINK!

!!!

WHISKY GOLF ME

CREMOLA! YOU'VE HURT HIM BAD, KNEE!

GINK HURT HISSELF. SHOULDN'TA FELL LIKE THAT.

KNEEPAD'S GONE REAL MEAN SINCE THE JUDGES PICKED HIM UP ON SUS. I MEAN, SIX LOUSY HOURS, MAN, AN' HE DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'. THAT'S ENOUGH TO TURN ANY GUY.*

UNNFFF!

*See 1984 Annual – TMO.

CRAKKK!

WHAT'S HE GOT, SONNY?

USUAL DREKK. FIFTY CASH – REST'S ALL PLASTIC.

AND THIS...

JUST A TAPE SLUG.

CHEAPSKATE GINK! TOLD YA HE WASN'T WORTH TAPPIN'!

SCRIPTS T B GROVER
ART CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING T. FRAME

SO ANYWAY. WE BEAT IT. AIN'T TOO SMART TO HANG AROUND A POTENTIAL STIFF...

...ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU HEAR A JUDGE'S LAWMASTER APPROACHING.

TAP VICTIM.

OR WAS.

DREDD TO CONTROL! WE GOT ONE FOR THE MEAT WAGON, SKED ROW. NAME OF **SELWYN FALUCCI**, APARTMENT 1804, DEREK HATTON BLOCK.

DEFINITE TAP VICTIM. BETTER SEND FORENSIC DOWN AS WELL.

DREDD

PERPS PROBABLY LONG GONE. I'LL CHECK FALUCCI'S APARTMENT.

WE PICKED UP A COUPLA SYNTHI-PIZZAS AN' A TEN-PACK AND HEADED BACK TO DIRTY JOHN'S MOPAD.

84 CREDS, SON.

PIZZ HOVEL

THAT'S MORE'N WE STOLE!

CRAKK!

WHISTLE FOR IT, ELDO!

DIRTY JOHN'S FOLKS ARE IN THE CUBES FOR POISONING HIS GRAN. SOME KIND OF INSURANCE SCAM, I THINK. SO WE GOT THE PLACE PRETTY MUCH TO OURSELVES.

CLANG CLANG

WATCHA GOT THERE, SONNY?

SLUG WE TOOK OFF THE GINK.

LET'S SEE WHAT KINDA SOUNDS DEAD GINKS LISTEN TO.

Potato Chips

OH, VANCE! IT'S BEEN SO LONG! KISS ME!

I'M SORRY, DARLING. YOU KNOW HOW IT IS. WE'VE BEEN ON 24-HOUR SHIFTS AT THE SECTOR HOUSE.

SOME KINDA CRUMMY **SOAP OP**! GET IT OFF!

SHUDDUP!

WHO D'YA THINK YOU'RE PUSHIN', SONNY MOKOLINO?

SHUDDUP AN' **LISTEN!**

THE SLUG WAS REAL CRACKLY. YOU COULD ONLY JUST MAKE OUT WHAT THEY WAS SAYIN'. BUT I CLICKED REAL QUICK.

I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS, VANCE! NEVER KNOWING WHEN I'M GOING TO SEE YOU! ALWAYS MEETING IN SECRET! IT MAKES ME FEEL SO... DIRTY!

WHY CAN'T YOU JUST COME RIGHT OUT AND TELL THEM?

YEAH, AND THAT WOULD BE THE END OF JUDGE VANCE SLADEK!

JUDGE SLADEK! HEY, THAT'S THE RAT THAT DID YOU ON **SUS**, KNEE!

WHAT'S **HE** DOIN' ON A SOAP OP?

THIS AIN'T NO SOAP, DIMBO! THIS IS FOR **REAL**!

JUDGE **SLYDOG** SLADEK'S GOT HISSELF A GIRLFRIEND!

DEATH TO ROCK

1800-1

1804

S.FALUCCI

'COURSE KNEEPAD WANTED TO SEND THE SLUG STRAIGHT TO THE JUDGES. HE HATED THAT **SLYDOG** LIKE CRAZY.

CONTROL! I'M IN THE FALUCCI APARTMENT. GOT SOME SORT OF RADIO MONITORING DEVICE IN HERE. SEND UP A TEK SQUAD.

JUDGES AIN'T ALLOWED TO HAVE GIRLFRIENDS, SEE. JUSTICE DEPT GET ONE WHIFF OF YOLANDA BABY AN' SLYDOG'S OFF THE FORCE. LIKE HIS FEET DON'T TOUCH THE GROUND, MAN!

DON'T BE DUMB, KNEE! THERE'S **CREDS** IN THIS!

LONG AS WE GOT THIS, SLYDOG SLADEK BELONGS TO US! WE SAY JUMP, HE JUMPS – OR WE SEND IT STRAIGHT TO THE CHIEF CHEEZ!

BLACKMAIL! YOU BETCHA!

NEXT PROG: **THE SQUEEZE!**

RAMON NAVARRO BLOCK, MEGA-CITY ONE. . .

SLADE

RAP! RAP!

21 B Y. FALUCCI

CITIZEN YOLANDA FALUCCI, I BELIEVE YOU MAY BE ABLE TO HELP ME WITH MY ENQUIRIES.

YOU'D BETTER COME IN, JUDGE.

THAT JUDGE IS NEVER AWAY FROM HER DOOR!

IT'S HARASSMENT. THAT'S WHAT IT IS! POOR WOMAN!

YOU'RE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE, CITIZEN.

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

THE CHARGE IS THEFT.

ITEM: ONE HEART.

MINE.

SCRIPT T.B GROVER
ART CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING T FRAME

JUDGE

JUDGE DREDD

ONCE ME AN' KNEEPAD AN' DIRTY JOHN HAD DECIDED ON BLACKMAILING SLYDOG SLADEK, WE HAD TO FIGURE THE BEST WAY OF GOING ABOUT IT.

PARKING ONLY

HELLO, JUSTICE CENTRAL...?

BEEJY BEETZ

CLOSED

I MEAN, YOU DON'T JUST PED UP TO A JUDGE IN THE STREET AN' SAY: HEY, LAWMAN, I GOT A TAPE SLUG OF YOUR BIG LOVE SCENE WITH YOUR SECRET POOPSIE!

WANNA SPEAK TO JUDGE SLADEK.

SLADEK'S UNAVAILABLE. WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM, CITIZEN?

IT'S JUST BETWEEN ME AN' SLADEK. LISTEN, GIVE HIM A MESSAGE...

TELL HIM TO MEET ME IN ONE HOUR, CORNER OF BONAR AN' SKED. TELL HIM I GOT SOME VERY IMPORTANT INFO.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, CITIZEN?

KLIK!

NO NAMES.

RECKON HE'LL SHOW, SONNY?

HE BETTER, IF HE KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD FOR HIM.

OL' KNEEPAD, HE'S CRAZY, MAN. I MEAN, HERE WE ARE WITH A GENUINE **JUDGE** IN OUR POCKETS AN' HE'S STILL KNEEIN' PAY PHONES.

CHINNGG!

GUESS OLD HABITS DIE HARD.

I'VE GOT BAD NEWS, VANCE. MY EX-HUSBAND SELWYN – HE'S FOUND OUT ABOUT US.

HOW ?

I DON'T KNOW. HE PHONED ME – SAID HE'S GOT SOME KIND OF EVIDENCE.

BUT WHY ? WHAT DOES OUR RELATIONSHIP MATTER TO HIM ?

YOU DON'T KNOW HIM, VANCE. HE'S A JEALOUS MAN. HE CAN'T STAND THE THOUGHT OF ANYONE ELSE HAVING ME.

ANARKO

GRUD! IF EVEN A WHISPER ABOUT US GETS BACK TO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, I'M FINISHED !

WOULD THAT BE SO BAD, VANCE ? AT LEAST WE COULD COME OUT IN THE OPEN – BUILD A REAL LIFE TOGETHER, LIKE NORMAL PEOPLE.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, YOLANDA. I'M **NOT** NORMAL. I'M A JUDGE.

GRUD KNOWS, I LOVE YOU. YOU'VE SHOWN ME A NEW SIDE OF LIFE – ONE I NEVER DREAMED EXISTED.

BUT NO MATTER HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU, I CAN'T STOP BEING WHAT I AM. IT'S **PART** OF ME.

SELWYN'S VICIOUS. IF HE'S GOT EVIDENCE, HE'LL USE IT.

DON'T WORRY. **I'LL** TALK SOME SENSE INTO SELWYN.

S. FALUCCI

GRUD KNOWS, I LOVE YOU. YOU'VE SHOWN ME A NEW SIDE OF LIFE –

UN

OK

HOUSE

RECORD

...WORRY. I'LL TALK SOME SENSE INTO SELWYN.

WHAT'S GOING ON ?

OCCUPANT WAS KILLED BY MUGGERS EARLIER TODAY. ROUTINE INVESTIGATION TURNED THIS UP. CREEP'S BEEN **BUGGING** SOMEONE'S APARTMENT.

TEK

DREDD

SHOULDN'T BE DIFFICULT. PRETTY CRUDE SET-UP.

SIMPLE TRIANGULATION'LL DO IT.

OKAY. LET ME KNOW.

TEK

TEK

WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, GET A VOICE PRINT DONE ON THIS.

WHY HAVE YOU BEEN OFF THE AIR, SLADEK ?

DISCREET SURVEILLANCE. DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO CALL IN.

OKAY, GIVE ME THE DETAILS.

MAKE SURE YOU DO NEXT TIME.

GOT A MESSAGE FOR YOU. INFORMANT CALLED, WANTS A MEET. WOULDN'T GIVE A NAME.

WE DECIDED DIRTY JOHN SHOULD MAKE THE MEET. HE'S GOT THIS POWERBOARD, SEE. AIN'T MUCH GOOD ON IT, BUT AT LEAST IT'D KEEP HIM OUT OF SLYDOG SLADEK'S REACH.

WHAT IF HE DON'T BUY IT, SONNY ?

HE COULD BOOK ME – **SHOOT** ME, EVEN!

RELAX, DIRT! HE DON'T DARE! 'COS WE'RE SITTIN' HERE WITH THE TAPE, RIGHT?

SLYDOG DOES EXACTLY WHAT HE'S TOLD OR IT GOES TO THE CHIEF CHEEZ AN' HE'S STREETMEAT.

YEAH... I GUESS...

NOW YOU KNOW WHAT YOU GOTTA SAY?

YEAH, YEAH. WIRED TO MY BRAIN.

GO GET HIM, DIRTY!

SLADEK

SO THERE'S ME AN' KNEEPAD, ALREADY COUNTIN' THE CREDS. I MEAN, THIS WAS PRIMO SCAMMO, MAN. WE HAD THAT JUDGE BY THE MAIN ZIP AN' WE WAS GONNA HOLD ON TILL HIS EYES WATERED.

LITTLE DID WE KNOW DIRTY JOHN WOULDN'T BE COMIN' BACK.

NEXT PROG: **THE PRICE OF LOVE!**

RAMON NAVARRO

JUDGE DREDD

TEKS HAVE LOCATED THAT **BUG**, DREDD! APARTMENT 21B, RAMON NAVARRO BLOCK. REGISTERED TO A MRS Y. FALUCCI.

FALUCCI — ANY RELATION TO THE DECEASED?

EX-WIFE. DIVORCED THREE YEARS AGO.

SCRIPT T.B GROVER
ART CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING T.FRAME

CITIZEN FALUCCI. I'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS TO ASK.

Y-YOU'D BETTER COME IN, JUDGE.

ANOTHER JUDGE! THEY SHOULD LEAVE THAT POOR WOMAN ALONE!

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU SAW YOUR EX-HUSBAND?

A...A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO. WHY?

WE FOUND HIS BODY THIS MORNING. TAP VICTIM.

SELWYN... DEAD!

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?

THIS...

YOUR **EX** HAS BEEN **BUGGING** YOUR APARTMENT, CITIZEN FALUCCI. **I WANT TO KNOW WHY!**

I GUESS OUR BIG MISTAKE WAS UNDERRATING A JUDGE. ME AN' KNEEPAD AN' DIRTY JOHN, WE'RE JUST STREET PUNKS, REALLY.

WE GOT A LITTLE LUCK, STARTED GETTING BIG IDEAS. BUT THE FACT OF IT WAS, WE JUST WASN'T IN THE SAME LEAGUE.

YOU CALLED ME, SON?

LISTEN TO THIS.

OH, VANCE! IT'S BEEN SO LONG! KISS ME!

YOLANDA AND ME!...

WHERE'D YOU GET THIS, CREEP?

SOME GINK WE TAPPED. WHAT'S THE DIFF? HE'S DEAD AN' I'M HERE.

AN' IN CASE YOU GET ANY IDEAS, THAT'S JUST A COPY. MY PALS HAVE GOT THE ORIGINAL SOMEPLACE SAFE. ANYTHIN' HAPPENS TO ME AN' THAT TAPE GOES STRAIGHT TO CHIEF CHEEZE SILVER!

SO WHAT DO YOU WANT?

FIFTY THOUSAND CREDS, FOR STARTERS.

YOU'RE CRAZY! I'M A JUDGE – I'VE GOT NO MONEY!

THEN GET SOME. BY THIS TIME TOMORROW – OR YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A NEW JOB.

SO SELWYN'S DEAD! THIS CREEP AND HIS FRIENDS ARE MY PROBLEM NOW.

IF I TAKE HIM IN, THAT'S IT. IT'S ALL OVER...

WHAT THE HELL! THEY'RE MURDERERS AND BLACK-MAILERS. THEY'VE GOT IT COMING ANYWAY –

WE THOUGHT WE'D COVERED ALL THE ANGLES. NEVER FIGURED SLYDOG WOULD JUST UP AN' START POPPIN' ANYWAY –

YOU WANT PAID?

HERE'S YOUR FIRST AND LAST INSTALMENT!

BAM!

I CAN JUST PICTURE DIRTY JOHN'S FACE WHEN THE BULLET WENT IN. BIT OF A SICKENER. MAN, HE PROBABLY CURSED US ALL THE WAY TO RESYK.

SLADEK TO CONTROL! ONE FOR THE MEAT WAGON, BONAR AND SKED.

GIMME ALL YOU GOT ON A **JOHN DOUNREAY**, MOPAD L0413. CHECK FOR KNOWN ASSOCIATES.

JOHN DOUNREAY, AKA "DIRTY JOHN". CURRENT MOPAD TOURING GRID, SKEDWAY LOOP.

USED TO LIVE WITH PARENTS, NOW SERVING 15 APIECE, ISO-BLOCK 65.

KNOWN ASSOCIATES: SONNY MOKOLINO, HERMAN SHERMAN – AKA "THE KNEEPAD KID"

MOKOLINO DID JUVE TIME WITH DOUNREAY. SHERMAN'S BEEN IN ON SUS, BUT WE COULDN'T PIN ANYTHING ON HIM.

OKAY. AM ADOPTING RADIO SILENCE. BE IN TOUCH.

CONTROL! I'M AT THE APARTMENT OF MRS YOLANDA FALUCCI. SHE'S CONFESSED UNDER INTERROGATION TO A **RELATIONSHIP** WITH **JUDGE VANCENT SLADEK.**

SLADEK – PITY. HE'S A GOOD JUDGE.

WAS. BETTER CALL HIM IN.

NO CAN DO. HE'S ON SILENT RUNNING. WILL CONTACT AS AND WHEN.

YOUR EX-HUSBAND HAD RECORDING EQUIPMENT SET UP. HE SAY ANYTHING ABOUT A **TAPE**?

NO. HE DID SAY HE HAD EVIDENCE, THOUGH. I SUPPOSE THAT WOULD BE IT...

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO VANCE? WILL HE... GO TO THE CUBES?

NO, HE'LL BE DISMISSED FROM THE FORCE. PROBABLY EXILED FROM THE CITY.

THEN I'LL GO WITH HIM! YES, WE'LL START AFRESH! IT WILL ALL BE SO DIFFERENT, NOT HAVING TO HIDE OUR LOVE! IN THE END, THIS WILL ALL HAVE BEEN FOR THE BEST.

CONTROL – THEY FIND ANY SIGN OF A TAPE SLUG IN THE FALUCCI CASE?

NEGATIVE. NOTHING ON THE BODY OR IN THE APARTMENT. SOMETHING INTERESTING, THOUGH –

FORENSIC TOOK A GENETIC SPECTROGRAM OF DANDRUFF FOUND ON FALUCCI'S BODY. IT BELONGS TO ONE **SONNY MOKOLINO**...

MOKOLINO JUST HAPPENS TO BE ONE OF THE CREEPS SLADEK WAS CHECKING ON BEFORE HE WENT ON SILENT.

THE **STIFF** HE LEFT US IS ONE OF MOKOLINO'S KNOWN ASSOCIATES.

DROKK! THEN THE MUGGERS MUST HAVE GOT THE FALUCCI TAPE – TRIED TO BLACKMAIL SLADEK. IT ALL FITS!

IS SOMETHING WRONG?

YEAH! YOUR BOYFRIEND MAY HAVE JUST LET LOVE GO TO HIS HEAD!

CONTROL! GOT ANY IDEA OF MOKOLINO'S WHEREABOUTS?

NO FIXED ABODE. KNOWN TO HANG OUT AT **MOPAD LO413**, CURRENTLY LOOPING THE SKED.

I'M HITTING THE SKED NOW. I'LL COVER THE MOPAD. GET UNITS TO ADDRESSES OF ALL KNOWN ASSOCIATES OF MOKOLINO.

WE GOT A POSSIBLE ROGUE JUDGE ON OUR HANDS!

SO WHEN ME AN' KNEE HEARD THIS THUMP UP ON DECK, WE FIGURED IT WAS DIRTY JOHN. WE SHOULDA BEEN SO LUCKY.

CREMOLA! SLYDOG!

WHERE'S THE **TAPE**, DIRTBAG?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE - **AHHHH!**

KNEE!

IT WAS COLD-BLOODED MURDER. KNEE DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE.

'COURSE, NOBODY TOOK NO NOTICE. I MEAN, JUDGE SHOOTIN' A JUVE - COULDN'T BE ANYTHIN' MORE NATURAL.

THE TAPE!

I-I'LL GET IT!

BA

I KNEW HE WAS GOING TO KILL ME TOO. I HAD TO DO SOMETHING...

HERE IT IS!

BUT WHEN I TRIED TO JUMP HIM...

BLAM!

STUPID PUNK!

P-PLEASE, JUDGE! YOU GOT THE SLUG! I WON'T TELL NOBODY!

DAMN RIGHT YOU WON'T!

FOR THE CRIMES OF MURDER AND BLACKMAIL I SENTENCE YOU TO –

SLADEK!

SPANG!

PUT 'EM ON, SLADEK. YOU'RE FINISHED!

DREDD

AN' THAT'S ABOUT IT, JUDGE DREDD.

OKAY, MOKOLINO. YOU'LL BE GIVEN COPIES OF THIS STATEMENT TO SIGN. JUST A FORMALITY.

HEY, JUDGE, 25 YEARS IS A BIT STIFF. I BEEN STRAIGHT WITH YOU. ANY CHANCE OF A REDUC –?

FLAKE OFF!

A DAY LATER JUDGE SLADEK IS FLOWN OUT TO BEGIN HIS **20** ON **TITAN**—

THEY WERE SCUM, DREDD. THEY DESERVED TO DIE. I WAS ONLY DOING MY JOB.

TROUBLE IS, SLADEK, YOU DID IT FOR **PERSONAL** REASONS. THAT MAKES IT **MURDER.**

WHAT ELSE COULD I DO? I COULDN'T STOP BEING A JUDGE.

YOU STOPPED BEING A JUDGE THE MOMENT YOU BROKE REGS WITH THE FALUCCI WOMAN.

"TWENTY YEARS ON TITAN. WAS **LOVE** WORTH **THAT**, SLADEK?"

OH, YES. IT WAS WORTH IT. THAT AND MORE.

BUT I GUESS THAT'S SOMETHING **YOU'LL** NEVER UNDERSTAND.

NEXT PROG · **GRIBLIGS!**

JUDGE DREDD

GRIBLIGS

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART B KITSON
LETTERING T FRAME

IN A BUSY SECTOR HOUSE SQUADROOM –

NAME'S **ANWAR DUGLAN**. STEWARD ON THE SPACELINER **LARVIK**. CAUGHT HIM TRYING TO PEDDLE A BAG OF VI SLUGS.

VI SLUGS – VIOLENT VIDEOS BANNED UNDER MEGA-CITY LAW.

OFF-WORLD MANUFACTURE. PRETTY ROUGH STUFF, DUGLAN.

TORTUR THE ALIEN WA

101 ACTUAL KILLINGS

HOW TO DISEMBOW A CLOSE FRIE

THEY WERE FOR PERSONAL USE ONLY! I SWEAR IT!

LYING LITTLE RAT! **PERJURY'S** GONNA GET YOU ANOTHER **TWO**!

CREM! GO EASY, YOU GUYS! LOOK – I'LL COOPERATE...

...LET ME OFF AN' I'LL GIVE YOU THE **JUICE** ON THE REST OF 'EM! THERE'S **LOTS** OF RACKETS OPERATIN' ON THE **LARVIK**.

LIKE?

LIKE THE CAPTAIN – HE'S **RUNNIN' PERPS**! I MEAN IT! TWO OR THREE EVERY TRIP OUT!

INTERESTING. GO ON.

SECTOR HOUSE

THAT IT?

YEAH – NO!

THERE'S THE 3RD ENGINEMAN, **HUD PRIESTLEY**. HE'S SMUGGLIN' IN SOME KIND OF **ANIMAL**.

WHAT KIND OF ANIMAL?

SEVERAL OF THE LARVIK'S CREW ARE NAMED IN DUGLAN'S ALLEGATIONS, UNTIL –

I DUNNO. LITTLE FURRY THINGS.

HE HAD TWO OF 'EM, IN CAGES. HE TRIED TO HIDE 'EM, BUT I SAW.

DUNNO WHAT THEY WAS BUT THEY WASN'T LEGAL. HE DIDN'T HAVE AN IMPORT LICENCE.

OKAY, I'VE GIVEN YOU THE JUICE – NOW HOW ABOUT LETTIN' ME **WALK OUT** OF HERE?

THE ONLY PLACE YOU'RE WALKING IS THE **CUBES**, CREEP!

AND CONSIDERING YOU MUST'VE KNOWN ABOUT THIS STUFF FOR A LONG TIME, YOU CAN DO AN EXTRA THREE YEARS FOR **WITHOLDING EVIDENCE**.

MOVE!

HUD! YOU'RE BACK!

ONLY GOT A COUPLE DAYS' LEAVE, I'M AFRAID.

SHIP'S DOWN FOR A SOLAR SYSTEM CRUISE.

WHAT'VE YOU GOT WITH YOU?

A PRESENT. SOMETHING YOU'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE. SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL...

OH! AREN'T THEY **GORGEOUS!**

THEY'RE **GRIBLIGS.**

I PICKED THEM UP ON **PLEXUS.** AS FAR AS I KNOW, THEY'VE NEVER BEEN SEEN IN THIS SYSTEM BEFORE.

THEY'LL EAT JUST ABOUT ANYTHING AND THEY'RE VERY INTELLIGENT. THEY LOVE DOING TRICKS. WATCH THIS –

CHEEE CHUP!

HERE YOU GO, **CLEOPATRA** –

CHEEEEEEE

CHUP!

HOW SWEET!

THIS IS THE MALE. I CALL HIM **NELSON.**

CHEEE CHEEE

HE SEEMS VERY AGITATED ABOUT SOMETHING...

LITTLE ROGUE WANTS TO JOIN CLEO!

SORRY, NELSON! NO TELLING **WHAT** TRICKS YOU'D GET UP TO, EH?

OW!

HA HA!

TEMPERAMENTAL LITTLE GUY!

THEY'RE AMAZING, HUD! SO... HUMAN! JUST LIKE LITTLE PEOPLE!

JUST DON'T EVER PUT THEM TOGETHER - OR YOU'LL HAVE A LOT **MORE** LITTLE PEOPLE THAN YOU BARGAINED FOR!

CHEEE CHEEE!

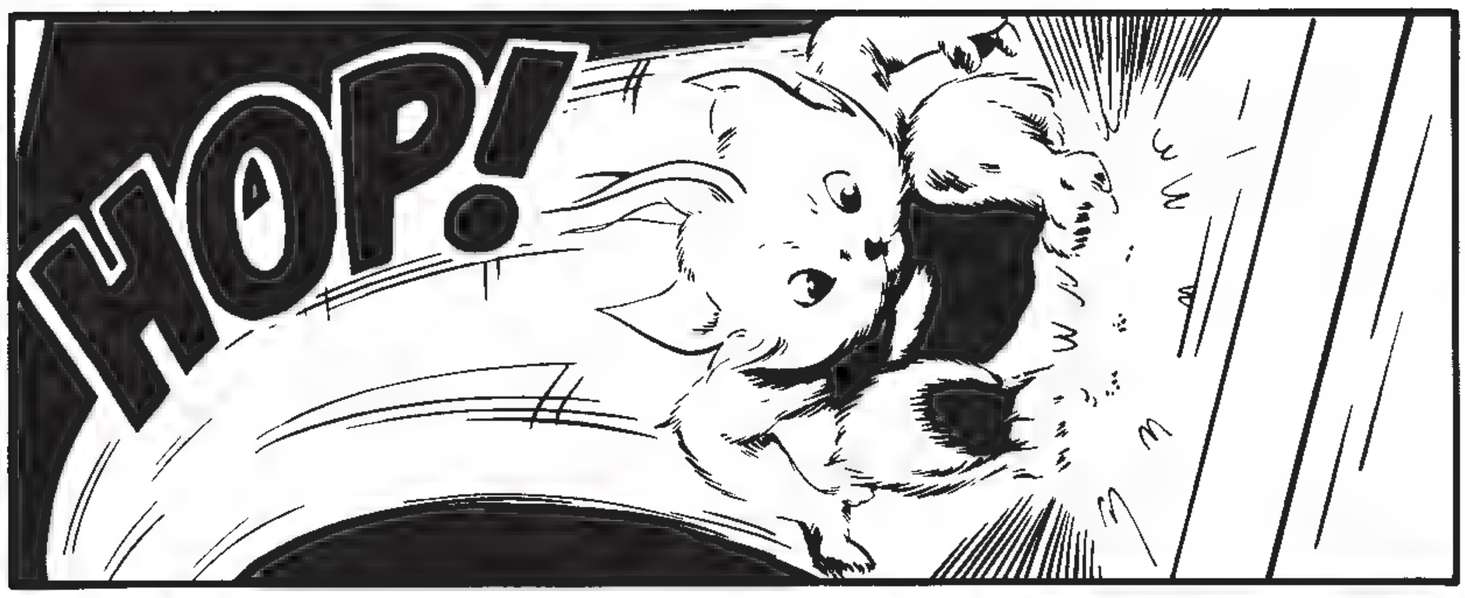
CHUP!

CHEEE-E-E-E

CHUP! CHUP!

SCRIT SCRIT

PING!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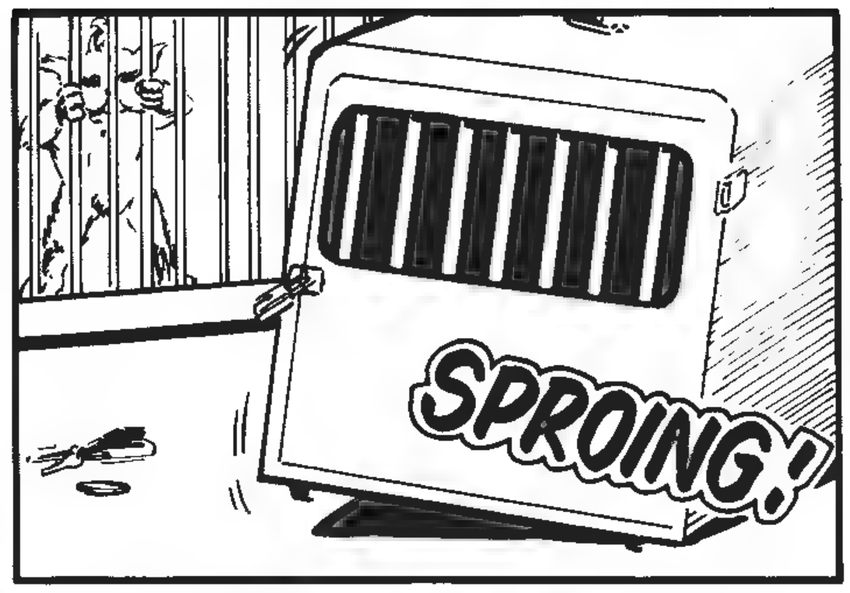
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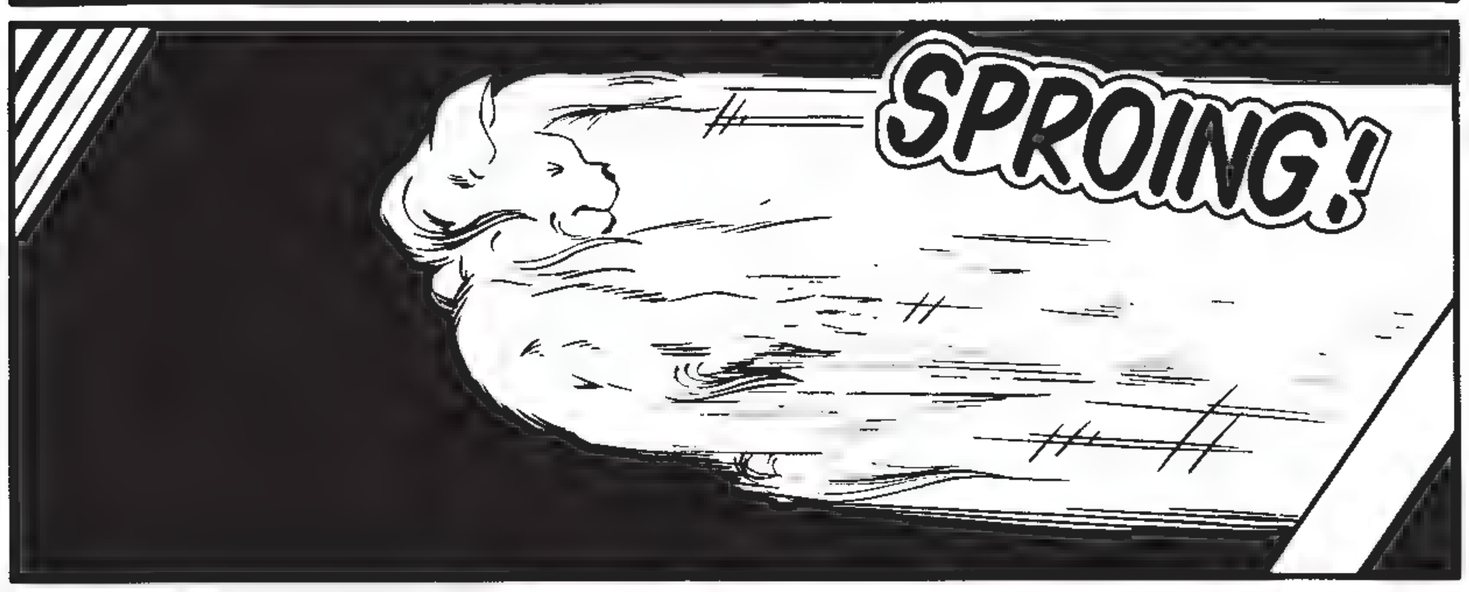
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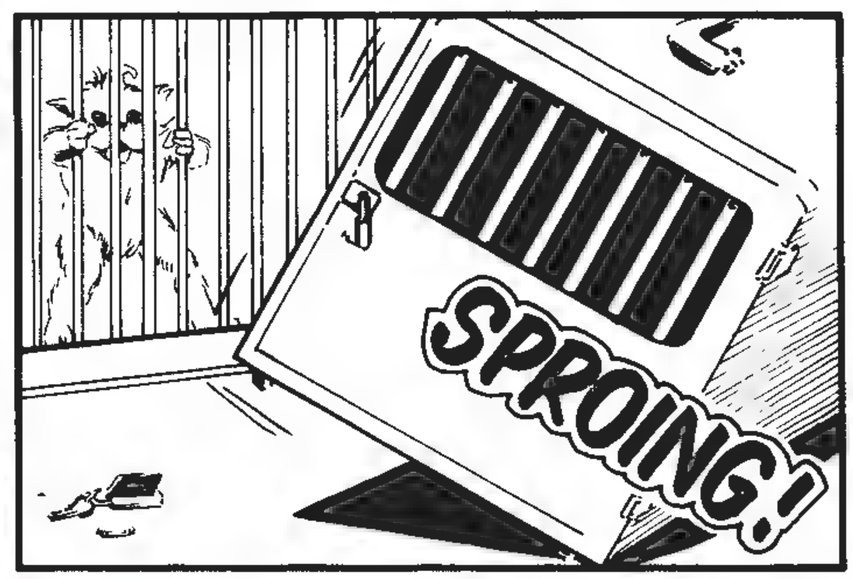
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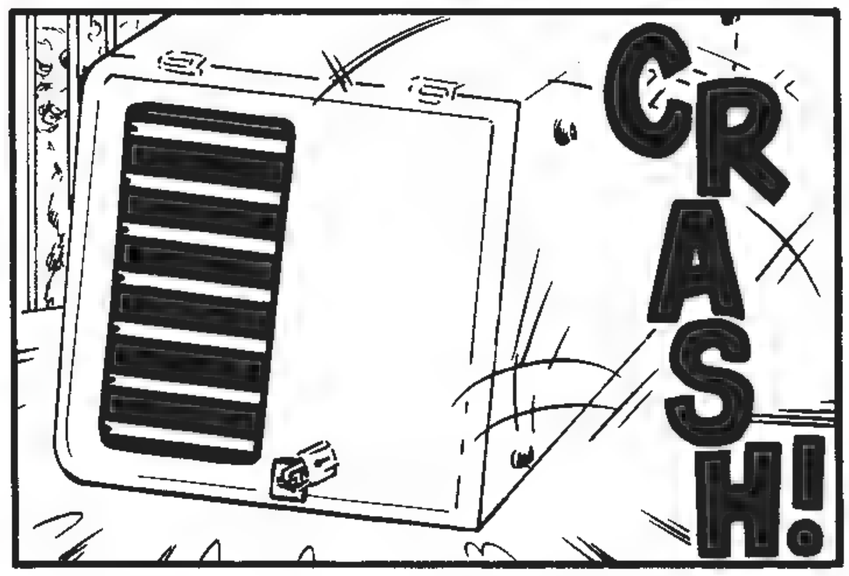
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ASH!

CHEE CHEE CHEEE!
NEXT PROG: THE NELSON TOUCH!

GRIBLIGS

PART 2

LARVIK

CAPTAIN **JAMES KRIK**, I'M **ARRESTING** YOU ON A CHARGE OF **PERP RUNNING**. ANYTHING YOU SAY WILL DO YOU NO GOOD AT ALL.

YOU CAN'T ARREST HIM! THE SHIP'S DUE **OUT** DAY AFTER TOMORROW!

GODBER, STEWARD – SMUGGLING – **THREE YEARS.**

SOUZIER, ASSISTANT PURSER – SHORTCHANGING – **THREE YEARS.**

MAGOO, ENTERTAINMENTS OFFICER – RUNNING AN ILLEGAL LOTTERY – **TWO YEARS.**

RAND, NAVIGATOR – BIGAMY – **NINE MONTHS** EACH **COUNT**... MAKING A TOTAL OF **TEN AND A HALF YEARS.**

THEN YOU'LL NEED A NEW PILOT. YOU'LL ALSO NEED SOME NEW CREW –

MOLEY! THE WIVES'LL **KILL** ME!

SCRIPT ROBOT T B GROVER | ART ROBOT BARRY KITSON | LETTERING ROBOT TOM FRAME

HUDRICK PRIESTLEY, 3RD ENGINEMAN?

ON **LEAVE**. COULDN'T TELL YOU WHERE, THOUGH. GOT A GIRL IN EVERY PORT, HAS HUD.

OKAY, I'LL KEEP A CUBE WARM. LET ME KNOW SOON AS HE SHOWS.

MORNING. ***VESTA CHOWMAIN'S*** *APARTMENT –*

HOLY ANNA-!

THE **GRIBLIGS** – THEY'VE GOT LOOSE. THEY'VE **BRED!**

B-BUT *SO* MANY – *SO* **SOON!**

CHUP CHUP!

CHEE CHEE!

I TOLD YOU, VESTA – THEY BREED LIKE FLIES!

CHEE CHEE!

CHUP CHUP!

JUDGE DREDD

AREN'T THEY CUTE?

CUTE, NOTHING! THEY'RE GONNA GET US BOTH IN THE **CUBES**!

I DIDN'T HAVE AN **IMPORT LICENCE**! ANYONE GETS WIND OF THEM, THE JUDGES WILL LOCK US AWAY FOR YEARS!

THEY GOTTA GO!

WHUPP!

CHUP!

HUD!

BAD NELSON! BAD CLEO!

HOW HORRIBLE! STOP—

SLASH

CHEEEEE

OH MY GRUD— VESTA!

CHEE CHEE CHUP CHUP

VESTA, SPEAK TO ME!

CHEE CHEE

CHEEEEE

CHUMP

YAAH!

CHEEE

CHEE

CHEE

CHEE

CHEEE

IT IS SEVERAL WEEKS BEFORE **JUDGE DREDD** IS CALLED TO THE CHOWMAIN APARTMENT –

THE NOISE IS TERRIBLE! SHE MUST HAVE SOME KIND OF **ANIMAL** IN THERE!

GET BACK ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS, CITIZEN. I'LL HANDLE THIS.

DROKK!

SLAM!

CHEE CHUP

CHEE

CHUP

CHEE CHUP

CHEEEE

CHUP

CHEE

CHUP

CHUP

DREDD CHECKS THE BODIES –

ONE OF THE DEAD IS **HUDRICK PRIESTLEY,** CONTROL – THIRD ENGINEMAN ABOARD THE **LARVIK.** GUESS THAT CLEARS UP THE LARVIK CASE.

THE ANIMALS SEEM FRIENDLY ENOUGH, BUT I RECKON THEY'VE BEEN FEEDING ON THE BODIES.

GOT ANY IDEA WHAT THEY ARE?

ANIMALS IDENTIFIED AS **GRIBLIGS.** A SEMI-INTELLIGENT SPECIES FROM PLEXUS. THEY'RE DESCRIBED AS SOCIABLE, OMNIVOROUS, BREED LIKE WILDFIRE.

CAN'T RISK THEM GETTING LOOSE IN THE CITY. BETTER SEND IN **PEST CONTROL.**

SOON — BETTER STAY IN THERE TILL IT'S OVER, DREDD. USE YOUR RESPIRATOR.

GAS

PITY. LIKEABLE LITTLE CREEPS... BUT THEY'VE GOTTA GO.

FSSSHHH

CHEEE

HAK HAK

CHUPPP

CHEE CHEE CHEE

CHEE CHEE CHUP

CHUP CHUP

SPLISH

CHUP

CHEE

SPLOSH

WHAT THE—?

ZZINNGG

SPROING!

FLOOSH!

DROKK! NEVER FIGURED ON THIS ESCAPE ROUTE!

WHEN THE GAS CLEARS —

SMART LITTLE DEVILS! YOU RECKON THEY'LL SURVIVE?

WHO KNOWS? WE'LL ORDER RODENTINE GAS PUMPED IN —

— BUT THERE'S AN AWFUL LOT OF **SEWER** DOWN THERE.

IT IS A MONTH BEFORE THE FIRST **GRIBLIG** IS SPOTTED LOOSE IN THE CITY —

Shhh Drop

SPANNG

PTOW

THE **GRIBLIGS** ARE HERE TO **STAY!**

THE END.

I KNEW TODAY WAS GONNA BE A WASH-OUT THE MOMENT I GOT UP. MY PET RAT HAD LEFT A MESSAGE IN MY BOOTS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANT BUT IT WASN'T GOOD MORNING – NOT UNLESS YOU SPELT IT "**SQUISH**".

I'D A 9 A.M. **CONTRACT** TO DO OVER IN **DON NEIL** BLOCK, SO I KITTED UP AND HOVVED ON OVER...

SHAFTY

DONALD NEIL BLOCK

SAP WAS DOWN FOR A SIMPLE ARM FRACTURE. THAT WOULD MAKE MY 834TH. YOU MIGHT SAY I'M GETTIN' TO BE A BIT OF A **BONE SPECIALIST.**

YES? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

THE NAME'S **MARLOWE.** I'M A **PRIVATE EYE.**

THE "EYE" STANDS FOR **INTIMIDATOR.** THAT'S MY JOB. INTIMIDATIONS CARRIED OUT, DISCRETION GUARANTEED.

NUHHHHH!

NUHHH YOURSELF, SCUMBO!

THE JOB ON HIS NOSE WASN'T WHAT I WAS BEIN' PAID FOR. STILL, I COULD AFFORD TO THROW IT IN FOR FREE. I LIKE TO DO A SERVICE.

AAAAH!

THE MESSAGE IS "PAY UP BY THURSDAY, LOUIE, OR NEXT TIME IT'S **THE BIG SLEEP**".

THAT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU, PAL?

SURE! IT MEANS YOU'RE AN IDIOT! **I AIN'T LOUIE – LOUIE LIVES NEXT DOOR!**

THE **BIG SLEEP** PART 1

JUDGE DREDD

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING T FRAME

I'D GOT THE NUMBER WRONG. WHAT THE HELL – GUY COULD HAVE THAT ONE ON ME

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, PAL – THAT'S A **THOUSAND CRED JOB** YOU GOT THERE. ABSOLUTELY **FREE.**

101L

I WENT NEXT DOOR AND CHECKED THE NUMBER KEAL GOOD THIS TIME DIDN'T WANT TO HAVE TO MAIM HALF THE BLOCK BEFORE I GOT TO THIS ELUSIVE LOUIE –

101M

RICKY FON '93

THIS TIME I DISPENSED WITH THE FORMALITIES. I WAS RUNNIN' LATE –

SCH!

CRA

THAT'S WHEN MY DAY TOOK A DEFINITE DIVE –

BADAM BADAM!

AAAGH!

SPAT!

UNGHH!

C'MERE!

FORGET THE FRACTURE — THIS CLOWN WAS GOIN' ALL THE WAY!

MOM

BLOCK
BLERIOT
SLOUS

NOBODY PUTS A SLUG IN FLIP MARLOWE!

DREDD TO CONTROL! JOB FOR THE MEAT WAGON, DONALD NEIL. PROBABLE **LEAPER.**

THEN AGAIN, LEAPERS USUALLY **OPEN** THE WINDOW BEFORE THEY JUMP.

CORRECTION, CONTROL! THIS LOOKS LIKE **MURDER.**

SEND DOWN A FORENSIC SQUAD. AM INVESTIGATING.

DONALD NEILL

NOBODY LASTS LONG IN THIS GAME MAKING MISTAKES —

—AND I'D JUST MADE TWO...

BLOOD!

DONALD NEILL

MA2

HEADING TOWARDS THE HOVER PORT!

DONALD NEILL

HOVER PORT

YOU! HOLD IT!

BLAM!

AHHH!

VRMMMMMMMMM

BLAAM!

THUG!

CONTROL! PERP ON **OMOPOD**, HEADING EAST THROUGH SECTOR. PROBABLE LINK WITH THE LEAPER. GET AN H-WAGON AFTER HIM.

WILCO!

I WALKED RIGHT INTO THAT ONE. THREE SLUGS IN ME, AND ALL FOR A ROUTINE BONE JOB. I KNEW IT WAS GONNA BE A BAD DAY.

BUT IT WASN'T JUST THE DAY. SOMETHIN' ELSE WAS BAD – THIS **WHOLE JOB!**

LOUIE HAD BEEN WAITING FOR ME – WAITING TO GIVE ME THE **BIG SLEEP**. WHY? HOW DID HE KNOW I WAS COMING?

WHO'D TIPPED HIM OFF?

99

I WAS DYING. I KNEW IT. BUT BEFORE I WENT I WAS GOING TO GET SOME ANSWERS.

NEXT PROG:
HERRY KERRY!

H-WAGON! WE'VE SIGHTED YOUR PERP, DREDD! WON'T BE EASY TO TAKE HIM ALIVE.

DEAD'LL DO!

CREM! THEY'RE ONTO ME!

JUDGE DREDD

THE BIG SLEEP PART 2

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING T FRAME

I DIVED FOR STREET LEVEL AND HUGGED THE CROWDS.

IT'S ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES GUYS IN MY LINE HAVE OVER THE JUDGES. THEY'RE BAD NEWS, OKAY, BUT THEY'VE STILL GOT TO BE A LITTLE CAREFUL ABOUT ICING **INNOCENT CITS**.

ME, I GOT NO SUCH QUALMS.

IF I HADN'T BEEN CARRYIN' THREE **SLUGS** I MIGHT EVEN HAVE ENJOYED IT!

AAAHHH!

Cam

I LOST THEM IN THE PEDWAYS UNDER THE INTERSECT.

I KNEW WHAT I HAD TO DO AND I KNEW I HAD TO DO IT FAST. I WAS PRACTICALLY BAILING BLOOD FROM THE POD.

WE'VE LOST CONTACT!

I FIGURED I HAD MAYBE TEN MINUTES LEFT BEFORE **THE BIG SLEEP**.

AT **DONALD NEIL BLOCK** –

CONTROL HERE, DREDD. CREEP WAS REAL TRICKY. H-WAGON LOST HIM.

BETTER PUT OUT AN **APB**, CONTROL. ALERT THE HOSPITALS. HE WAS WOUNDED. HE'LL NEED HELP.

YOU GET A GOOD LOOK AT YOUR ATTACKER, CITIZEN?

N-NO. I WAS TOO BUSY GETTIN' MY BONES BROKE. HE... HE WAS WEARING A POD SUIT – WITH ONE OF THOSE PIG HELMETS.

DREDD

HE READ OUT THIS MESSAGE – "PAY UP BY THURSDAY, LOUIE"...

...I TOLD HIM, I AIN'T LOUIE. LOUIE LIVES NEXT DOOR. HE DIDN'T SEEM TO **CARE** WHAT HE'D DONE TO ME!

HIRED MUSCLE, I'D SAY – AND NOT VERY **SMART** MUSCLE AT THAT.

YOU WERE LUCKY TO GET AWAY WITH YOUR LIFE. FOR THE RIGHT PRICE **SCUM** LIKE HIM WILL DO ANYTHING – TO ANYBODY.

QUESTION IS, WHAT DID YOUR **NEIGHBOUR** DO TO EARN A VISIT FROM A **PRIVATE INTIMIDATOR**?

*I FIGURED I'D DROP IN ON **HERRY** UNEXPECTED, JUST IN CASE HE HAD ANY MORE MOVES UP HIS SLEEVE –*

CRASH!!!

AAAH!

YOU SET ME UP, DIDN'T YOU, HERRY?

ME? DON'T BE CRAZY! I AIN'T JUST YOUR AGENT – I'M YOUR PAL! I WOULDN'T SEND YOU ON NO SLEEPWALK!

DON'T **LIE** TO ME! IT **HAD** TO BE YOU!

THUD! THUD! THUD!

BOZO WAS **WAITIN'** FOR ME WITH AN ARSENAL! **YOU** BOOKED ME THE JOB, HERRY! **YOU** WERE THE ONLY ONE KNEW WHEN I WAS GONNA BE THERE.

IT-IT'S NOT TRUE! YOU GOTTA BELIEVE ME, FLIP!

BALL'S IN YOUR COURT, HERRY! I STOP BANGING WHEN YOU STOP LYIN'!

THUNGG!

THUNGG!

ALL RIGHT! FOR MERCY'S SAKE—

SO I DID SET YOU UP. I HAD MY REASONS. YOU WERE GETTIN' TOO HARD TO CONTROL, FLIP. TOO RECKLESS. YOU WERE MAKING MISTAKES AND THAT'S BAD.

MAKING MISTAKES... I COULDN'T ARGUE WITH THAT. I TOLD HIM ABOUT BREAKING THE WRONG GUY'S ARM...

SEE WHAT I MEAN, FLIP? YOU'RE OVER THE HILL. YOU'RE A DANGER TO ALL OF US THAT'S WHY I HAD TO DO IT.

YOU UNDERSTAND THAT, DON'T YOU, FLIP?

AAAAGH!

SURE, HERRY, I UNDERSTAND.

UNDERSTANDING'S ALWAYS BEEN ONE OF MY STRONG POINTS.

NOT THE SHREDDER! NO, FLIP!

ON
OFF

WHIRRRRR

AAAHHHHH

I GOT IN THE POD AND HEADED FOR HOME, BUT I KNEW I WAS NEVER GOING TO MAKE IT.

TOO...WEAK TO CONTROL IT...!

IT'S FUNNY. ALL THOSE YEARS OF BREAKING BONES AND HURTING PEOPLE, I GUESS YOU'D SAY I WAS A PRETTY NASTY KIND OF GUY.

BUT YOU KNOW, AS DEATH RUSHED UP TO MEET ME, THERE WAS ONLY ONE THOUGHT IN MY MIND...

WONDER WHO'S GONNA FEED MY PET RAT...?

FACE OFF

AND A GUY WHO LOVES HIS RAT CAN'T BE ALL BAD.

CONTROL TO DREDD! WE JUST DUG ONE **FLIP MARLOWE** OUT OF A POD SMASH ON THE SKED. HE'S GOT TWO OF YOUR BULLETS IN HIM.

THAT'S THE **NEIL BLOCK KILLER.** SEE IF YOU CAN GET ANY LEADS ON WHO HIRED HIM.

ANY POINT ME COMING OVER ?

NOT UNLESS YOU WANT TO SEE A GOOD MESS. CREEP BROKE EVERY BONE IN HIS BODY.

NO MORE THAN HE DESERVED.

NEXT PROG: **IT PAYS TO BE MENTAL!**

IT PAYS TO BE MENTAL

HI!

WE'VE ONLY JUST MET BUT ALREADY I BET YOU'RE WONDERIN' HOW A NORMAL, ORDINARY, EVERY-DAY SORT OF JUVE LIKE **ME** MANAGES TO STAY BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL IN A PLACE LIKE MEGA-CITY ONE..?

HOW I KEEP **SMILIN' THRO'** WHEN ALL AROUND ME IS **GLOOM** AND **DESPOND**..?

THE ANSWER'S SIMPLE, MY FRIENDS...

I'M **MENTAL**.

I MEAN, YOU'VE GOTTA BE, HAVEN'T YOU? 'LEAST THAT'S WHAT MY **SHRINK** TELLS ME. THAT'S WHY I'M WALKIN' FREE AN' NOT CUBED UP BY THE LIKES OF **OLD STONEYFACE** THERE.

YOU - C'MERE!

DREDD

YOU JERK YOUR THUMB?

YES, SIR.

WHAT FOR? WHAT ARE YOU **SMILING** AT? SEE SOMETHING FUNNY?

NO, SIR.

UP AGAINST THE WALL.

HERE WE GO AGAIN! IF I'VE BEEN FRISKED ONCE, I'VE BEEN FRISKED A THOUSAND TIMES!

THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH HAVIN' A SUNNY DISPOSITION - YOU STICK OUT LIKE A **SORE THUMB**.

NOT THAT I MIND. ALL PART OF LIFE'S RICH PAGEANT, ISN'T IT?

WHO'RE YOU TALKING TO?

THEM.

WHO?

THEM - OUT THERE...

PUNK'S GOT A PROBLEM.

JUDGE DREDD

SCRIPT T.B.GROVER
ART Q.TWERK
LETTERING STARKINGS

"ANYWAY, LIKE I WASN'T SAYIN', THERE'S A SECRET TO EVERYTHING, AND THE SECRET TO DEALIN' WITH THE JUDGES IS TO **STAY CLEAN** — OR HAVE A GOOD **EXCUSE**. ME, I'VE GOT A GOOD **EXCUSE**."

WHAT'S THIS?

THE BEARER OF THIS CARD IS MENTAL

MENTAL, HUH?

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR. CERTIFIED CLASS D, FAIRLY HARMLESS. RELEASED TO COMMUNITY CARE.

ALL RIGHT — GET ON YOUR WAY. DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU JERKING YOUR THUMB AGAIN.

AND WIPE THAT SMILE OFF YOUR FACE!

I'M JUST OFF TO SEE MY SHRINK NOW. COME ON ALONG. HE'S WORTH SEEIN', BELIEVE ME.

J. PEYCOCK REGD. SHRINK

YOU ARE **ALONE**?

NO, YOU'RE WITH ME.

YOU VERE NOT **FOLLOWED**?

ZEY ARE AFTER ME! ZEY ARE CLOSING IN! MY **PATIENTS** – YOU ARE ZE ONLY VUNS I CAN TRUST NOW!

I **CAN** TRUST YOU, JA?

SURE.

GUT! GUT!

MY SHRINK'S A VERY DEPRESSED GUY. HE'S ALSO **PARANOID**. BUT IN ***THIS*** CITY, THAT'S NORMAL. I'M THE ONE THAT'S SICK.

WHO ARE YOU TALKINK TO?

THEM.

NO! THEY'RE OVER THERE NOW!

I SEE. YOU ARE GETTINK VORSE!

THE ACCENT'S PHONEY, BY THE WAY. HE THINKS IT MAKES HIM SOUND LIKE **ZIGGY FREUD** OR SOMEBODY. THAT WAY HE CAN CHARGE HIS PATIENTS DOUBLE.

NO SKIN OFF MY SHIN – THE **CITY** PAYS FOR ME.

VOT I FAIL TO UNDERSTAND, MY BOY, IS VOT YOU HAF TO BE SO CHEERFUL **ABOUT**? YOU ARE **POOR** – **UNEMPLOYED** – **UNVANTED** – AN INSIGNIFICANT PIECE OF **FLOTSAM** DRIFTING VITHOUT PURPOSE IN THIS ENDLESS SEA OF HUMANITY!

IF YOU VERE DEPRESSED – DESPERATE – JA! THAT I UNDERSTAND! THAT I CAN TREAT! BUT YOU – ZIS **HAPPY** ALL ZE TIME! IS NOT ***NORMAL!***

LISTEN... I VANT YOU TO DO ZE **EXERCISE** FOR ME. GO OUT, **HURT** YOURSELF... FALL DOWNSTAIRS OR SUMSINK—

NEIN! BETTER STILL, TAKE A **VALK** THROUGH ZE **ROUGH** PART OF TOWN. GET YOURSELF **MUGGED**! BADLY **INJURED**, PERHAPS!

YOU MUST LEARN TO COME TO TERMS VITH ZE **ROTTEN** SIDE OF LIFE!

SURE THING, DOC!

SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD IDEA TO ME. BUT THEN, I'M **MENTAL**.

WELL, HERE I AM DOWN ZE ROUGH PART OF TOWN. IT'S A **CINCH** GETTIN' MUGGED ROUND HERE. 'FACT, HERE COME A COUPLE OF LIKELY TYPES RIGHT NOW..!

HI THERE, FELLA!

PUNY LITTLE WIMP LIKE YOU SHOULDN'T BE WANDERIN' ROUND HERE ALONE! DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S **DANGEROUS**..?

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO, SMALLFRY?

OH... NOBODY!

C'MON. LET'S TAKE HIM!

HERE WE GO!

LOOK! WIMP'S GOT A **MENTAL** CARD!

GOT ONE OF THESE AN' YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH ANYTHIN'!

GIMME!

GET YOUR PICKIN' MITTS OFF –!

HEY! CAN'T WE GET ON WITH THE MUGGING?

URRRRRRRR!

CREM! I'VE KILLED HIM!

YOU SAW IT ALL! CAN'T LEAVE NO WITNESSES – YOU GOTTA **DIE**!

I'M GAME!

AHHHH!

SAVED BY A FALLING **BATGLIDER**! HAPPENS TO ME ALL THE TIME! GUESS IT'S ALL PART OF BEING MENTAL.

CRUNK!

VROOOM!

YOU AGAIN, HUH?

YOU NUTS GET ABOUT.

WELL, HE'S ACCEPTED MY STORY, BUT IT DOESN'T SOLVE MY PROBLEM. I STILL HAVEN'T MANAGED TO GET MYSELF **MUGGED.**

STILL, IF THE **LAWBREAKERS** AREN'T UP TO THE JOB, YOU CAN **ALWAYS** RELY ON THE **LAW**...

...THAT'S RIGHT, CONTROL – THREE OF THEM. LOOKS LIKE THE BATGLIDER HAD A HEART ATTACK.

YOU **GOTTA** BE JOKING!

UNFFF!

WHAPP!

YOU CAN TAKE "**MENTAL**" TOO FAR, CREEP. SICK TICKET OR NOT, **YOU'RE DOIN' TIME!**

I WAS ON SHRINK'S ORDERS!

THEN THE CATCH WAGON CAN STOP AND PICK **HIM** UP TOO!

NEIN! NEIN! LET ME GO! I HAF DONE NOTHINK!

I KNEW ZEY VERE VATCHING ME! I KNEW! NOW ZEY VILL TORTURE ME! I VILL NEFER SEE ZE LIGHT OF DAY AGAIN!

YOU! YOU PUT ZEM UP TO IT! YOU BETRAYED ME! MY OWN PATIENT! DIDN'T YOU? *DIDN'T YOU?*

YES.

AAAAHHHHHHHH

SO MY SHRINK WAS RIGHT ALL THE TIME.

JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU HE REALLY **IS** NORMAL. AND I MUST REALLY BE CRACKED.

STILL, POOR GUY! HE'S GOING TO HAVE A **TERRIBLE** JOB SERVING HIS TIME!

ME, I'LL BREEZE IT! I MEAN, I'M AN OPTIMIST!

TO ME, EVERY NEW DAY'S A NEW EXPERIENCE, AND EVERY NEW EXPERIENCE HAS GOT ITS BRIGHT SIDE — EVEN THE CUBES.

I KNOW IT'S A STRANGE WAY OF LOOKIN' AT THINGS...

... BUT IN THIS CITY, IT **PAYS** TO BE MENTAL!

NEXT PROG: ***RUMOURS CAN KILL!***

JUDGE DREDD

HANK WANGFORD UNDERBLOCK

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
Q. TWERK
LETTERING
T FRAME

CLEAR THE WAY!

KRAK!

BLAM!

DROKK! A STONING!

SPIGGY TOPES!

CUT IT OUT, CREEPS! NEXT ONE THROWS A STONE IS GOING TO EAT IT — POSTHUMOUSLY!

THE ECHOING ROAR OF THE LAWGIVER BRINGS THE MOB TO ITS SENSES —

SWEET ANNA! WH-WHAT HAVE I DONE?

IT - IT'S ROVER JOHNSON!

LET'S GET OUTTA HERE – **AAH!**

BADAAM!

BADAAM!

FLAT ON THE 'CRETE – ALL OF YOU!

NOBODY LEAVES TILL THE CATCH WAGON GETS HERE!

CONTROL! GOT A STONING VICTIM. ONE ROVER JOHNSON, APT 113D, HANK WANGFORD. HE NEEDS A MED-SQUAD – PRONTO!

FIGURED YOU'D NEED IT ANYWAY. IT'S COMIN' WITH THE CATCH WAGON!

YOU! WHAT WERE YOU STONING HIM FOR?

I-I DON'T KNOW, SIR.

WHAT D'YOU MEAN? YOU'RE BOUNCING ROCKS OFF SOME SAP'S SKULL AN' YOU DON'T KNOW **WHY**?

I...I HEARD SOMETHIN'... HE DID SOMETHIN'. OR SOMETHIN'.

DO **ANY** OF YOU KNOW WHY YOU DID THIS?

SUIT YOURSELVES! WE'LL GET OUR ANSWERS DOWN AT THE SECTION HOUSE!

VROOM!

INSIDE, JACKASS!

INTENSIVE INTERROGATION FOLLOWS –

ROVER JOHNSON HAD IT COMIN'! HE WAS A BAD GUY. HE'D DONE BAD THINGS.

WHAT BAD THINGS?

I DUNNO... THERE WERE RUMOURS. THE WHOLE BLOCK KNEW.

KNEW **WHAT**, CREEP?

YOU KNOW – ROVER JOHNSON HAD IT COMIN'!

SO WHEN DID YOU FIRST HEAR THERE WAS GOING TO BE A STONING?

YESTERDAY MORNING, DOWN IN THE GOSSIPERIA. I FIGURED, WELL, I'M NOT DOIN' ANYTHING TOMORROW, MIGHT AS WELL GO ALONG...

NO, I DIDN'T KNOW ROVER JOHNSON PERSONALLY. BUT I DID HEAR SOME PRETTY UNPLEASANT THINGS!

BE SPECIFIC.

WELL, THERE WAS... HE... I... I'M NOT SURE, REALLY. RUMOURS — AND NOT VERY NICE ONES!

SO WHERE DID YOU GET THE ROCKS?

NOT ROCKS. CANS. PINEAPPLE, ACTUALLY.

CHUNKS?

NO, SLICES.

I GOT THE CHUNKS HERE.

DREDD

INCREDIBLE! 44 CITIZENS CONSPIRE TO COMMIT MURDER - AND NOT ONE OF 'EM CAN COME UP WITH A DECENT REASON **WHY**!

MAYBE THE VICTIM CAN SHED A LITTLE LIGHT ON THE MATTER.

ROVER JOHNSON IS NO HELP WHATSOEVER —

SHOMED BAY

I NEVER DID ANYTHING TO THEM, JUDGE DREDD! I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY PICKED ON ME!

EVER DO ANY "BAD" THINGS?

NO - NEVER! I'VE LED A BLAMELESS LIFE - ALWAYS TRIED TO BE A GOOD CITIZEN, DO THINGS RIGHT! AND **THIS** IS WHAT THEY DO TO ME!

LIE DETECTOR CHECKS HIM OUT. THE WORST THING ROVER EVER DID WAS TAKE THAT WALK THROUGH THE UNDERBLOCK!

SOME KIND OF **MASS HYSTERIA** – IT'S THE ONLY EXPLANATION.

GRUD KNOWS WHO STARTED THE FIRST RUMOUR – BUT THESE THINGS HAVE A WAY OF SNOW-BALLING OUT OF ALL PROPORTION. IT'S A KIND OF RELEASE FOR BLOCK TENSION. IT WAS JUST JOHNSON'S BAD LUCK HE WAS SINGLED OUT AS THE TARGET.

THESE THINGS ALSO HAVE A WAY OF **SPREADIN'** TO **OTHER** BLOCKS. IF WE'RE NOT CAREFUL, WE'RE GONNA HAVE A **SPATE** OF STONINGS ON OUR HANDS!

CONTROL! I WANT A TOTAL NEWS BLACKOUT ON THE WANGFORD STONING! MAKE SURE ANY FURTHER RUMOURS ARE STAMPED ON – AND **FAST**!

WE CAN'T RISK A WORD OF THIS GETTING OUT. TELL THE **PSYCHO CUBES** THEY GOT 44 NEW ADMISSIONS ON THEIR WAY – **BRAINWASHING**!

CORRECTION – MAKE THAT 45.

I ALMOST FORGOT ROVER JOHNSON!

NEXT PROG: **ZOMBIES!**

JUDGE DREDD

AGG BIO
DREDD TO CONTROL! EMERGENCY SQUADS REQUIRED! WE GOT A FIRE AT AGG BIO!
SCRIPT T.B. GROVER
ART C. ROBINSON
LETTERING T. FRAME

DROKK! CREEP'S HOLDIN' A ZOMBIE BARBEQUE!
001 505
001 507
001 502
001 509
DREDD

HOLD IT, YOU!

001
600

AAAH!

NAME: THOMAS ZEDD

AGE: 53

OCCUPATION: FORMER ZOMBIE KEEPER AT AGG BIO.

PRESENT POSITION: BLEEDING TO DEATH ON THE ZOMBIE DORM FLOOR.

FUNNY...WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT THREE SHORT MONTHS AGO THAT **ZOMBIES** WERE WORTH **DYING** FOR...!

HE'D BEEN ALL BRIGHT-EYED AND EAGER. 53 YEARS OLD AND HIS FIRST CHANCE AT A JOB. **TOMMY ZEDD** WASN'T GOING TO LOUSE IT UP.

THIS IS THE **MAIN DORM.** A LARGE PART OF YOUR TIME WILL BE SPENT HERE, LOOKING AFTER YOUR CHARGES. THEY'RE QUITE INCAPABLE OF DOING ANYTHING FOR THEMSELVES.

WILL WE HAVE TO WEAR THESE SUITS ALL THE TIME, DIRECTOR?

YES. IT'S MOST IMPORTANT THAT OUR OWN BACTERIA DON'T SPREAD CONTAMINATION.

001 509

THIS IS RICK HUDSEN WARD, ONE OF OUR PRIMARY DISEASE UNITS. HERE WE'RE INVESTIGATING THE EFFECTS OF A NEW DRUG ON VARIOUS STAGES OF **WRIGLEY'S DISEASE**, OR **DEADLY THROAT BLOAT** AS IT IS COMMONLY KNOWN.

I SEE SOME OF YOU LOOKING SQUEAMISH. DON'T BE. THESE AREN'T HUMANS – THEY'RE **GENETICALLY MUTATED LAB ANIMALS**, NOTHING MORE.

DOESN'T IT HURT THEM?

ZEDD

GOOD QUESTION. THE ANSWER IS **NO.**

THEIR **BRAINS** ARE **TINY**, LARGE ENOUGH ONLY TO PERMIT BASIC MOTOR AND BODILY FUNCTIONS. THEY ARE TOTALLY **INSENSITIVE** TO **PAIN**. THEY HAVE NO THOUGHTS, NO FEELINGS, NO PERSONALITY. IN A WORD – **ZOMBIES.**

002 173

NO, WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT ZOMBIES WERE WORTH DYING FOR? CERTAINLY NOT **TOMMY ZEDD**, AS HE WENT ABOUT HIS DUTIES...

C'MON, EAT UP, DUMMY!

002 782

HE WAS DETERMINED TO MAKE A GO OF IT, KEEP HIS NOSE CLEAN...

THINK OF THEM LIKE SLABS OF MEAT, THAT WAS THE SECRET.

IT WAS WHILE HE WAS NURSING IN THE RAD-WARD. NUMBER 073 – HE REMEMBERED IT CLEARLY...

IN ITS DEATH THROES IT HAD TURNED ITS SIGHTLESS FACE TO HIM AND ITS HAND HAD STRETCHED OUT, GRIPPED HIS WRIST –

– AND SQUEEZED.

THIS ONE'S DEAD.

DID YOU SEE THAT – IT SQUEEZED MY HAND!

DIRECTOR KRAY

LIKE IT WAS TRYING TO **TELL** ME SOMETHING...!

DON'T BE ABSURD. JUST A **MUSCLE SPASM**.

BUT FROM THAT DAY, TRY AS HE MIGHT, TOMMY ZEDD COULD NO LONGER SEE HIS CHARGES AS MERE **MEAT**. THEY HAD BECOME... HUMAN.

EAT UP, STEVE. GOT TO KEEP YOU HEALTHY.

HEALTHY FOR **WHAT**? SO **AGG** CAN PUMP THEM FULL OF DISEASE! WATCH AND TAKE NOTES AS THEY ROT AWAY!

IT'S NOT RIGHT! IT'S NOT!

AND, INEVITABLY, HIS WORK SUFFERED —

AGG THOUGHT WE WERE DOING THE CITY A FAVOUR, HIRING HUMANS TO DO ROBOTS' WORK. EVIDENTLY WE WERE WRONG.

AGGBIO

YOU'VE ALLOWED YOURSELF TO BECOME EMOTIONALLY INVOLVED WITH YOUR ZOMBIES. I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE EVEN GIVING THEM **NAMES** NOW.

WELL, WE CAN'T HAVE IT. THAT KIND OF ATTITUDE IS NO USE TO US. YOU'RE **FIRED**.

DIRECTOR

HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN GLAD TO GET OUT OF THAT TORTURE FACTORY, BUT HIS CONSCIENCE WOULDN'T LET HIM FORGET...

AGG BIO

...WHAT TERRIBLE THINGS WERE THEY DOING TODAY TO DAVE AND STEVE...? WHAT DISEASE WERE THEY INJECTING INTO SIMON – OR GIL – OR BARRIE –?

HE HAD TO RELEASE THEM FROM THIS OBSCENITY. FAR BETTER THEY DIE DECENTLY – QUICKLY.

GOODBYE, YOU GUYS!

SORRY – BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY!

*TROUBLE WAS, TOMMY ZEDD HADN'T FIGURED ON DYING **HIMSELF** –*

GOT TO GET HIM OUT OF HERE...

LUCKY IT'S NIGHT. ONLY ROBOT STAFF ON DUTY.

EMERGENCY SQUADS ARRIVE ON THE SCENE —

FIRE TEAMS! IGNORE THE LAB! JUST MAKE SURE THE FIRE DOESN'T SPREAD!

YOU'RE GOING TO LET IT BURN?

THERE'S HALF A HUNDRED DANGEROUS DISEASES HELD IN THERE. THE ONLY **SAFE** COURSE IS TO **INCINERATE** THEM.

HE'S DEAD. NAME'S **THOMAS ZEDD** — FORMER ZOMBIE KEEPER. **AGG** GAVE HIM THE BOOT A COUPLE OF DAYS BACK.

SO HE THOUGHT HE'D GET EVEN, HUH?

NO. IT WASN'T THAT.

IT WASN'T THAT AT ALL.

001 50¢

002 50¢

001 50¢

THE END.

JUDGE DREDD

HE'D BEEN WALKING FOR FOUR YEARS.

1000:

SCANNERS SHOW SOMETHIN' COMIN' OUT OF THE SOUTHERN RAD-ZONES!

MORE THAN A MILLION PACES, AND EVERY ONE OF THEM TORTURE... EVERY FIBRE OF HIS BODY SCREAMING FOR RELIEF.

-250:

HUMANOID. HIGH **RAD** READING. HEADIN' STRAIGHT FOR US!

SHUFFLING, SHAMBLING... FORCING HIMSELF UP EVERY TIME HE FELL. BITING BACK THE PAIN...

-125:

MUTANT – IT'S GOTTA BE!

...THE EXPLOSIVE PAIN!

-50:

GRUD! LIKE NONE **I'VE** EVER SEEN!

HE'D BEEN WALKING FOR FOUR YEARS – AND NOW HE WAS HERE. NOW HE WOULD GIVE THEM WHAT HE OWED THEM!

THAT'S FAR ENOUGH!

THIS CITY IS **OFF-LIMITS** TO **MUTANTS**! TURN ROUND AND GET LOST – OR FACE THE CONSEQUENCES!

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING
T FRAME

HE'S COMING ON!

BAD CHOICE.

LASE-GUNNER... CRIPPLE SHOT—

FIRE!

BUT AS THE DEADLY BEAMS LANCE ROUND HIM—

HE'S... CATCHIN' THEM!

ABSORBING THEM—

RETURNING THEM!

BAAM

EVERY TIME HE DID IT, HE HURT EVEN MORE. HE WANTED TO LIE DOWN AND DIE...

BUT HE'D COME SO FAR — AND NOW HE WAS SO CLOSE. HE HAD TO IGNORE THE PAIN JUST A LITTLE LONGER.

AGAIN, HE STRUGGLES TO CONTROL THE TERRIBLE THING THAT IS HAPPENING INSIDE HIM—

AND UNLEASH IT!

BLAM!

DROKK! HE'S IN!

ALL UNITS VICINITY WEST GATE! MUTANT BREAK-IN!

CREEP'S GOT SOME KIND OF EXPLOSIVE POWER. OBSERVATION ONLY – DO NOT FIRE!

BLAM!

BLAM!

REPEAT: DO NOT FIRE!

BADAM!

CONTROL! I NEED A COUPLE OF MANTAS! AND GET A PSI DOWN HERE – YOUR BEST EMPATH!

WE GOT A WALKIN' BOMB ON OUR HANDS!

NOT FAR NOW. JUST KEEP WALKING...

KEEP WALKING.

MANTA TO DREDD! **STUM GAS** ISN'T FAZIN' HIM! WANT US TO TRY THE HEAVY GUNS?

YOU'LL DIE IF YOU DO! SEE HOW **RIOT FOAM** GRABS HIM!

THE FOAM SETS ROCK-HARD ON CONTACT —

BADAAM!!

NO GOOD! HE'S BLASTIN' FREE!

PULL BACK! MAINTAIN OBSERVATION!

EMPATH COREY REPORTING, SIR!

OKEE

WHAT THE HELL **IS** IT?

IF I KNEW, YOU'D STILL BE ON YOUR SLEEPMACHINE!

GET BUSY!

*THE **EMPATH'S** MIND REACHES OUT, PROBING... TOUCHING...*

MERGING WITH THE VERY MIND OF THE MONSTER —

IT WAS A FINE DAY IN SOUTH-SECTOR 3. IKE NOBEL WAS TAKING CHAMP AND THE KIDS FOR A JOG ROUND THE PLAZA WHEN —

IKE! L-LOOK... ABOVE US!

BOMBS? BUT WE'RE NOT AT WAR! THE JUDGES WOULD'VE WARNED US!

FOR GRUD'S SAKE – RUN!

CALL ME

TOXIC 19
CHEMICA

THE CHEM TANKER SHELTERED HIM JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR HIM TO SEE HIS LOVED ONES FRY...

AAAAH!

TIME PASSED...

HE DIDN'T BELIEVE HE WAS STILL ALIVE. HE THOUGHT HE WAS IN HELL.

MAYBE HE WAS. HE WAS...DIFFERENT. SOMEHOW THE BLAST – THE CHEMICALS – THE RADIATION – THEY'D ACTED TOGETHER... TO **CHANGE** HIM.

SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED TO THE VERY MOLECULES HE WAS MADE OF. THEY'D STARTED TO **EXPLODE**.

AND IT HURT.

...PAIN! HE'S FEELING SUCH PAIN!

LATER FOR THE SOB STUFF, COREY. WHAT'S HE **WANT** HERE? WHERE'S HE **GOING**?

THE JUDGES SHOULD HAVE WARNED US!

SECTOR HOUSE WEST

REVENGE! HE BLAMES **US** FOR WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS FAMILY!

SO HOW DO WE STOP HIM?

WE DON'T. SOMEHOW HIS BODY **ABSORBS** ENERGY. THE HARDER WE HIT HIM, THE HARDER HE'S ABLE TO THROW IT BACK AT US!

THEN WE'VE NO OPTION—

DREDD TO SECTOR HOUSE WEST! **EVACUATE ALL PERSONNEL!** THIS IS **NOT** AN EXERCISE!

YOU HEARD THE MAN, CREEP. OUT!

THE EXPLOSIONS IN HIS BODY ARE BUILDING INTO A CHAIN REACTION. HE'S GETTIN' READY TO **BLOW**— AND HE AIMS TO TAKE THE NEAREST **SECTOR HOUSE** WITH HIM!

EVACUATE! EVACUATE!

INFO

SO THEY'D ALL TURNED OUT TO WATCH. LET 'EM! BY RIGHTS HE OUGHT TO KILL EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM...

BUT THE PAIN WAS BEYOND CONTROL NOW. HE COULDN'T STAND ANY MORE.

FOUR YEARS IT HAD TAKEN HIM. BUT NOW HE WAS HERE...

AND EVERY STEP HAD BEEN WORTH IT.

BAADD

DAAAMM!

IT'S NOT EVERY NIGHT YOU SEE A SECTOR HOUSE BLOWN UP AND CAN'T GET YOUR HANDS ON THE CREEP THAT DID IT. IRRITATING!

DON'T LOSE ANY SLEEP OVER IT. NOBEL PAID FOR HIS CRIME—

ABOUT A MILLION TIMES.

NEXT PROG: RIDERS ON THE STORM!

JUDGE DREDD

RIDERS ON THE STORM!

WE INTERRUPT PROGRAMMES TO BRING YOU AN EMERGENCY ANNOUNCEMENT!

A BREAKDOWN AT **WEATHER CONTROL** HAS CAUSED A FREAK **THUNDERSTORM** OVER PARTS OF SECTOR 58! IT'S RAINING **CATS AND DOGS** OUT THERE, FOLKS!

McCARTHY DRIVE

DIVERT

JUDGES ARE DIVERTING TRAFFIC AWAY FROM AFFECTED AREAS! DRIVING IS HAZARDOUS! RESIDENTS ARE WARNED TO STAY AT HOME!

VROOOOM!

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART McCARTHY/RIOT
LETTERING T FRAME

DO NOT GO OUT UNLESS IT IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY!

MOST RESIDENTS HAVE THE SENSE TO OBEY THE WARNING...

BUT THERE ARE EXCEPTIONS –

YOU MADE IT, THEN!

CAR PORT

WOULDN'T MISS THIS FOR THE WORLD!

LET'S RUMBLE!

SNEK!

SKNAK!

TZiiiK!

AAGH!

MERCY – RIOT!

LEVEL 42

KRAK!

GET BACK, SON – AAAGH!

I'M COMIN' FOR YA, FERDFACE!

SPRAK!

VRMMM

CREM-!

YOU!

IT-IT CAN'T BE! YOU'RE **DEAD!**

SO'RE YOU, STREETMEAT!

WIPE 'EM OUT!

AIEEEE!

AAAAH!

VRRMMMMMMMMMM

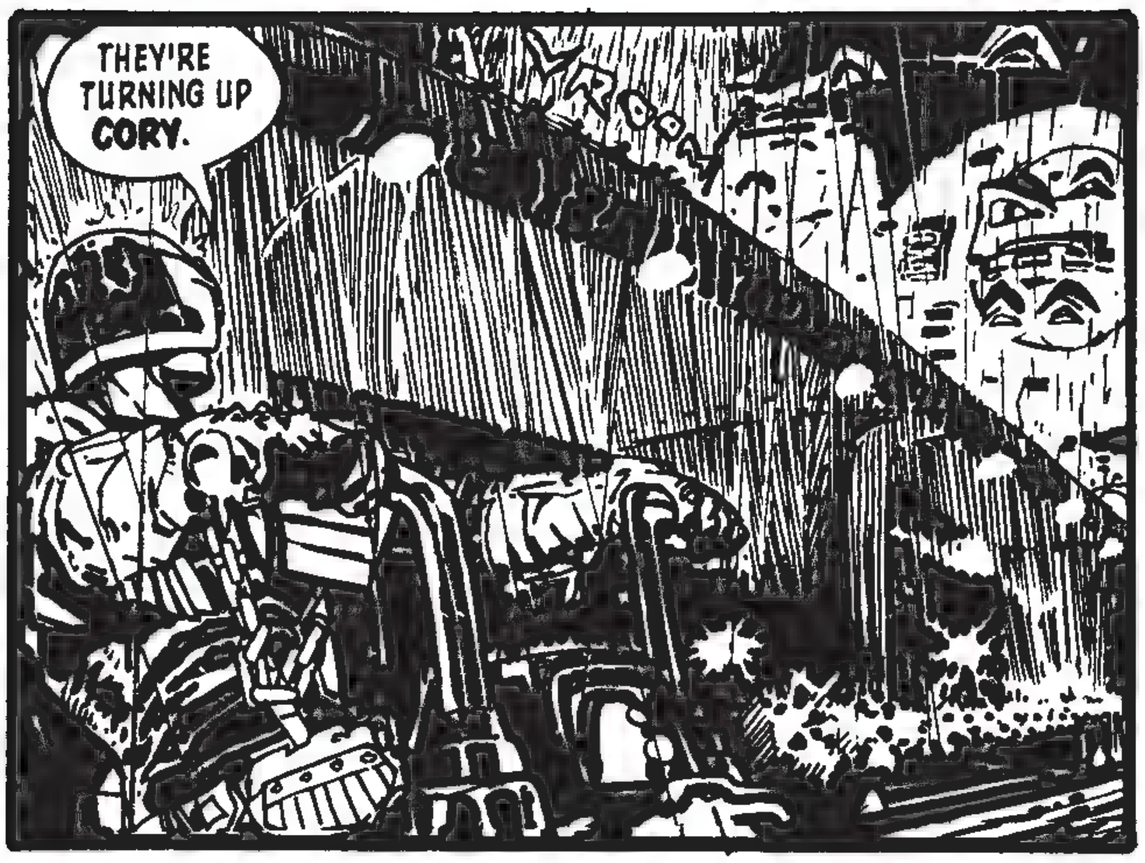
S-SOMEBODY CALL THE **JUDGES**! IT'S **MURDER** IN THERE!

CONTROL TO ALL UNITS, SECTOR 58! WE HAVE A **BLOCK RUMBLE**, FERD MARCOS.

BE ON LOOKOUT FOR UNKNOWN **BIKE** GANG, LAST SEEN EXITING VIA FERDWAY 4!

DREDD HERE! THINK I'VE SPOTTED YOUR BIKERS – HEADING EAST ALONG **SUBIC**!

GOT ONE ON **HOLD**, LUZON DRIVE. PICK HIM UP – **PSYCHIATRIC OBSERVATION**!


THEY'RE TURNING UP CORY.

I'LL CUT 'EM OFF AT THE INTERFEED!

VRMMM

YOU CREEPS GOT ONE CHANCE –
PULL OVER OR DIE!

I SAID – DROKK!

CREEPS'RE PULLIN' A DISAPPEARING ACT!

CONTROL...

I'VE LOST 'EM. THEY JUST...VANISHED INTO THIN AIR.

NOT LIKE YOU TO JOKE, DREDD.

I'M NOT JOKING.

NYREX HERE, CONTROL! I'VE BEEN QUESTIONING THE SURVIVORS AT **MARCOS**...

SEEMS IT WAS A PRE-ARRANGED **SLUGFEST** BETWEEN THE **MARCOS MENTALS** AND **AQUINO RUDE JUVES.** THE BIKE GANG **GATECRASHED** THE PARTY.

AND **GET THIS** — SURVIVORS IDENTIFY ATTACKERS AS THE **RAMOS BLOCK INSOLENTS.**

IMPOSSIBLE! THE **INSOLENTS** WERE **WIPED OUT** LAST YEAR IN THE IMELDA STREET SIEGE!

LIE DETECTOR CHECKS OUT THEIR STORY.

I'D RECOGNISE THEM DIRTY BIKERS ANYWHERE! IT WAS THEM!

WE WAS WIPED OUT BY **GHOST RIDERS**, MAN!

NEXT PROG:

GHOSTS!

JUDGE DREDD

FREAK THUNDERSTORM IN SECTOR 58. JUVES OF THE IMELDA MARCOS BLOCK **TRENDOS** TAKE ADVANTAGE –

HEY, MAN! GET **ME** FO' BEST DRESSED PEST!

STOP SPUGGIN' ABOUT!

HIGH FASHION

MELDAMODES

CRASHHH!

L-LOOK, MAN!

IDAM

THE **INSOLENTS!**

NEVER!

IT'S THEM, I TELL YA! **GHOSTS** – COME BACK TO HAUNT US!

RIDERS ON THE STORM!

L-LISTEN, MAN! WE DIDN'T WANT TO SET YA UP FOR THE WIPE OUT! IT WAS THE JUDGES! THEY WAS LEANIN' HEAVY...

HEAVY AS THIS?

WASTE 'EM!

SCRIPT
WAGNER/GRANT
ART
McCARTHY/WHITTAKER
LETTERING
Tom FRAME

DREDD TO CONTROL! **GUNFIRE** COMING FROM DIRECTION OF PRESIDENT'S MOLL MALL.

AM INVESTIGATING!

B-BEHIND ME! TH-THE **INSOLENTS!**

STAY HERE

CONTROL! RECKON OUR SO-CALLED **GHOSTS** ARE BACK ON THE SPOOK!

YOU GOT ONE ON **HOLD**, GUTTER ON THE VIA VER. SUSPECTED **LARCENY.**

DK

LOOKS LIKE THE TRENDOS HAVE HAD ENOUGH!

THEY'LL HAVE ENOUGH WHEN THEY'RE **DEAD!**

COUPLE OF LOWLIFES HIDING IN THE DOORWAY!

I SEE 'EM!

FIRE!

FAKKA FAKKA!

BIKE CANNON!

GHOSTS MY BUTT! **ROBOTS!**

WE GOT A MINOR MASSACRE, MOLL MALL! **MED** AND **MEAT** — MAKE IT SNAPPY!

IT'S DREDD AGAIN!

DON'T PANIC! STICK TO PLAN! PULL THEM OUT!

SNIK!

MATTER TRANCD

THE OLD VANISHING TRICK — GOTTA BE A MATTER TRANSPORTER!

MA

NOT THIS TIME, LAUGHING BOY!

MAIL

OH DEAR!

RAISE 'EM, CREEPS! MOVE AWAY FROM THOSE CONTROLS!

QUITE A SET-UP WHERE'D YOU DOUGHBALLS GET THE CREDS FOR THE MATTER TRANSPORTER?

MONEY'S NO PROBLEM TO US. WE'RE THE FERD MARCOS **RICHFELLOWS** CLUB

AND THERE'S NO NEED FOR NAME-CALLING

MAYBE NOT, BUT YOU'RE GETTIN' IT ANYWAY, SLIME!

NOW LET'S HAVE SOME EXPLANATIONS –

CONTROL! CONSIDER YOUR GHOST RIDERS **LAID.**

FERD MARCOS

SECURITY

SEEMS THE MARCOS RICHFELLOWS FIGURED THEY'D HELP US OUT WITH THE LOCAL JUVE PROBLEM. CAME UP WITH THE ROBOT SPOOK SCAM SO THERE'D BE NO COMEBACK.

TOUGH ON THEM. WE'LL GET THE CUBES READY.

DON'T SUPPOSE A **MILLION** CASH WOULD CHANGE YOUR MIND?

NO, BUT IT'LL GET YOU AN EXTRA TEN YEARS.

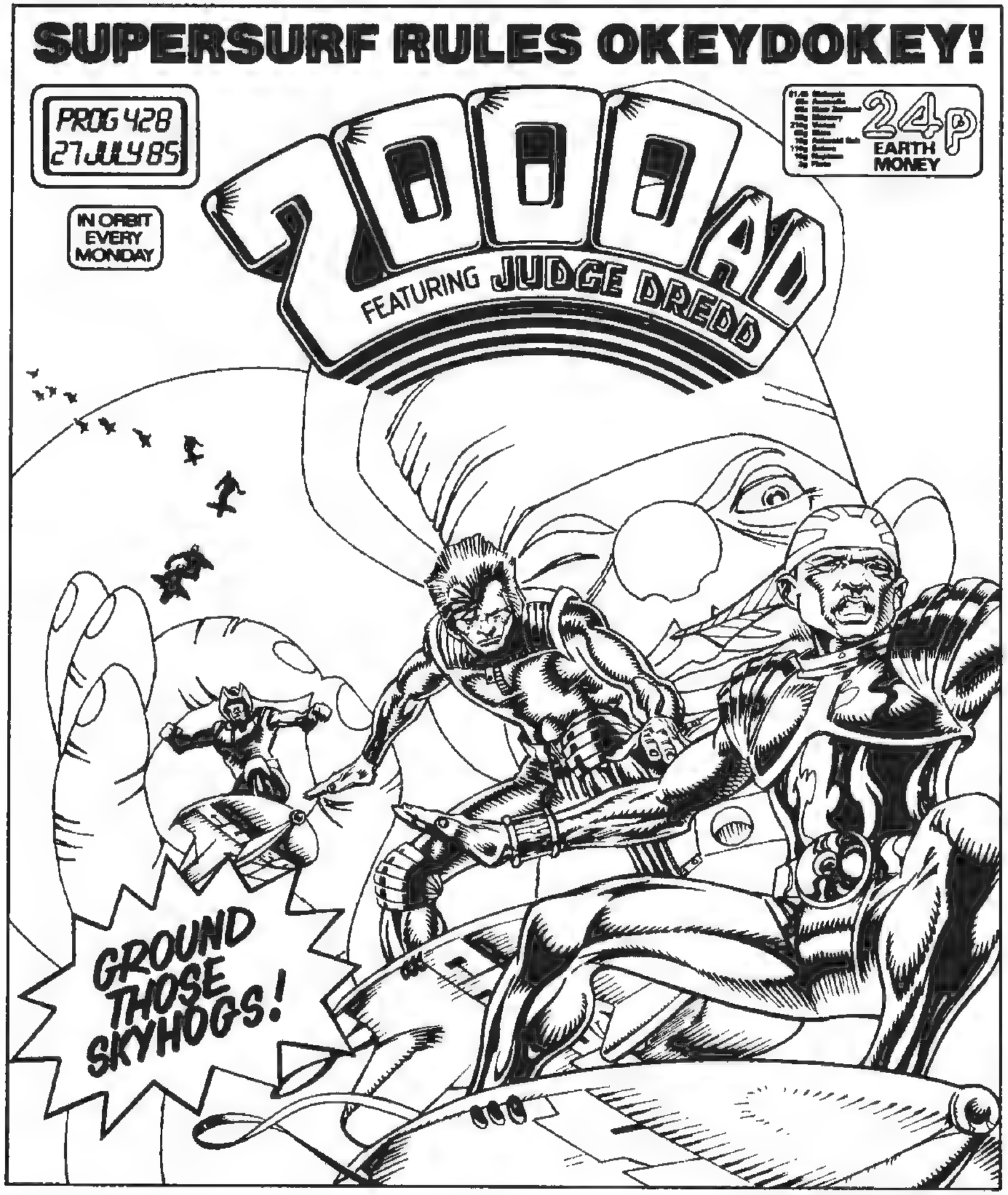
I DO HOPE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO PUT US IN ONE OF THOSE DREADFUL **SLUM** CUBES

THEY'RE **ALL** SLUMS, DIRTWAD.

ON YOUR BIKES.

NEXT PROG:
THE LAW ACCORDING TO DREDD!

2000 AD Prog 426: Cover by **Cam Kennedy**



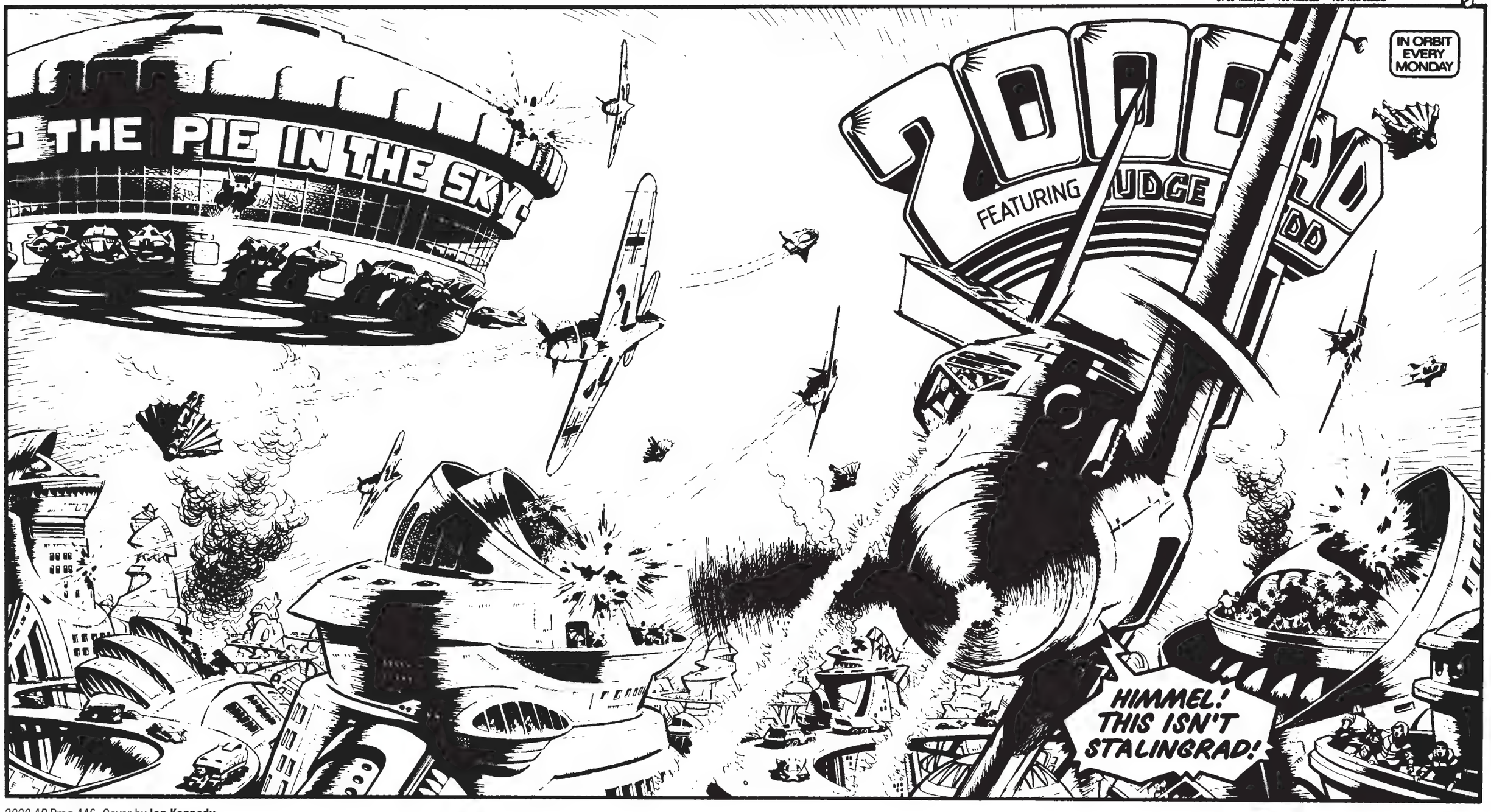
2000 AD Prog 428: Cover by **Cam Kennedy**

TO ACTIVATE Borag Thungg, Earthlets! Here is another zarjaz pull-out poster for you to display on your bedroom wall. To detach the poster open the staples in the middle of the comic. Then, using a pair of sharp scissors, neatly trim off the sides up to the black line. Lastly, paste the poster on to a piece of cardboard which has been cut to size. Look out for another amazing cover poster soon!

PROG 446
30 NOV 85

MESSERSCHMITTS IN THE MEGA-CITY!

24p
$1.60 Malaysia 70c Australia 70c New Zealand



2000 AD Prog 446: Cover by **Ian Kennedy**

DREDD DISPENSES JUSTICE

2000 AD Prog 435: Cover by **Robin Smith**

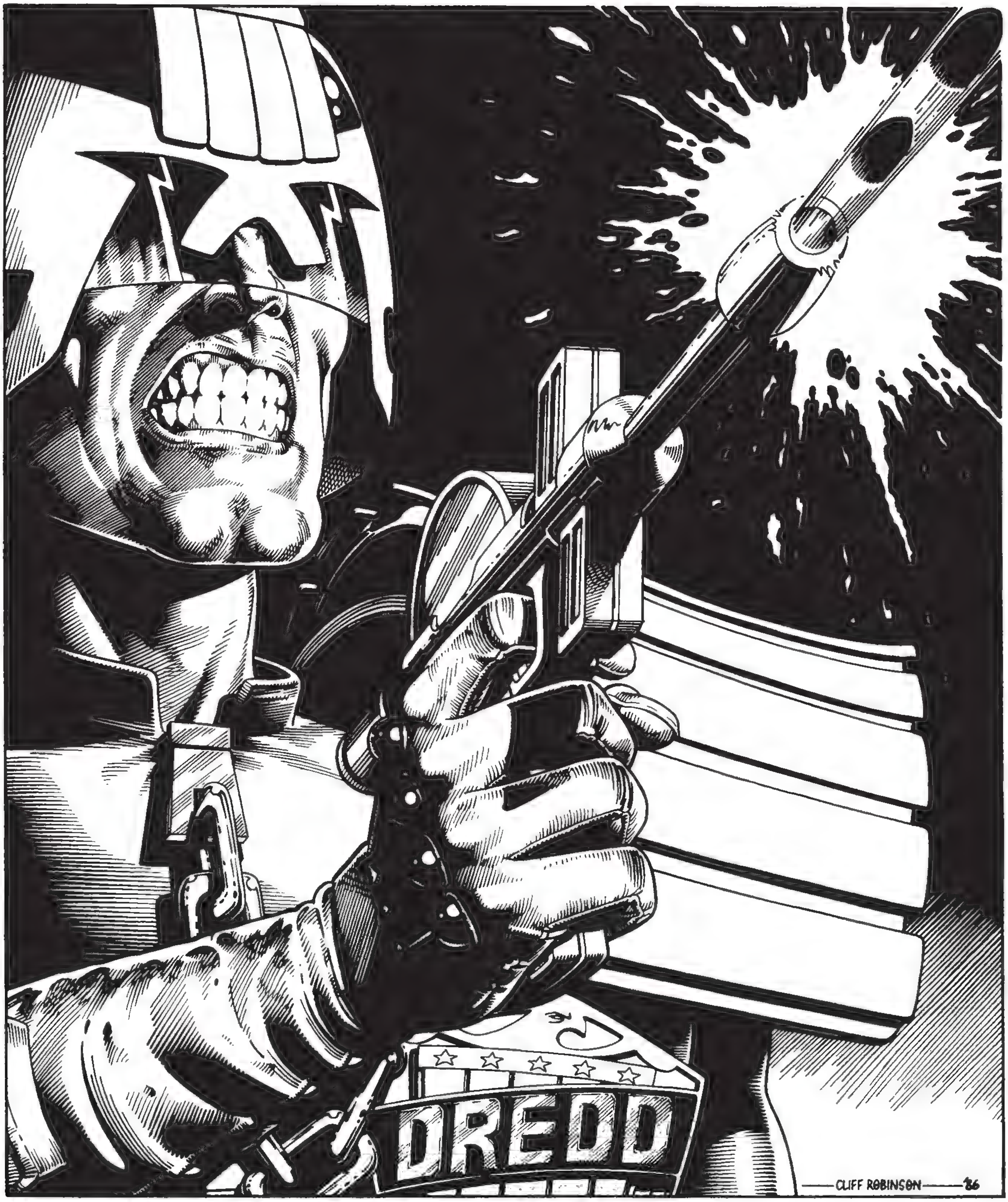
THE OLD SHOJAN SHAZAAM!

2000 AD Prog 452: Cover by **Cam Kennedy**

THE LONG, LONG ARM OF THE LAW!

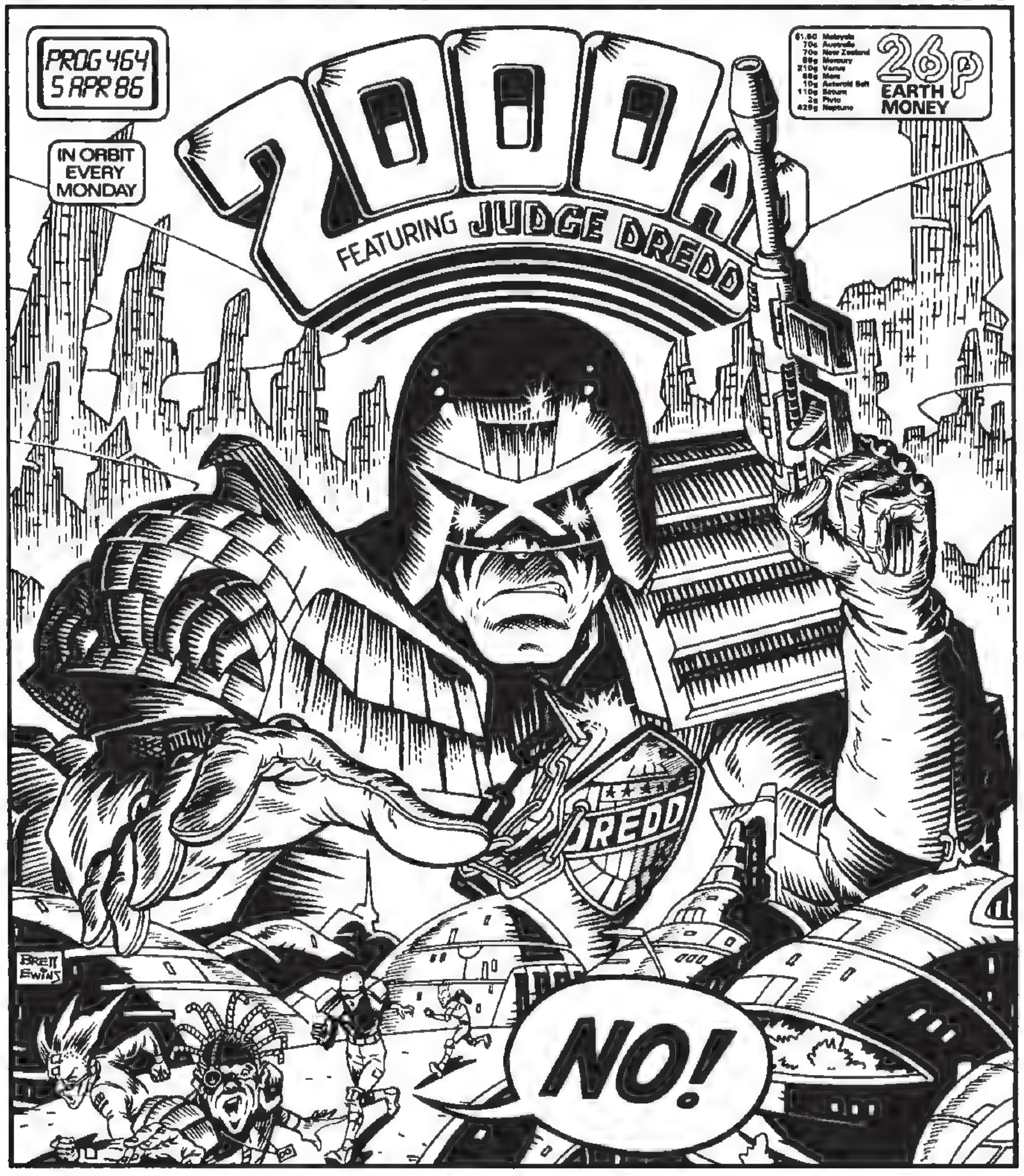
2000 AD Prog 455: Cover by **Cam Kennedy**

2000 AD Prog 458: Cover by **Robin Smith**



Pin-up by **Cliff Robinson**

KNOW WHERE TO HIDE FROM THE LAW?



2000 AD Prog 464: Cover by **Brett Ewins**

THE BIG SLEEP: DREDD MAKES NOVEL ARREST!

2000 AD Prog 467: Cover by **Cam Kennedy**

WRITERS

The only writer to even come close to John Wagner's astonishing *2000 AD* record is, perhaps unsurprisingly, his long-term writing partner **Alan Grant**. With over 300 *2000 AD* stories to his name – not to mention over 250 *Daily Star Judge Dredd* strips – Grant's prolific creative record speaks for itself.

Outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Grant is well-known to *Batman* fans following a lengthy run on various incarnations of the title, and has also written *The Chronicles of Genghis Grimtoad*, *JLA: Riddle of the Beast*, *L.E.G.I.O.N.*, *Lobo*, *Tank Girl* and *The Terminator*.

John Wagner is, to many fans, the very heart of *2000 AD*. Involved from the earliest days of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, he co-created *Judge Dredd*, as well as a whole cast of other memorable characters. Wagner has worked extensively beyond the Thargian universe, originating and editing a number of British periodicals as well as writing many American standards. His Paradox Press graphic novel *A History of Violence* is now a major film from director David Cronenberg

ARTISTS

Steve Dillon is a fan-favourite *2000 AD* writer and artist, and the creator of both *Hap Hazzard* and the Irish Judge Joyce. His writing for the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes *Future Shocks* and *Rogue Trooper*, while Dillon's pencils have graced *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Bad Company*, *Judge Dredd*, *Harlem Heroes*, *Ro-Busters*, *Rogue Trooper* and *Tyranny Rex*. Dillon shot to international superstardom as a result of his work on DC/Vertigo's *Preacher*, co-created with *2000 AD*'s Garth Ennis.

As co-creator of *Judge Dredd* **Carlos Ezquerra** designed the classic original costume as well as visually conceptualising Mega-City One. He also co-created *Strontium Dog*. He has also illustrated *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Judge Anderson*, *Tharg the Mighty*, *Al's Baby* and *Cursed Eath Koburn* amongst many others. Outside of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Ezquerra first illustrated *Third World War* in *Crisis* magazine, and has since become a regular collaborator with Garth Ennis.

One of *2000 AD*'s best-loved and most honoured artists, **Ian Gibson** is responsible for the co-creation of *The Ballad of Halo Jones* (with Alan Moore), and created Bella Bagley, an unfortunate character in Judge Dredd's world who fell head-over-heels in love with 'Old Stoney Face' himself! His work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes *Chronicles of Genghis Grimtoad*, *Star Wars*, *X-Men Unlimited*, plus the designs for the TV series *Reboot*.

John Higgins is a multi-talented *2000 AD* artist and writer; as well as scripting a *Future Shock* and *Judge Dredd*, Higgins has illustrated *Chopper*, *Freaks*, *One-Offs*, *Tharg the Mighty* and *Time Twisters*. His work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic is also highly respected, and he has contributed to some of the most important series of recent times, including working as a colourist on the modern superhero classic *Watchmen*, and on Vertigo's *Animal Man*, *Hellblazer* and *Pride and Joy*.

Cam Kennedy is another hugely popular *2000 AD* artist, having illustrated many *Judge Dredd* strips and co-created luckless wannabe creator Kenny Who? and the Taxidermist. A key early *Rogue Trooper* artist, he has also drawn *Batman/Judge Dredd: Vendetta in Gotham*, *Judge Dredd*, *Tharg the Mighty*, *Tharg's Future Shocks*, and *The V.C.'s*.
His extracurricular work includes *Axel Pressbutton*, *Batman*, *Lobo*, *Nick Fury: Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D.*, and *Star Wars*.

Barry Kitson is a fan-favourite *2000 AD* artist, whose pencils have graced *Judge Anderson*, *Tharg's Future Shocks*, and *Judge Dredd's* appearances in both the Daily Star and in the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, where Kitson co-created the deadly martial artist Stan Lee!

Brendan McCarthy was a key early artist for *2000 AD*, and designed *Zenith* with Grant Morrison, and many of the perennially popular *ABC Warriors* with Pat Mills (and others). He also illustrated *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog*, and *Tharg's Future Shocks*.
McCarthy's non-*2000* AD work includes *Skin* in *Crisis*, *Strange Days*, *Paradox!*, *Freakwave* in *Vanguard Illustrated* and work for *Revolver*, where he co-created the popular character Rogan Gosh.

Cliff Robinson is one of *2000 AD*'s longest-serving artists, having made his debut with a *Future Shock* way back in Prog 362! Since then, he has co-created *Mother Earth*, and illustrated numerous *Judge Dredd* strips, as well as *Future Shocks*, *Judge Anderson* and *Venus Bluegenes*.

Ron Smith drew many *2000AD* stories including some of the epic *Judge Dredd* tale "The Day The Law Died." His other work for *2000AD* includes *Chronos Carnival* and *Tales of The Doghouse*.

Bryan Talbot is one of the UK's most respected comics artists. He has contributed to *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, and *Sláine* in the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, and most recently wrote and illustrated a silent *One-Off*. Beyond *2000 AD*, Talbot is renowned for his body of graphic novel work, which includes *The Adventures of Luther Arkwright* and *Alice in Sunderland*.

Torquemada

R.